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A PAINTER OF CHILDREN—BOUTET DE MONVEL.

By Norman Hapgood.

Illustrated with Reproductions from Boutet de Monvel's Works.

EVEN in great art the originality which suggests a new way of seeing the world is rare. It is the possession of this one quality, above all others, which makes Maurice Boutet de Monvel stand out, with a few of his contemporaries, from the army of artists, more or less slaves of tradition following in the footsteps of their masters. It is this quality which makes the work of De Monvel appreciated wherever he is known. Here is a man who belongs to no school, who does not exploit his tools, who speaks for the people because he picks out things to represent that are not obvious, and yet which, when seen, are of interest alike to the simple and the philosopher, to the most civilized man as to the child.

Another attainment even more rare in

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PORTRAITS.

the history of art is the successful rendering of child life. The adult usually draws children indiscriminately, seeing them as a mass of little creatures much alike, or else noticing them for the light they throw on our lives. Philosophers would say that our attitude towards them was subjective. We call them sweet, or cunning, or something else that describes the way they make us feel, not the way they themselves feel and think. Yet a child is an independent being, and the effect it has on us is an unimportant element in its own life. The artists, whether poets, novelists, painters, or sculptors, who have given the life of a child from the inside could almost be counted on one hand. These prevailing external views grow naturally out of the two facts that we cannot remember what the world was to us, and that the audience for which we speak is grown. In the fable the lion explains the victories of men over beasts in literature by the statement that the men write all the books. Per-

PORTRAIT OF THE DAUGHTER OF RÉJANE.

From "La Mist'en Laire" in "Vieilles Chansons."

haps Robert Louis Stevenson thought of this fable when he wrote "A Child's Garden of Verses," in which the mind of the child has at least an equal expression with the mind of his older and sophisticated observer. The mingling of the two points of view promises to be the modern spirit.

Boutet de Monvel, although he is in part a man of age and experience, the head of a household, with a place in the world which he sustains with dignity and takes to heart seriously, amusing himself with the child's ingenuousness, is also one who understands and whose talent is particularly fit to depict the child as an independent creature with a life of its own. His children are genuinely childish, with no admixture of adult quality. The earlier artists gave often the physical attributes of babyhood, but they put in the baby body the soul of a man, or no soul at all. In the old religious pictures the child may show divinity, spirituality, in his face, but he does not show infantile thoughts. He was not treated psychologically. Della Robbia boys might walk, their forms are so real. We also know their personalities; each one of them is an individual child, and Della Robbia is an exception among the masters. But it is more than pitiful, it is irritating, to see in all the galleries of Italy those little forms with the heads of clever, knowing old people, with eyes full of wisdom and worldliness. So the hearty baby bodies in the pictures of Rubens have no sign of as many different natures as there are in the distinct men and women of the same paintings. Most great dramatic artists, realizing instinctively that men do not see children from the inside, have kept them out of their works. In all of Shakespeare's plays there is no child who counts for much; and in all great drama, perhaps, the one child who is famous is the Joas of Racine.

In a sense, at least, as the artist himself thinks, it was accident that led De Monvel to a field so far removed from the interests of strong artists; but when hazard led him there, little time was needed to show him how to fill it. If he was to draw children, he must draw them with the reality with which he had always seen their elders. He must give us not only the charm of their fragility and innocence, but, if not the revelation, at least a clear suggestion, of what they feel. Whether or not chance influenced his choice of subjects, the world is the gainer. Young persons are usually bored by the child; they meet him and pass him by; but old people notice him. The more experience a man gains and digests the simpler his interest becomes; complexities in the end appear trivial, and the elementary things are seen as the elemental and important ones. De Monvel reached such a spirit younger than most men do. He always had a marked element of sane and serious reality in him, and nature allowed him to begin where most of us are landed when love and sorrow, suffering

From "La Civilité Puérile et Honnête."

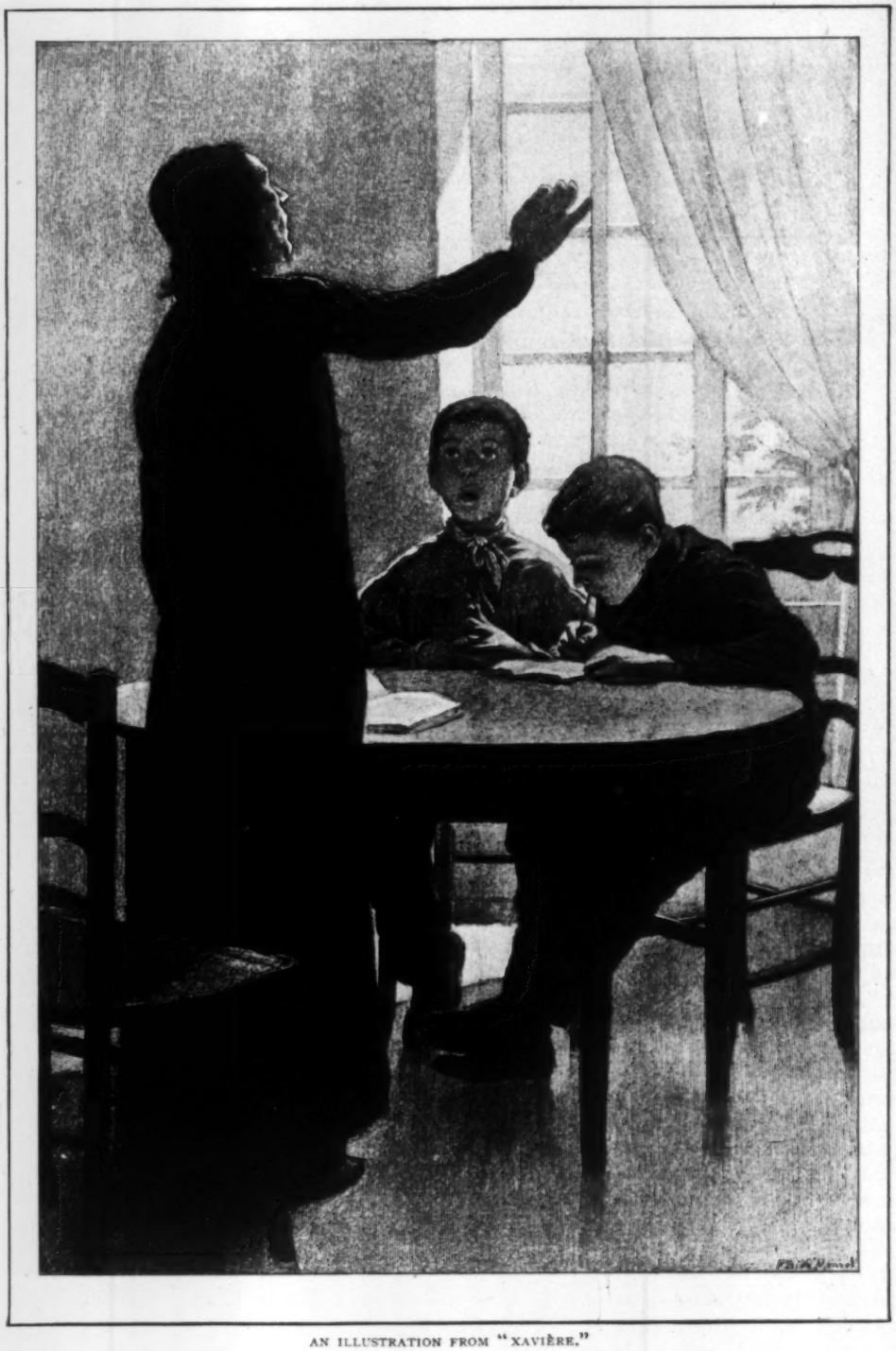
From "La Mist'en Laire," in "Vieilles Chansons."

and change, have taught us to see the big, significant outlines. His fortune from the beginning was to see fundamentals, and experience taught him to depict what he saw with means as simple and choice as his vision. A few lines, a few dots, make a face. There is no smartness of presentation, there is only a meaning, and nothing to obscure the meaning. As in all true art, his technical processes are not obtruded, and will be seen only by those who look for them; while the things represented are patent to all. For such a nature there could be no better subject than the child, for all the elements of human life are in him, and only the elements, out of which later the sifting, expanding, and crushing experience will make the human drama.

Boutet de Monvel, choosing without hesitation art as a career, entered the studio of Cabanel when he was a little over twenty. He joined the army after Sedan, and came out of his war experiences with a sadness which still overpowers him when speaking of *nos malheurs*. After some work in the less conventional studio of Julian, dissatisfied with its restrictions, he entered, in 1875, the studio of Carolus Duran. Almost immediately the need of money forced him into illustration, the field in which we know him best and in which his originality took such striking form. M. de Monvel himself thus describes the change, in conversation: "At first I painted pictures like the rest of the painters, and perhaps I should be doing that still if I had not been driven to illustration. When I took that up, having only the pen with which to work, I was obliged always to study the difficulties of reproduction, to do something that would come out well when printed. Of course, I found out directly that I could not put in the mass of little things which I had elaborated on my canvases. Gradually, through a process of elimination and selection, I came to put in only what was necessary to give the character. I sought in every little figure, every group, the essence, and worked for that alone."

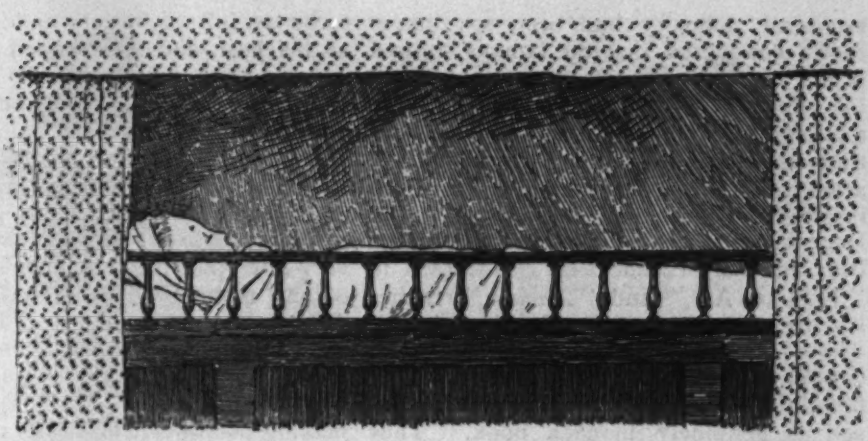
From "La Civilité Puérile et Honnête."

The secret taught him by the difficulties in reproduction has helped him in all that he has done. There is no unnecessary detail in the old couple on the beach, one of his early pictures, the reproduction of which heads this article, any more than there is in the face of the boy bent upon the table, on page 202, or in the gay pictures of the gracefully grotesque and amusing side of childhood. His books have ranged over rather a wide field. "Old Songs for Little Children" (*Vieilles Chansons et Rondes pour les petits enfants*) appeared first. In it De Monvel's humor is apparent, bordering now on caricature and now on comedy. "French Songs for Little Frenchmen" (*Chansons de France pour les petits Français*) followed, with the same gaiety, but with freer expression.



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "XAVIÈRE."

A mock treatise on politeness, "*La Civilité puérile et honnête*," brings a daintier, more varied atmosphere, for the study is becoming deeper and the understanding clearer. The individuals differ much more; each has more distinctness, more reality, more charm, the old men and the women as well as the children. The "*La Fontaine*" is a new development, not only because it brings animals to the front, but because it shows the artist making his effects with simpler touches and with the exact meaning still more free and more telling also. In stories by Anatole France, with his studied



From "Nos Enfants."

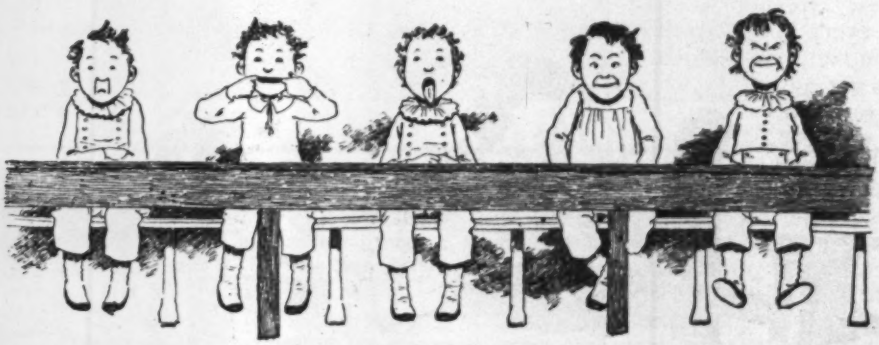
simplicity, De Monvel found some of his best inspiration; and his masterly little creations stand not simply as a graphic comment on the text, but as a revelation of a subject which the writer has treated only in a fragmentary and superficial manner. Before speaking of his later work, his "*Xavière*" and his "Joan of Arc," we might try to find out the secret which De Monvel has learned, and which enables him to give us children in a fashion so direct and complete, and with such charm and freshness of presentation. We might speak of the expressiveness which lurks in a little hand clutching a dress, in the angular folds of a Sunday frock, in a slow and stolid walk, in a foot seeking the ground, but it would explain nothing. The one attitude, the one expression, is chosen which has a special meaning and a special charm, and that is all there is to it. In looking at these drawings artists' only advantage over people ignorant of art is that they know how wonderful the thing is, how difficult it is to do it; but they are not able to feel or enjoy the result any better. To draw well, to color well, to have solved the problem of lithography in color, is simply to have the tools. It is the freshness, the alertness of the eye, the truth and eagerness of the mind, which makes De Monvel an artist original from the start, who has worked out the best freedom,—freedom from everything irrelevant. His simplicity is adequate to express not only the personalities of the children, with their own solemnity, and the tender amusement which they inspire, but also to deal with the most serious, dramatic, even tragic subjects, as shown in his two later works, "*Xavière*" and "Joan of Arc." Probably, of all his work, these two books contain his most ardent feelings. The opening picture of the "Joan of Arc" strikes a note held throughout. Jeanne rides at the head of an army, her eyes fixed on a vision, a sword in her outstretched hand; behind her rush the living soldiers, with an onward motion that shows what it means to be a great draughtsman; and as the living soldiers press on, the very dead, fallen in battle, break from the ground to follow; their faces struggle up, their open mouths salute the Maid, they wave their swords, and, although they cannot free their bodies, their spirits help her on to victory. There are few such noble pictures as "*Xavière*" offers, wonderful revelations of the French country people, sympathetic transcripts of the simple life of humble folk; admirable pages, where one feels that everything is true to the best and the most serious in life.

When De Monvel first gave us these colored illustrated books, the surprise was great in the success with which a

From "Filles et Garçons."

technical difficulty had been so competently conquered that the famous colored prints of England seemed antiquated and the effects which the Japanese reached by a different method had been equaled. But that surprise is now giving way to admiration for the qualities of the man who inspires the workman. Sentiment is the largest ingredient of true art, as it is of life; and the sentiment of De Monvel in "Joan of Arc" and "*Xavière*" reaches its highest purity. In this last he addresses himself to an older audience. In "Joan of Arc" he meets the interests of the childish reader, but he expresses himself as genuinely in each book. They seem ideal and beautiful dreams, forceful in drawing, with a psychology which makes every face individual in a more complete, but no less simple, sense than the faces in his lighter works are real. Noticing that an artist is making funny children or grotesque animals, we are inclined to take him lightly, as if we measured genius by solemnity or by acres of paint; but if we turn back to the more amusing books, after being excited by "*Xavière*" and "Joan of Arc," we see them with a new eye. It is the same artist looking into the hearts of many things and recording with a sure hand.

M. de Monvel is now making frescos for the church which is building at Domremy, the birthplace of the Maid whose story he is to tell again; but his studio is full of portraits of children and of sketches for illustrations. One series, just finished, dealing with the little peasants of the country, is to be followed by the street boys of Paris. There is little danger that with his eagerness of mind De Monvel runs any risk of working one vein to death; neither will he abandon for his larger work the line in which he has been a pioneer. His future activities promise to be as full of variety and development as his past, and it is hoped that he may devote more and more of his time to what, in the mind of the best judges, is his greatest field. The painting of portraits is probably the highest as well as the lowest and most common achievement of art. There have been many great portrait painters; but outside of Velasquez and a very few great masters, it is hard to think of any truly good portraits of children. An increasing demand for De Monvel's portraits of children has been the natural result of the popularity of his illustrated books. Of course, he had always been making portraits in his illustrations; he has told himself how hard it is to make each little figure in a group a separate person; and all these constant efforts of many years made the step to portrait painting an easy one. His portraits have been as successful as his own fanciful children. Not only has he been able to give the appearance of his sitter with the certainty and vividness which was to be expected of him, but he has proved his high artistic judgment in the way which all accessories are subordinated and yet used to strengthen the central effect. Just as in the picture from "*Xavière*," on page 202, full as it is of objects, table, chairs, window, all conspicuously placed, we see, nevertheless, only the faces, the attitudes, the light, all giving the spirit, the sentiment, the significance of the scene; so in his portraits, backgrounds and the arrangement of accessories show exquisite tact, and while serving their purpose of putting the face and figure into relief, add, one might say, some side explanations to the type. It is marvelous how all parts of the canvas belong to the portrait; how typical accessories and background are so subtly and intelligently handled that one does not realize they are there at all.



AN AMERICAN AT KARLSBAD.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," "The Express Messenger," etc.

KARLSBAD in winter-time is about as bleak and desolate as a Western town which, after a hard fight with weekly papers and Winchesters, has lost the county-seat. The place is not dead: no more than the flowers are dead that are sleeping under the snow that has drifted deep in the Böhmerwald. With the first bluebird comes the man burdened with a bad liver, and the first patient is followed closely by merchants and shopkeepers, hotel men, and waiters. There are merchant-tailors from Vienna, china merchants from Dresden, and clockmakers from Switzerland.

All through the month of April the signs of life are daily increasing. The walks that wind about the many hills are being swept clean of dead leaves; houses are repainted; and the rooms of hundreds of hotels and pensions are thrown open to admit the health-giving winds that come down from the low mountains laden with the scent of pine. The streets are reasonably clean, for few people live here in winter; but they are being made cleaner day by day, until the last day of April, when they are all flooded and washed clean. The iron fences and railings are actually scrubbed by an army of women with buckets of water and rags. Other women are digging in the ditches, sawing wood, or drawing wagons through the streets.

. . . a waiter freighting your breakfast. . . .

On the first day of May there is a grand opening. This year it was of especial importance, as it opened to the public the new bath-house Kaiserbad, which cost this enterprising municipality 1,250,000 florins, and is the finest bath-house in the whole wide world, I am told. This marvelous celebration, which began with a military parade on the first day of the month, ended on the fifth with a banquet in the city park café, at which Monsieur Ludwig

. . . receiving the good father of the town, who always waits upon "wealthy Americans." . . .

Schäffer, der Bürgermeister, presided.

"Jim Thompson and friend" was the way we went on the register at Pupp's; not that Jim wanted to star his own signature, but in order that he might bear the burden of reading all the circulars sent to our rooms, and receiving the good father of the town, who always waits upon "wealthy Americans" and asks a little aid for the poor, regardless of the visitor's religion. When we were transferred to the revolving switch-board in the center of the great lobby, it read, "Herr Jim Thompson," and when it appeared on local letters and circulars sent to us it was "Well-born Herr Jim Thompson," and sometimes it was even "My lord, the well-born." But Jim had been so much among titled people in Europe, and had so often read their "ads." for heiresses, that these little mistakes were no more to him than so many pfennigs.

So, in time, there came a gilt-edged card bidding my lord, the well-born, and his friend to the great feast—the guests of the city.

Just in front of the orchestra there was a narrow, high throne, a kind of cross between a pulpit and a witness-box, and from behind this little stand the speaker spoke.

"It is a good idea, this pulpit; it gives the speaker something to pound, and does away with his hands at the same time," said Jim, when the first man had finished. The lion of the evening was the architect who had built the Kaiserbad, and when he made his talk the men cried "Hoch!" and beautiful women left their seats to click glasses with him. And the band played "Under the Double Eagle," and everybody stood up, and they were all very happy, and I knew that the homely leader, with his ears full of cotton, had made a hit.

"Was that the 'Bohemian Girl,' Jim?" I asked, when we had all settled down and begun to eat again.

"No," he said, with a half-sad smile. "I don't know the 'Bohemian Girl' from the 'Irish Washerwoman,' but I know that tune: it's the national air. Couldn't you hear the B-flat scream and wail away down the line? Ah! if the Austrians had played that tune, the Seven Days' War would have lasted longer."

It was an excellent little dinner, and the enthusiasm and patriotism of the people were good to see.

. . . big, bony Britons in knickerbockers. . . .

. . . Tyrolese in green hats trimmed in feathers, . . .

True, they have been buffeted about by political waves, between Germany and Austria, for many years; but the people in these Bohemian hills are happy, industrious, and enterprising to a remarkable degree.

On the morning of the tenth of May, when we went down to the Brunn to drink, a thousand people were standing in line.

"Reminds me of the days when we used to line up at the post-office in Thompsonville," said Jim, his mind going back to the big days of Colorado, when he was mayor and silver was a dollar ten.

. . . other women are . . . sawing wood . . .

It is a great show: men and women from everywhere, with every disease that can possibly be charged to the liver, stomach, or gall. Even nervous people come here for the baths; and get well, or think they do, which is the same thing. There are men whose skin and eyes are yellow; and others green as olives; German dandies who walk like pacing greyhounds; fat young Germans who seem to be walking on eggs; and old, gouty Germans who do not walk at all, but shuffle. There are big, bony Britons in knickerbockers, and elderly Englishmen whose love of plaids is largely responsible for the daily rains that come to this otherwise delightful region. There are modest Americans, with their pretty wives and daughters; and other Americans, who talk loud in the lobbies and cafés; Tyrolese, in green hats trimmed in feathers; and Polish Jews, with little corkscrew curls hanging down by their ears, such as we see in Jerusalem. Then there are a few stray Frenchmen, walking alone; and once—but not more than once—in a while a Parisian lady, and you know her by the charming cut of her skirt and the way she holds it up and the beautiful dream of a petticoat the act discloses. There are Austrian soldiers in long coats, and officers in pale-blue uniforms, spurred and cinched like the corset-wearers of France.

In a solid mass the crowd of cupbearers move up and down in the great colonnade, keeping time with their feet or hands or heads to the strains of the band, which begins to play at 6.45 in the morning.

By nine o'clock the springs are deserted, and the multitude has distributed itself among the many restaurants and cafés in the cañon. An hour later, having breakfasted lightly on toast and coffee—on such toast and such coffee as can be had only in Karlsbad—the great army of healthy-looking invalids lose themselves in the hills.

Here comes an old, old woman, bearing a load that would bend the back of a Turkish hamal, followed by a landau, wherein loll the fairest dames of Saxony; then a sausage-man, whose garlic-flavored viands freight the whole gulch with their fumes; and just behind him a wagon laden with flowers and shrubs for the new gardens of the Grand Hotel Pupp, and their opening leaves fling such a fragrance out upon the still air that it follows and trails far behind, as the smoke of a locomotive follows a freight train. Women with baskets on their backs, filled with

. . . a few stray Frenchmen, walking alone; . . .

empty milk-cans, are climbing the trails that lead back to their respective ranches, which they must have left, their cans laden, at early dawn.

The men are most polite to each other, and always take off their hats as they meet and pass. The employés in the hotels do this, from the manager down. Indeed, all these people are almost tiresome with their politeness. A table-girl who serves you at a wayside café to-day will rush out to the middle of the street to-morrow and say good-morning, and ask you how you feel. She is honestly endeavoring to make it pleasant, and is unconsciously making it unpleasant for you. If you speak English she argues that you may be a lord, or, what to her and for her is better still, an American, grand, rich, and awful; and she is proud to show the proprietor or manager that she knows you. But we should not complain, for nowhere are visitors treated so respectfully and decently as at Karlsbad. I remember that the Bürgermeister left his place at the head of the table at the banquet, crossed the room, introduced himself to Mr. Thompson, touched glasses, and bade him welcome to the city, and caused a little municipal check-book to be placed at the visitor's elbow, so that for that day and date he could order what he craved, and it was all "on" the town. Last year, when the five hundred rooms of the largest hotel in the place were occupied, four hundred of the guests were Americans or English. So you see they can afford to like us, and they do.

German Type.

One can live here as one chooses—for one dollar or ten a day; but two people can live comfortably for five dollars a day. The hotels are good, and the service almost perfect so far as it relates to the hotel; but the service in the dining-rooms, cafés, and restaurants is bad. Many of these are so poorly arranged. It is a common thing to see a waiter freighting your breakfast or dinner—which is at midday here—a half block in a pouring rain. The great trouble is to get things hot; it is next to impossible. What Karlsbad needs is a sanitarium, where people can have delicate dishes prepared and served hot. The stoves are too far from the tables in most places.

Americans will find many funny little things, even in the best hotels. You can go up in the elevator, but you cannot come down. You can have writing-paper free in the writing-room, but not in your apartments. You can get hot milk or warm milk—but they will put butter in it. You can have boiled potatoes, but only with caraway-seeds and a fine flavor of alfalfa in them; or poached eggs, but you must have them poached in bouillon.

After a while you will get used to all this, and give up trying to say *sehr heiss*, and go way. Forty thousand people do this every year. This establishment alone feeds two thousand people a day; and most of them, I fancy, go away feeling very kindly toward the place and the people. The Germans predominate in the month of May, the Austrians in June, and in July the French come. This is a safe sandwich, with Austria in the middle; it keeps France and Germany from touching. The English and Americans (but not the poor) they have all the season.

. . . old, gouty Germans . . .

The sad-faced consumptives who swarm round the health resorts of Western America are not seen here; on the whole, the people who come here look healthy. The dreadful army of miserables who haunt the grotto at Lourdes are also not to be seen here. True, the priests go at the head of the procession on the first of May from spring to spring, blessing the water and thanking God for the goodness of these wondrous founts. But they look not for a miracle.

Hebrew Type.

Some things appear a little inconsistent, and trying on the waters; and yet I know not that the visitors go away disappointed. For example, you will see a very happy married woman, fat and forty or forty-five, and a long, lank, lingering maiden, the two quaffing at the same well, and the one hoping to gain what the other longs to lose.

When you have taken rooms at a hotel, one of the employés will bring you a long printed form, which, if you fill out, will give the sheriff or any one interested in you a fair history, the length of your intended stay, your nationality and business. This form goes to the office of the Bürgermeister, and from it you are "sized up" and assessed in whatever class you appear to belong. Third-class visitors pay between one and two dollars the season; second, between two and three dollars; and first class, from three to four. Only Americans are always rated first class. They do not insist upon your staying there. By filing a personal protest you can have yourself placed in whatever class you claim to belong in.

And what becomes of the tax one pays into the city treasury?

First, you have the use of the water for three weeks or six months, and have also the pleasure of hearing good music while you take your medicine every morning. Part of this money goes to make and keep up the miles and miles of beautiful walks, to plant rare shrubs in the very forest, and to put boxes in the trees for the birds to build in, whose music cheers the thousands of strollers who throng these winding ways.

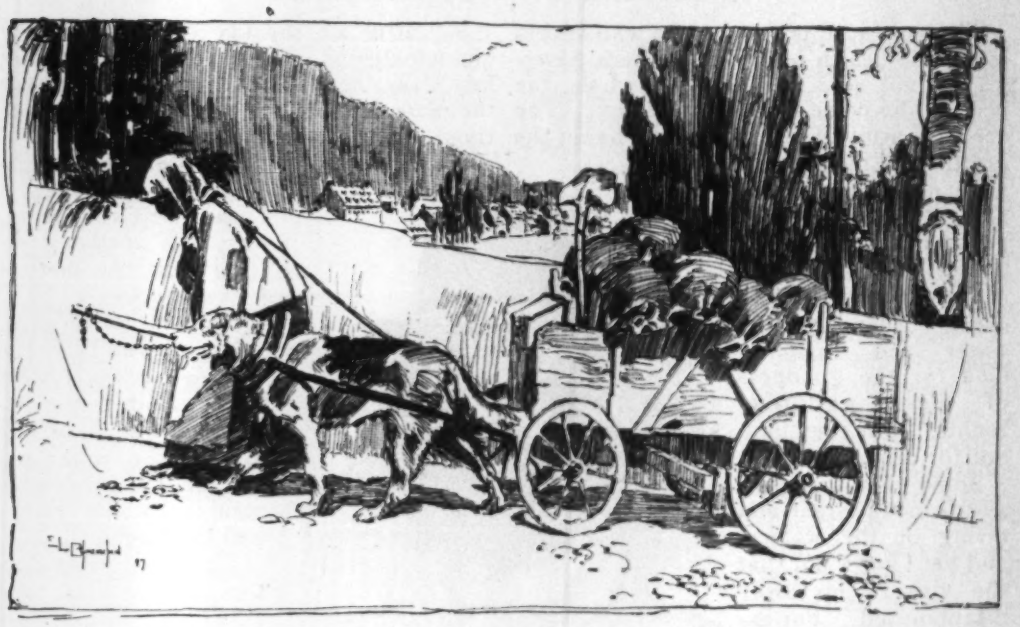
So, after all, the tax one pays to the municipality is very little, even if you are first class; and, as nearly every one leaves the place feeling better than when he arrived, there is no complaint.

"Are all the people cured who come here?" I asked Dr. Grünberger, who was medical inspector in the district for twenty years.

"Not all," he said. "But all who take the cure"—for the doctor who examines the patient will not allow him to take the water unless he has a disease curable by the Karlsbad treatment.

There are many doctors in Karlsbad, and they are largely responsible for the splendid reputation of the place. They are honest enough to tell the patient to go away if they believe his disease incurable by the use of the waters. The waiters in the hotels all know what you are allowed to eat; and when you ask for a tempting bit of pastry the girl will shake her head, smile pleasantly, and say: "That ish not gute for you." In fact, all the people appear to want you to get well and be happy, go away and eat bad things, and come again.

. . . German dandies . . .



. . . *Other women are . . . drawing wagons through the streets.*

Now, like many others, I am going away; and I have tried to find one man or woman among the thousands here now who is without faith in the cure, or without hope of being cured. The water won't cure a stone-bruise or a broken heart, perhaps; but it will brace you up, give you an appetite that will help your heart to heal, and the stone-bruise will get well of its own accord.

. . . *Polish Jews, with little corkscrew curls* . . .

THE LIFE OF THE RAILROAD MAN.

DRAWN FROM FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS BRAKEMAN, FIREMAN, AND ENGINEER.

By Herbert E. Hamblen ("Fred. B. Williams"),

Author of "On Many Seas."

EXPERIENCES AND ADVENTURES AS A BRAKEMAN IN THE YARD AND ON THE ROAD.

Illustrated with Drawings from Life by W. D. Stevens.

HOW little does the average passenger realize, when he steps on the sumptuously furnished car and quietly reads the newspaper until the brakeman calls out his station and he steps off to go to his family or his business, that his train has been under the keen supervision of an army of trained officials and employees during every minute of its progress; that its arrival at, and departure from, each station has been ticked over the wire to the train despatcher; that all meeting-points with other trains have been carefully prepared for; that rules and orders have been issued providing for every possible contingency; that, in fact, as an old railroad man said to me once, "if everybody obeyed orders, collisions would be possible only when brought about by unavoidable accidents!"

These men are carefully chosen, and only long and faithful service, a strictly first-class moral character, and undoubted ability to perform the duties of the position will insure their promotion to the higher offices or their retention in them.

Promotion on a railroad is slow, and for merit only.

MY FIRST JOB.

"Very well," said the young man; "I am the yardmaster here, and as I am rather short of brakemen and you appear to be a likely young fellow, I will give you a job. Keep your eyes and ears open; obey orders strictly, *whether you can or not*, and"—here he grabbed me by the arm and pulled me back just as I was about to step directly in front of a rapidly approaching car which an engine had kicked in on that track and which would certainly have put an end to my railroading there and then—"be careful never, under any circumstances, no matter how big a hurry you are in, to step upon a railroad track *anywhere*, without first looking both ways; and if you see anything approaching near enough, so that there is any doubt about your being able to cross in perfect safety at an ordinary walk, don't go; always give everything on wheels the right of way."

I have remembered and followed that rule to this day, even in the city streets, and to it I attribute in a great measure the fact that I am alive yet.

"When will you be ready to go to work?" asked the yardmaster. I told him, "Right away." "All right," said he, and then, looking at his watch:

"Well, I don't know but that you had better get your dinner first; it's now eleven thirty, and there's no use of your getting killed on an empty stomach. Do you see that office over there by those green cars?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go and get your dinner, and report to me there at 1 P.M. sharp."

"All right, sir," said I, "and thank you very much for your kindness."

"Oh, that's all right. Go along now, and be sure and get back on time."

Away I went to my hotel for dinner, highly elated at my success. I was now indeed, I thought, a genuine railroad man. To be sure, I didn't quite like all those allusions to killing and maiming; but I thought they had only been thrown out to try my nerve, and I congratulated myself that I had shown no sign of flinching.

I was wrong in my conjecture, however; for, like all railroad yards, it was more or less of a slaughter-house, and one poor fellow's life was crushed out of

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him that very afternoon, although I didn't hear of it until the next day, and never saw him at all, which was just as well, I guess; for if I had known of it at the time, I dare say I should have lost some of the nerve I felt so proud of.

He was a car-repairer, and was at work between two cars on the "dead-head." The car-repairers' signal was a piece of sheet iron, about a foot square, painted blue, and riveted to a four-foot iron rod, sharpened on the bottom so that it could be stuck in a tie vertically.

There was a most rigid order that none but a car-repairer should handle that signal in any manner, and no one but the man that put it up must take it down. All cars needing repairs were run in on this track, and when the men were working on them, they stuck their signal in a tie ahead of the last car put in and in plain sight of all the men working about the yard.

This was a notice to the train men not to touch any car on that track, or to put any more in there, until the repair gang were notified, so that they might look out for themselves, take down their signal, and put it up again outside the outer car, as before.

In this instance, the signal, carelessly put up, had fallen down, and a conductor, having a crippled car to go in there, glanced down the track, saw no signal up, opened the switch, pulled the coupling pin on the crippled car, and gave his engineer a signal to kick it in, which of course he did.

As the unfortunate man was stooping over the drawhead of a car further back when the kicked car fetched up, the drawhead, link, and all were driven clear through his body.

They said he let one agonizing scream out of him and died. Of course, as soon as they heard him yell, they ran from all directions, but we, being in a distant part of the yard, knew nothing of it. A switch-rope was hooked on to the car on whose drawhead he was impaled, and the same engine that did the deed pulled it back.

He was a poor man, with the usual poor man's blessing, a large family, so we made up a purse to bury him, and the company gave his wife and two oldest children employment in the car-cleaning gang.

MY FIRST DAY'S WORK.

I reported to the yardmaster ten minutes ahead of time. Sticking his head out of the door, he called out:

"Hey, Simmons!"

A fine, large, sunburned, black-bearded man appeared in answer to the summons.

"Here's a green man I want you to break in," said the yardmaster; "put him on top, and let him pass the signal for a day or two until he can handle himself."

"All right," said Simmons, who I soon found was the conductor of a "drill," a switch-engine crew. He took me out to the engine, and said to the engineer, a grimy, greasy individual:

"Bill, here's a fresh fish Dawson wants to break in. I'll put him on the head car and let him pass the signal."

"All right," said Bill, sourly.

I was then told to mount the car next the engine and repeat the signals of the man in the middle of the train to the engineer.

That seemed simple enough, but I hadn't been doing it more than ten minutes when the engine stopped and Bill called out:

"Hey! Hey! you there, dominie, parson!"

Seeing that he was addressing his remarks to me and not liking the impertinence of such a disreputable-looking individual, I said:

"Well, what is it? Are you talking to me?"

"Yes, I'm talkin' to you; an' ye better keep a civil tongue in yer head, I tell ye. What kind of a signal is that ye're givin' me? Wha' d'ye want me ter do, anyway?"

"I don't want you to do anything, and I don't care what you do. I'm giving you the signal just as I get it."

"No, ye hain't nuther, an' don't ye give me no back talk. Say, where do you come from?"

"I am from Walton," said I.

"Sho! I thought so—another Walton punkin husker. Say, Simmons, take this blamed ornament o' yours down off o' here, an' give me a man that knows one signal from another, or I'll smash all the cars in the yard before night."

Then he gave the engine a jerk back that nearly threw me off the car.

"Oh, he's all right," said Simmons. "He's a little green, but he'll get over that." Then to me, "Be careful how you pass the signals, bub, or the engineer can't tell what he's doing."

I told him I was giving them just exactly as the other man did.

"Well, that's all right; Bill is kinder cranky, but you mustn't mind that."

"HEY! HEY! YOU THERE, DOMINIE, PARSON! . . . WHAT KIND OF A SIGNAL IS THAT YE'RE GIVIN' ME?"

We hadn't worked ten minutes more, and my arms were beginning to ache from the continuous motion, when Bill roared out:

"Say! you infernal counter-jumper, will you git out o' the way, so I can see that man's signals? Set down, fall down, git down off o' there! You'll scare the engine off the track, the way you're flapping your wings." Then, having occasion to go to the other end of the yard, he pulled her wide open, drenching me with soot and water from the stack, until I was a sight for gods and men. I had my best clothes on, and they were ruined.

When we were relieved at six o'clock, I was tired, dirty, thoroughly disgusted with railroading, and firmly determined to quit at once.

During the evening, however, I scraped acquaintance with a young fellow about my own age. I was attracted by his appearance, he seeming to be, like myself, "a boy from home," although not as green as I was. When I told him I would railroad no more, he said I was foolish; he had been at it a year and liked it; and he predicted that inside of thirty days I would too. He said he wouldn't go back to the farm for anything.

He admitted that the talk I had heard in regard to killing and maiming was by no means exaggerated, but believed that it was largely due to the recklessness of the men themselves, and he hoped to escape the almost universal fate by being careful. Poor fellow! he was blown from the top of his train a few months afterwards, and found by the section gang, frozen stiff.

Being considerably cheered by my new friend's advice, I reconsidered my decision, and reported for duty at six o'clock the next morning, and worked all day, with no more thrilling adventure than an occasional cursing from sooty Bill, which, however, I soon learned to disregard entirely.

GRIPPED BETWEEN TWO CARS.

Before I had been a week in the yard I was well broken in, and had acquired the reckless air which is the second stage in the greenhorn's experience and is characteristic of the period *before* he gets hurt.

I delighted in catching and riding in the most swiftly flying cars, and became an expert at making quick couplings and flying switches. Occasionally an old hand would say, with a wise shake of the head: "You'll git it bimeby," but I only laughed.

It was four or five months before I "got it." I was making a coupling one afternoon, had balanced the pin in the drawhead of the stationary car, and was running along ahead of the other holding up the link, when just before coming together she left the track, having jumped a

frog. Hearing the racket behind me, I sprang to one side; but my toe touching the top of the rail prevented me from getting quite clear. I was caught between the corners of the cars as they came together, and heard my ribs cave in, like smashing an old box with an axe.

The car stopped just right to hold me as in a vice. I nearly fainted with pain and from inability to breathe. Fortunately, Mr. Simmons was watching me, and with the rare presence of mind due to long service, he called at once for the switch-rope. He wouldn't allow the engine to come back and couple to the car again, as it would be almost sure to crush out my little remaining life. It seemed to me that I should surely suffocate before they got that switch-rope hooked on to the side of the car, though I knew the boys were hustling for dear life; but I tell you, when your breath is shut off, seconds are hours. My head was bursting, and I became blind; there was a terrible roaring in my ears, and then as the engine settled back on the switch-rope, I felt a life-giving relief as I fell fainting, but thankful, into the arms of the boys.

I was carried to the yardmaster's office, every step of the way the jagged ends of my broken ribs pricking and grating as though they would punch holes in me, and my breath coming in short, suffocating gasps. The company's doctor was summoned, a young fellow fresh from college whose necessities compelled him to accept the twenty-five dollars a month which they paid for medical attendance for damaged employees. He cut my clothes off, and after half murdering me by punching and squeezing, asking all the time what I was "hollering" about, finally remarked:

"There's nothing much the matter with him; few of his slats stove in, that's all." He then bandaged me, and a couple of the boys half carried and half led me to the boarding-house, where I was mighty glad to be, for I was pretty well exhausted.

There I lay, unable to move without help, for six weeks, visited by the doctor daily for a while, and then at less frequent intervals; but some of the boys were with me nearly all the time. They kept me posted as to what was going on in the yard, and cheered me up greatly by telling of their own various mishaps in the past. I found, to my surprise, that few of them had escaped broken bones and smashed fingers, and I was assured that broken ribs were nothing, absolutely nothing; I ought to have a broken leg or dislocated shoulder pulled into place; then I would know something about it.

Their talk restored my spirits wonderfully; for whereas I had been disconsolate at the thought that I was now a physical wreck, fit only for a job of flagging on some road crossing at twenty dollars a month, I now found that the boys whom I had seen racing about the yard all day,

"I DELIGHTED IN CATCHING AND RIDING IN THE MOST SWIFTLY FLYING CARS."

shouting, giving signals, and climbing on and off cars, had nearly all of them been much worse broken up than I was, and some of them several times, yet they were apparently as sound as ever. Even Simmons, who appeared to be a particularly fine specimen of physical manhood, told me that he once fell while running ahead of a car, just as I had been doing, and twelve cars and the engine passed over him, rolling him over and over, breaking both his legs, and, as he said, mixing up his insides in such a way that his victuals didn't do him much good for a year after.

PROMOTION FROM THE YARD TO THE ROAD.

Shortly after my return to work Simmons got one side of a new freight train, and,

to my great delight, took me with him on the road. I was not only glad to get out of the slaughter-house with my full complement of limbs, but I was also pleased at the prospect of at last learning practical railroading, of which I had heard so much.

We had a fine big eight-wheel caboose, right out of the paint-shop, red outside, and green inside. There were six bunks in her, a row of lockers on each side to sit on and keep supplies in, a stove and table, and a desk for the conductor. We furnished our own bedding and cooking utensils, and as Simmons wouldn't have any but nice fellows around him, we had a pleasant and comfortable home on wheels. We each contributed to the mess, except the flagman, and as he did the cooking, he messed free. We took turns cleaning up, and as the boys had good taste, we soon had the car looking like a young lady's boudoir. We had lace curtains in front of the bunks, a strip of oilcloth on the floor, a mat that the flagman had "swiped" from a sleeper, a canary in a cage, and a dog.

As a younger man than I had been assigned to us, I was second man, which gave me the head of the train; so I rode on the engine and was the engineer's flag.

". . . BECAME AN EXPERT AT MAKING QUICK COUPLINGS AND FLYING SWITCHES."

I ran ahead when necessary to protect our end, opened and closed switches, cut off and coupled on the engine, held the train on down grades, watched out for the caboose on curves, took water, shoveled down coal to the fireman, rang the bell at crossings, put on the blower, oiled the valves, and handed the engineer oil-cans, wrenches, and lights for his pipe.

I now scraped acquaintance with that formidable document the time table, and heard train orders and the officers who issued them discussed by such high authorities as conductors and engineers; and I listened in rapt astonishment at the deep erudition which they displayed in handling these subjects. I soon learned that the officers on our road "didn't know nothing" and that "where *I* come from" they would not have been allowed to "sit on the fence and watch the trains go by;" whereupon I conceived a great wonder as to how the road survived under such densely incompetent management.

I enjoyed riding on the engines, as the engineers and firemen were fine, sociable fellows. When we were a little late and had a passing-point to make, the engineer would sometimes say, "Don't you set no brakes goin' down here; I got to git a gait on 'em." Then when the train pitched over the top of the hill, he would cut her back a notch at a time, till he got her near the center, and gradually work his throttle out wide open. How she would fly down hill, the exhaust a steady roar out of the stack, the connecting-rods an undistinguishable blur, the old girl herself rolling and jumping as if at every revolution she must leave the track, the train behind half hid in a cloud of dust, and I hanging on to the side of the cab for dear life, watching out ahead where I know there is a sharp reverse curve, and hoping, oh, so much, that he'll shut her off before we get there.

I watch that grimy left hand on the throttle, for the preliminary swelling of the muscles that will show me he is taking a grip on it to shove it in. Not a sign; his head and half his body are out the window; and now we are upon it. I give one frightened glance at the too convenient ditch where I surely expect to land, and take a death grip of the side of the cab. Whang! She hits the curve, seems to upset; I am nearly flung out the window in spite of my good grip. Before she has half done rolling (how do the springs ever stand it?) she hits the reverse, and I am

torn from my hold on the window and slammed over against the boiler; and having passed this most uncomfortable place, she flies on, rolling and roaring down the mountain. All this time the engineer has n't moved an eyelid, nor the fireman interrupted for an instant the steady pendulum-like swing of the fire-door and the scoop-shovel. How do they do it? Oh, it's easy after you get used to it.

Fifteen minutes afterward, in the siding, with switches locked, waiting for the flyer, nobody seems to remember that we have done anything in particular.

At first I had considered the locomotive as far too complicated a machine for me ever to understand, but gradually I learned its various parts; and when I found that nearly all the engineers and firemen had risen from brakemen like myself, I took heart and hoped that some day I might sit on the right side, to be spoken to with some slight deference by the officials and stared at in open-mouthed admiration by the small boys at the country stations.

TOM RILEY'S WAY OF MAKING A SIDING.

Old Tom Riley was a man to whom I looked up as the epitome of railroad knowledge. He frequently hauled our train. He was so old that the top of his head was perfectly bald; but he had a great mop of gray beard, with a yellowish streak from the chin down, an evidence of many years of tobacco-chewing and unsuccessful efforts to spit to windward.

He was supposed to be the oldest engineer anywhere about, and said himself that his "first job railroadin' wos wipin' the donkey engine in Noah's ark." He was a good-natured, jolly old fellow, a great practical joker, strong and rough as a bear, but as well pleased apparently when the joke was on himself as any other way. He had been so long at the business that he knew all sorts of tricks by which to get himself out of tight places, so that it was seldom indeed that the "super" had the pleasure of hauling Tom on the carpet for a violation of the rules.

One night we were a little late, so that we barely had time to make the siding for a following passenger train; and, to make matters worse, when we were about half way there Tom said he smelt something hot; so he stopped, and found his main crank-pin about ready to blaze up. The oil-cup had stopped feeding; so he deliberately took it out, filled the hole with tallow, screwed in the cup, called his flag, and started again, very late.

Simmons came up over the train and said he guessed he'd leave a flag at the bottom of the hill, to hold No. 6 till we got in.

"No, no," says old Tom; "don't ye never drop off no flag to give yourself away, git called ter the office, an' all hands git ten days."

"You can't get to the switch on time," said Simmons.

"Course not. I ought ter be there in twenty minutes, an' I'll be lucky if I git there in twenty-five."

"Well, then, I'll have to drop off a flag, or they'll git our doghouse."

"Now, here, Simmons, I'll tell ye what you do: you go back in the doghouse, an' don't you see nothin' that's goin' on; only git up in the cupola an' watch out good an' sharp that yer train don't break in two. I'll git ye inter the switch time enough, so Six'll never see yer tail lights."

Simmons, knowing his man, at last agreed, and after he had got safely housed, Tom handed me his long oil-can, and told me to go back on the step of the caboose and oil first one rail and then the other.

"Let the oil run about a car-length on one rail, an' then do the same the other side; repeat the dose once, an' come ahead agin," said Tom.

I did so, and just as we were pulling in to the side track, we heard the exhaust of the passenger engine as she came clipping along for the hill; presently we could tell by the sound that she had struck the grade, then—cha-cha-ch-r-r-r cha-ch-r-r-r.

"Oho!" says Tom, "are ye there? Grind away, my boy. I guess old Tom'll git in an' git the switch locked before you git up here all right."

He did, too. Long before the passenger engine got by the oil we were comfortably smoking our pipes in the switch; and when she went sailing by her engineer shouted something that we couldn't catch, but to which Tom replied:

"Go ahead, sonny; you're all right."

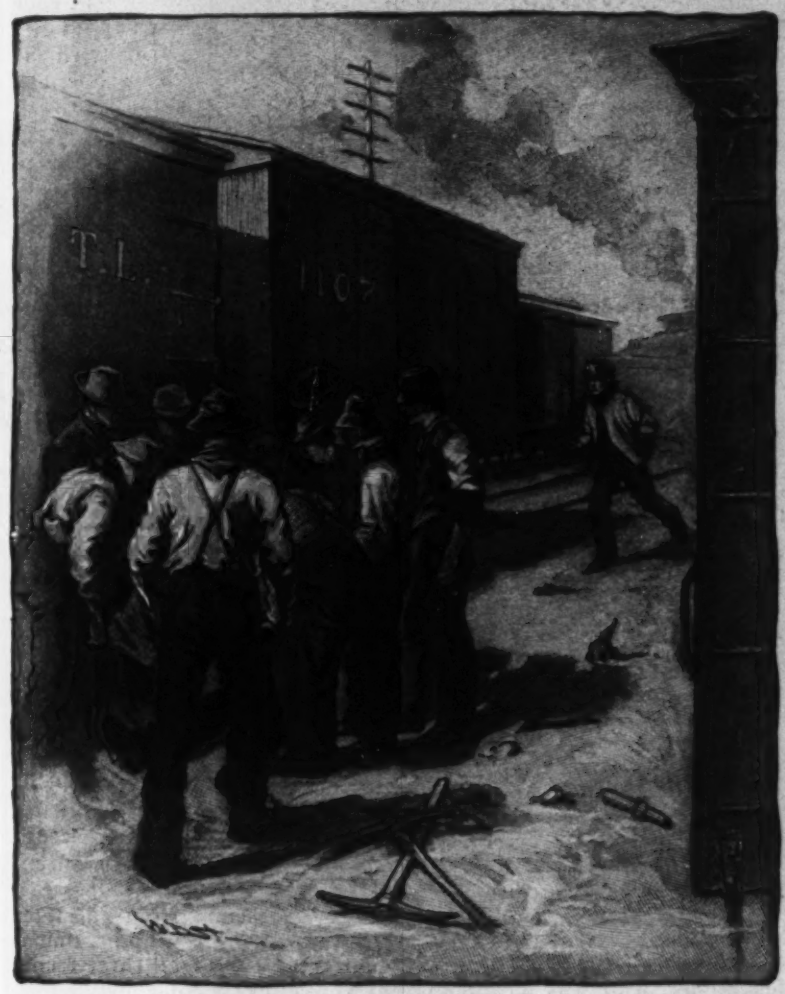
Next day, as Tom was doing a little packing in the roundhouse, the engineer of Six came up to him and said:

"Riley, was that you in Snyder's when I went by last night?"

"Yes," says Tom. "A little late, wa'n't ye?"

"Late? I sh'd say so. I never saw Snyder's so slippery as 'twas last night. I used half a box of sand. How'd you git there?"

"Oh, I didn't have no trouble," says Tom. "I didn't notice that 'twas any slipperyer'n usual; guess maybe the pet cock on yer pump might 'a' been leakin' a little or suthin' an' wet the rail fer ye."



"I FELT A LIFE-GIVING RELIEF AS I FELL FAINTING, BUT THANKFUL, INTO THE ARMS OF THE BOYS."

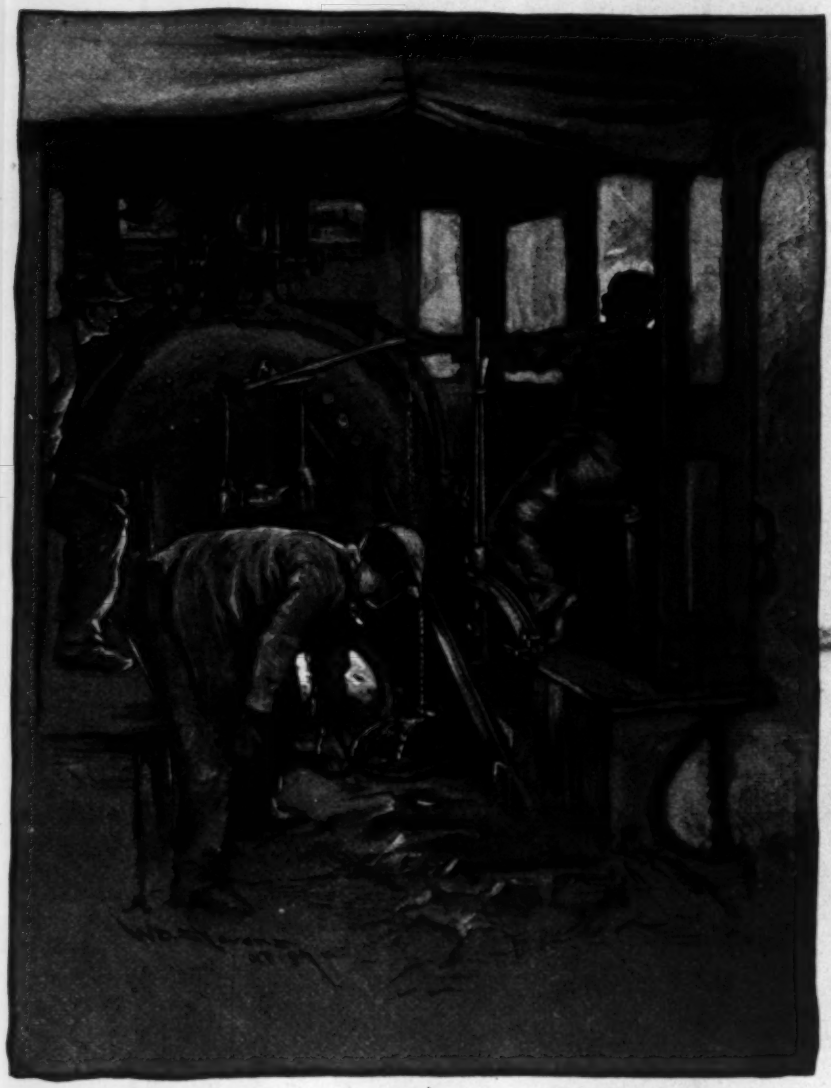
"Mebbe so," says the other fellow; and away he went to look his engine over and see if such was the case.

I "broke" a year, and by that time was of some use. I could read the time table, discuss train orders, and knew the trains by heart. I came to the conclusion that the engine offered more opportunities of advancement than the caboose; so by Tom Riley's advice, I filed an application with the master mechanic, asking for a position as fireman. And though I must admit that he didn't give me the slightest encouragement, yet the fact that I had my application on file made me feel that I was sure of a job, and that, too, at no very distant day. So I began to take a greater interest than ever in the engines, and I presume I made a nuisance of myself by asking innumerable questions of the engineers and firemen, so anxious was I to learn all I could in regard to the machine, for which, even to this day, I have an abiding love and respect.

Sometimes when the train was not too heavy and the grade was favorable, one or other of the firemen would let me "take her" for a bit; and then if I was able to "keep her tail up," I felt myself indeed a man and never failed to let it be known in the caboose that I had fired on a certain stretch of the road. But if while I was at the shovel she dropped her tail and the fireman had to take her from me, I would not allude to that episode when bragging of my abilities; but the men were sure to hear of it, and the guying I got fully offset my petty triumphs.

ON THE ENGINE IN A HEAD-ON COLLISION.

About six months after I filed my application there was a mistake made in orders that came very near winding up my railroad career for good. I did not know at the time exactly what the trouble was, nor can I say now positively. Simmons and the engineer, who were both discharged, asserted that they were sacri-



"I WATCH THAT GRIMY LEFT HAND ON THE THROTTLE, FOR THE PRELIMINARY SWELLING OF THE MUSCLES, . . ."

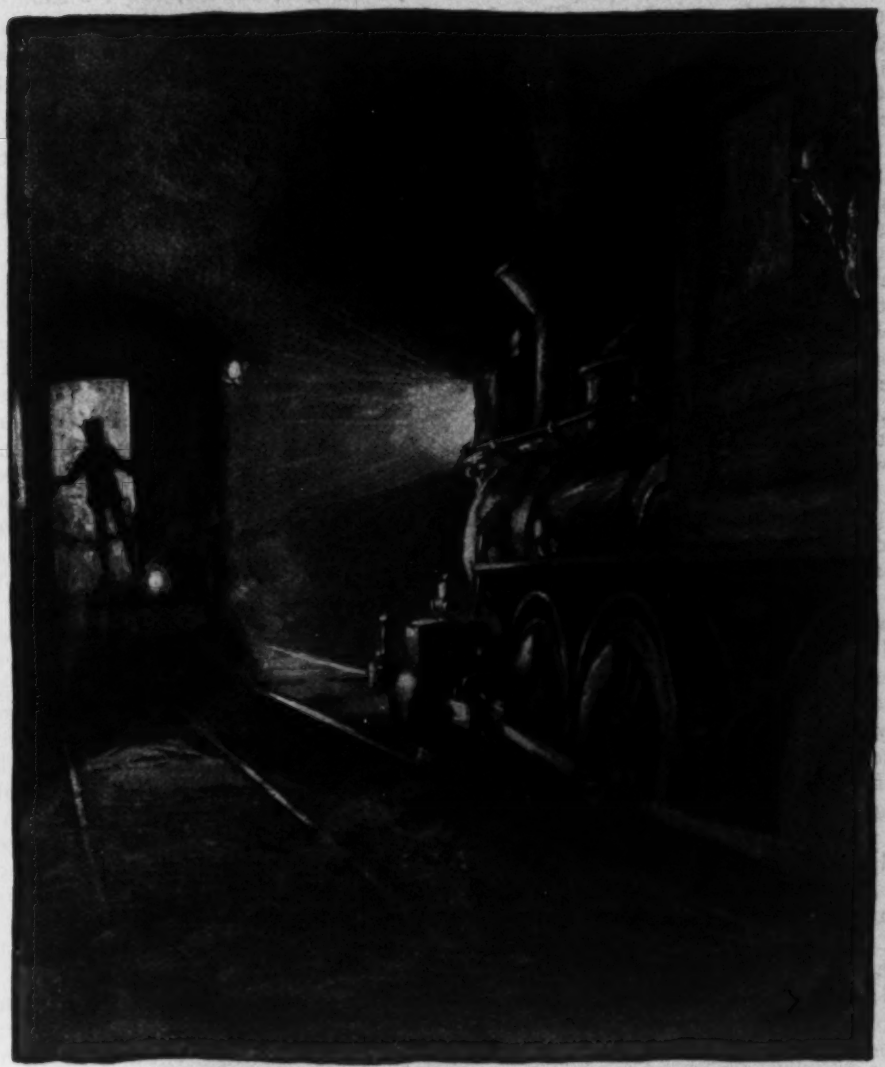
ficed to save the despatcher, who was a son-in-law of the president of the road.

Whoever was to blame, the result was disastrous; for we met the train which we expected to pass at the next siding in a deep cut under a railroad bridge. Both trains were wheeling down under the bridge at a forty-mile gait, so as to have a good headway on to take them out the other side. As the view of both engineers was obstructed by the stone abutments of the bridge, neither doubted for a moment that he had a clear track.

They met exactly under the bridge, with a shock and roar that seemed to shake the solid earth; the locomotives reared up like horses, the cars shoved their tenders under them in such a way as to jack them up and raise the bridge off its abutments; and then as the cars climbed on top of each other, they battered it from its position until it lay nearly at right angles to its own road, like an open draw, resting on top of the wreck.

Our conductors sent flags back both ways to hold all trains; but before the men could get up the bank to flag on the cross-country road, a belated gravel train came hurrying along and plumped in on top of us, helping to fill up the cut still more. Their engine set fire to the wreck, and as we were some distance from a telegraph office, all three trains and engines were entirely consumed before help reached us, nothing remaining but a tangled and twisted mass of boilers, wheels, rods, and pipes, partly covered by the gravel train's load of sand.

I was on the engine, sitting on the fireman's seat, looking out ahead. As it was daylight, there was not even the glare of a head-lamp to give us the fraction of a second's warning, and our own engine made such a roaring in the narrow cut that we could hear nothing else. The first intimation we had of approaching danger was when we saw the front end of the other locomotive not forty feet from us. Neither of the engineers had time to close their throttles—an act that is done instinctively on the first appearance of danger.



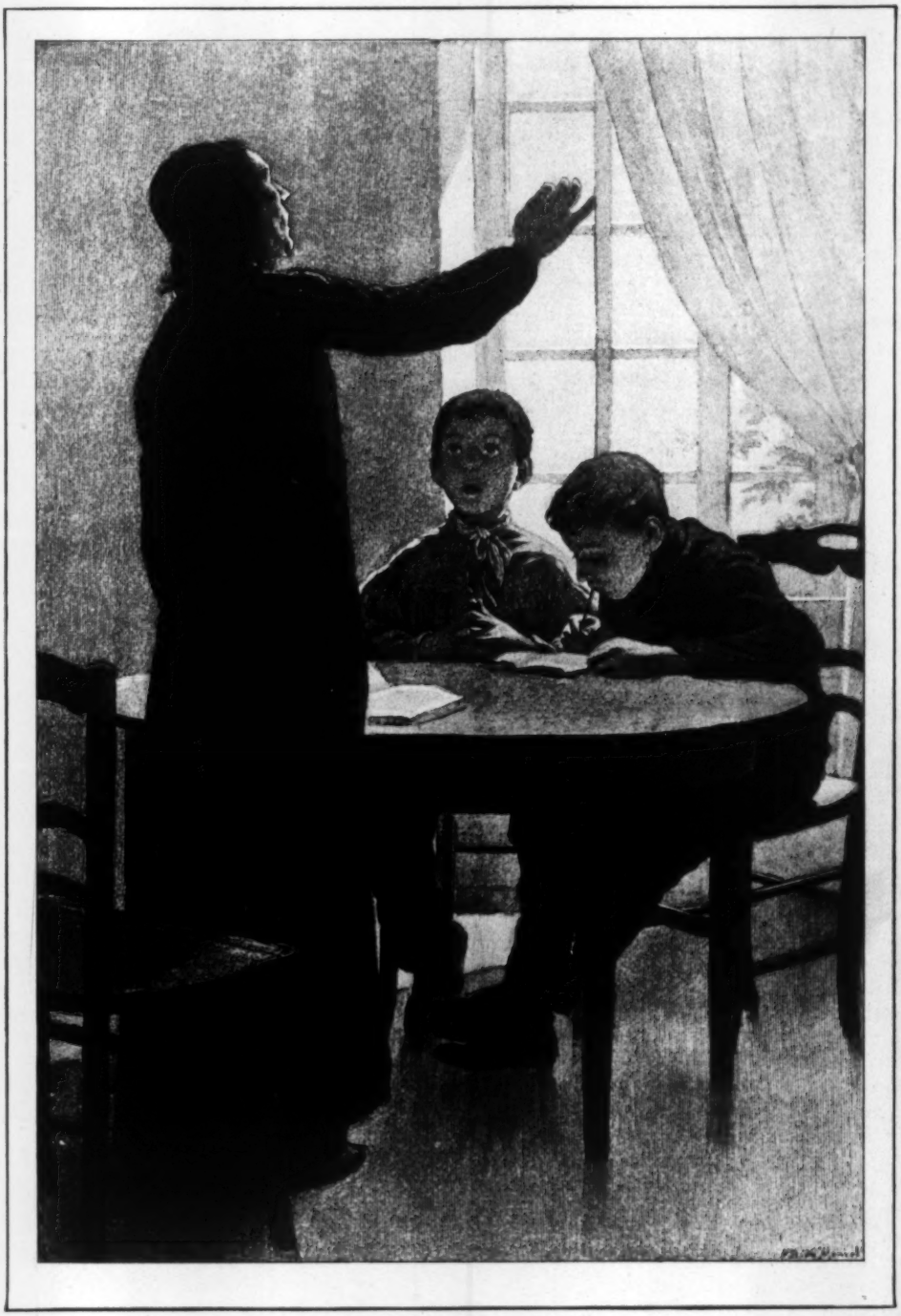
"HER ENGINEER SHOUTED SOMETHING THAT WE COULDN'T CATCH . . . TOM REPLIED: 'GO AHEAD, SONNY; YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.'"

I cannot say that I was frightened. Even the familiar "jumping of the heart into the throat," which so well describes the sensation usually experienced on the sudden discovery of deadly peril, was absent; for though I certainly saw the front end of that engine as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life, I had no time to realize what it meant. I made no move or effort of any kind, and it seemed that at the same instant that she burst upon my view daylight was shut out and I was drenched with cold water; yet before that happened they had come together, reared up, as I have said, and I had been thrown to the front of the cab; the tender had come ahead, staving the cab to pieces, thereby dropping me out on the ground, and by knocking a hole in itself against the back driving-wheel had deluged me with its contents.

The flood of cold water caused me, bewildered as I was, to try and get away from it. I knew I was under the wreck, and for a few minutes I could hear the cars piling up and grinding overhead.

I knew what that was, too, and feared they would smash the wreck down on top of me and so squeeze my life out. But the engine acted as a fender; for being jammed among the wreckage, she could not be pushed over; and as she stood on her rear wheels, she could not be mashed down.

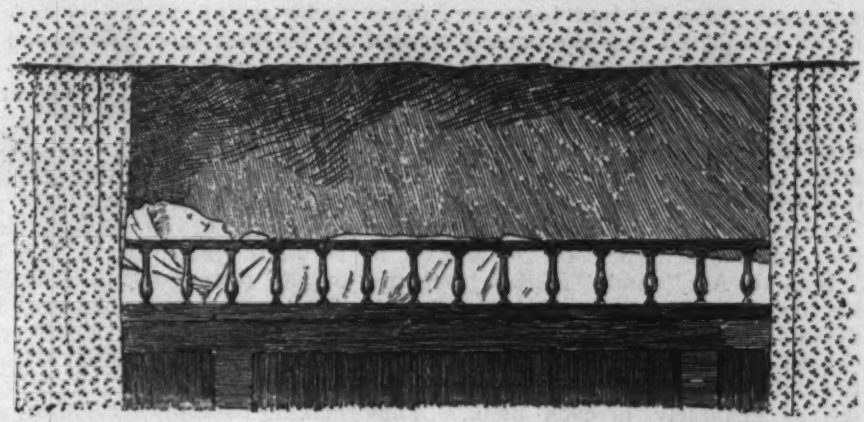
The noise soon ceased, and then, except



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "XAVIÈRE."

A mock treatise on politeness, "*La Civilité puérile et honnête*," brings a daintier, more varied atmosphere, for the study is becoming deeper and the understanding clearer. The individuals differ much more; each has more distinctness, more reality, more charm, the old men and the women as well as the children. The "*La Fontaine*" is a new development, not only because it brings animals to the front, but because it shows the artist making his effects with simpler touches and with the exact meaning still more free and more telling also. In stories by Anatole France, with his studied

simplicity, De Monvel found some of his best inspiration; and his masterly little creations stand not simply as a graphic comment on the text, but as a revelation of a subject which the writer has treated only in a fragmentary and superficial manner. Before speaking of his later work, his "*Xavière*" and his "Joan of Arc," we might try to find out the secret which De Monvel has learned, and which enables him to give us children in a fashion so direct and complete, and with such charm and freshness of presentation. We might speak of the expressiveness which lurks in a little hand clutching a dress, in the angular folds of a Sunday frock, in a slow and stolid walk, in a foot seeking the ground, but it would explain nothing. The one attitude, the one expression, is chosen which has a special meaning and a special charm, and that is all there is to it. In looking at these drawings artists' only advantage over people ignorant of art is that they know how wonderful the thing is, how difficult it is to do it; but they are not able to feel or enjoy the result any better. To draw well, to color well, to have solved the problem of lithography in color, is simply to have the tools. It is the freshness, the alertness of the eye, the truth and eagerness of the mind, which makes De Monvel an artist original from the start, who has worked out the best freedom,—freedom from everything irrelevant. His simplicity is adequate to express not only the personalities of the children, with their own solemnity, and the tender amusement which they inspire, but also to deal with the most serious, dramatic, even tragic subjects, as shown in his two later works, "*Xavière*" and "Joan of Arc." Probably, of all his work, these two books contain his most ardent feelings. The opening picture of the "Joan of Arc" strikes a note held throughout. Jeanne rides at the head of an army, her eyes fixed on a vision, a sword in her outstretched hand; behind her rush the living soldiers, with an onward motion that shows what it means to be a great draughtsman; and as the living soldiers press on, the very dead, fallen in battle, break from the ground to follow; their faces struggle up, their open mouths salute the Maid, they wave their swords, and, although they cannot free their bodies, their spirits help her on to victory. There are few such noble pictures as "*Xavière*" offers, wonderful revelations of the French country people, sympathetic transcripts of the simple life of humble folk; admirable pages, where one feels that everything is true to the best and the most serious in life.



From "Nos Enfants."

When De Monvel first gave us these colored illustrated books, the surprise was great in the success with which a

From "Filles et Garçons."

technical difficulty had been so competently conquered that the famous colored prints of England seemed antiquated and the effects which the Japanese reached by a different method had been equaled. But that surprise is now giving way to admiration for the qualities of the man who inspires the workman. Sentiment is the largest ingredient of true art, as it is of life; and the sentiment of De Monvel in "Joan of Arc" and "*Xavière*" reaches its highest purity. In this last he addresses himself to an older audience. In "Joan of Arc" he meets the interests of the childish reader, but he expresses himself as genuinely in each book. They seem ideal and beautiful dreams, forceful in drawing, with a psychology which makes every face individual in a more complete, but no less simple, sense than the faces in his lighter works are real. Noticing that an artist is making funny children or grotesque animals, we are inclined to take him lightly, as if we measured genius by solemnity or by acres of paint; but if we turn back to the more amusing books, after being excited by "*Xavière*" and "Joan of Arc," we see them with a new eye. It is the same artist looking into the hearts of many things and recording with a sure hand.

M. de Monvel is now making frescos for the church which is building at Domremy, the birthplace of the Maid whose story he is to tell again; but his studio is full of portraits of children and of sketches for illustrations. One series, just finished, dealing with the little peasants of the country, is to be followed by the street boys of Paris. There is little danger that with his eagerness of mind De Monvel runs any risk of working one vein to death; neither will he abandon for his larger work the line in which he has been a pioneer. His future activities promise to be as full of variety and development as his past, and it is hoped that he may devote more and more of his time to what, in the mind of the best judges, is his greatest field. The painting of portraits is probably the highest as well as the lowest and most common achievement of art. There have been many great portrait painters; but outside of Velasquez and a very few great masters, it is hard to think of any truly good portraits of children. An increasing demand for De Monvel's portraits of children has been the natural result of the popularity of his illustrated books. Of course, he had always been making portraits in his illustrations; he has told himself how hard it is to make each little figure in a group a separate person; and all these constant efforts of many years made the step to portrait painting an easy one. His portraits have been as successful as his own fanciful children. Not only has he been able to give the appearance of his sitter with the certainty and vividness which was to be expected of him, but he has proved his high artistic judgment in the way which all accessories are subordinated and yet used to strengthen the central effect. Just as in the picture from "*Xavière*," on page 202, full as it is of objects, table, chairs, window, all conspicuously placed, we see, nevertheless, only the faces, the attitudes, the light, all giving the spirit, the sentiment, the significance of the scene; so in his portraits, backgrounds and the arrangement of accessories show exquisite tact, and while serving their purpose of putting the face and figure into relief, add, one might say, some side explanations to the type. It is marvelous how all parts of the canvas belong to the portrait; how typical accessories and background are so subtly and intelligently handled that one does not realize they are there at all.

AN AMERICAN AT KARLSBAD.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," "The Express Messenger," etc.

KARLSBAD in winter-time is about as bleak and desolate as a Western town which, after a hard fight with weekly papers and Winchesters, has lost the county-seat. The place is not dead: no more than the flowers are dead that are sleeping under the snow that has drifted deep in the Böhmerwald. With the first bluebird comes the man burdened with a bad liver, and the first patient is followed closely by merchants and shop-keepers, hotel men, and waiters. There are merchant-tailors from Vienna, china merchants from Dresden, and clockmakers from Switzerland.

All through the month of April the signs of life are daily increasing. The walks that wind about the many hills are being swept clean of dead leaves; houses are repainted; and the rooms of hundreds of hotels and pensions are thrown open to admit the health-giving winds that come down from the low mountains laden with the scent of pine. The streets are reasonably clean, for few people live here in winter; but they are being made cleaner day by day, until the last day of April, when they are all flooded and washed clean. The iron fences and railings are actually scrubbed by an army of women with buckets of water and rags. Other women are digging in the ditches, sawing wood, or drawing wagons through the streets.

. . . a waiter freighting your breakfast. . . .

On the first day of May there is a grand opening. This year it was of especial importance, as it opened to the public the new bath-house Kaiserbad, which cost this enterprising municipality 1,250,000 florins, and is the finest bath-house in the whole wide world, I am told. This marvelous celebration, which began with a military parade on the first day of the month, ended on the fifth with a banquet in the city park café, at which Monsieur Ludwig

. . . receiving the good father of the town, who always waits upon "wealthy Americans." . . .

Schäffer, der Bürgermeister, presided.

"Jim Thompson and friend" was the way we went on the register at Pupp's; not that Jim wanted to star his own signature, but in order that he might bear the burden of reading all the circulars sent to our rooms, and receiving the good father of the town, who always waits upon "wealthy Americans" and asks a little aid for the poor, regardless of the visitor's religion. When we were transferred to the revolving switch-board in the center of the great lobby, it read, "Herr Jim Thompson," and when it appeared on local letters and circulars sent to us it was "Well-born Herr Jim Thompson," and sometimes it was even "My lord, the well-born." But Jim had been so much among titled people in Europe, and had so often read their "ads." for heiresses, that these little mistakes were no more to him than so many pfennigs.

So, in time, there came a gilt-edged card bidding my lord, the well-born, and his friend to the great feast—the guests of the city.

Just in front of the orchestra there was a narrow, high throne, a kind of cross between a pulpit and a witness-box, and from behind this little stand the speaker spoke.

"It is a good idea, this pulpit; it gives the speaker something to pound, and does away with his hands at the same time," said Jim, when the first man had finished. The lion of the evening was the architect who had built the Kaiserbad, and when he made his talk the men cried "Hoch!" and beautiful women left their seats to click glasses with him. And the band played "Under the Double Eagle," and everybody stood up, and they were all very happy, and I knew that the homely leader, with his ears full of cotton, had made a hit.

"Was that the 'Bohemian Girl,' Jim?" I asked, when we had all settled down and begun to eat again.

"No," he said, with a half-sad smile. "I don't know the 'Bohemian Girl' from the 'Irish Washerwoman,' but I know that tune: it's the national air. Couldn't you hear the B-flat scream and wail away down the line? Ah! if the Austrians had played that tune, the Seven Days' War would have lasted longer."

It was an excellent little dinner, and the enthusiasm and patriotism of the people were good to see.

. . . big, bony Britons in knickerbockers. . . .

. . . Tyrolese in green hats trimmed in feathers, . . .

True, they have been buffeted about by political waves, between Germany and Austria, for many years; but the people in these Bohemian hills are happy, industrious, and enterprising to a remarkable degree.

On the morning of the tenth of May, when we went down to the Brunn to drink, a thousand people were standing in line.

"Reminds me of the days when we used to line up at the post-office in Thompsonville," said Jim, his mind going back to the big days of Colorado, when he was mayor and silver was a dollar ten.

. . . other women are . . . sawing wood . . .

It is a great show: men and women from everywhere, with every disease that can possibly be charged to the liver, stomach, or gall. Even nervous people come here for the baths; and get well, or think they do, which is the same thing. There are men whose skin and eyes are yellow; and others green as olives; German dandies who walk like pacing greyhounds; fat young Germans who seem to be walking on eggs; and old, gouty Germans who do not walk at all, but shuffle. There are big, bony Britons in knickerbockers, and elderly Englishmen whose love of plaids is largely responsible for the daily rains that come to this otherwise delightful region. There are modest Americans, with their pretty wives and daughters; and other Americans, who talk loud in the lobbies and cafés; Tyrolese, in green hats trimmed in feathers; and Polish Jews, with little corkscrew curls hanging down by their ears, such as we see in Jerusalem. Then there are a few stray Frenchmen, walking alone; and once—but not more than once—in a while a Parisian lady, and you know her by the charming cut of her skirt and the way she holds it up and the beautiful dream of a petticoat the act discloses. There are Austrian soldiers in long coats, and officers in pale-blue uniforms, spurred and cinched like the corset-wearers of France.

In a solid mass the crowd of cupbearers move up and down in the great colonnade, keeping time with their feet or hands or heads to the strains of the band, which begins to play at 6.45 in the morning.

By nine o'clock the springs are deserted, and the multitude has distributed itself among the many restaurants and cafés in the cañon. An hour later, having breakfasted lightly on toast and coffee—on such toast and such coffee as can be had only in Karlsbad—the great army of healthy-looking invalids lose themselves in the hills.

Here comes an old, old woman, bearing a load that would bend the back of a Turkish hamal, followed by a landau, wherein loll the fairest dames of Saxony; then a sausage-man, whose garlic-flavored viands freight the whole gulch with their fumes; and just behind him a wâgon laden with flowers and shrubs for the new gardens of the Grand Hotel Pupp, and their opening leaves fling such a fragrance out upon the still air that it follows and trails far behind, as the smoke of a locomotive follows a freight train. Women with baskets on their backs, filled with

. . . a few stray Frenchmen, walking alone: . . .

empty milk-cans, are climbing the trails that lead back to their respective ranches, which they must have left, their cans laden, at early dawn.

The men are most polite to each other, and always take off their hats as they meet and pass. The employés in the hotels do this, from the manager down. Indeed, all these people are almost tiresome with their politeness. A table-girl who serves you at a wayside café to-day will rush out to the middle of the street to-morrow and say good-morning, and ask you how you feel. She is honestly endeavoring to make it pleasant, and is unconsciously making it unpleasant for you. If you speak English she argues that you may be a lord, or, what to her and for her is better still, an American, grand, rich, and awful; and she is proud to show the proprietor or manager that she knows you. But we should not complain, for nowhere are visitors treated so respectfully and decently as at Karlsbad. I remember that the Bürgermeister left his place at the head of the table at the banquet, crossed the room, introduced himself to Mr. Thompson, touched glasses, and bade him welcome to the city, and caused a little municipal check-book to be placed at the visitor's elbow, so that for that day and date he could order what he craved, and it was all "on" the town. Last year, when the five hundred rooms of the largest hotel in the place were occupied, four hundred of the guests were Americans or English. So you see they can afford to like us, and they do.

German Type.

One can live here as one chooses—for one dollar or ten a day; but two people can live comfortably for five dollars a day. The hotels are good, and the service almost perfect so far as it relates to the hotel; but the service in the dining-rooms, cafés, and restaurants is bad. Many of these are so poorly arranged. It is a common thing to see a waiter freighting your breakfast or dinner—which is at midday here—a half block in a pouring rain. The great trouble is to get things hot; it is next to impossible. What Karlsbad needs is a sanitarium, where people can have delicate dishes prepared and served hot. The stoves are too far from the tables in most places.

Americans will find many funny little things, even in the best hotels. You can go up in the elevator, but you cannot come down. You can have writing-paper free in the writing-room, but not in your apartments. You can get hot milk or warm milk—but they will put butter in it. You can have boiled potatoes, but only with caraway-seeds and a fine flavor of alfalfa in them; or poached eggs, but you must have them poached in bouillon.

After a while you will get used to all this, and give up trying to say *sehr heiss*, and go way. Forty thousand people do this every year. This establishment alone feeds two thousand people a day; and most of them, I fancy, go away feeling very kindly toward the place and the people. The Germans predominate in the month of May, the Austrians in June, and in July the French come. This is a safe sandwich, with Austria in the middle; it keeps France and Germany from touching. The English and Americans (but not the poor) they have all the season.

. . . old, gouty Germans . . .

The sad-faced consumptives who swarm round the health resorts of Western America are not seen here; on the whole, the people who come here look healthy. The dreadful army of miserables who haunt the grotto at Lourdes are also not to be seen here. True, the priests go at the head of the procession on the first of May from spring to spring, blessing the water and thanking God for the goodness of these wondrous founts. But they look not for a miracle.

Hebrew Type.

Some things appear a little inconsistent, and trying on the waters; and yet I know not that the visitors go away disappointed. For example, you will see a very happy married woman, fat and forty or forty-five, and a long, lank, lingering maiden, the two quaffing at the same well, and the one hoping to gain what the other longs to lose.

When you have taken rooms at a hotel, one of the employés will bring you a long printed form, which, if you fill out, will give the sheriff or any one interested in you a fair history, the length of your intended stay, your nationality and business. This form goes to the office of the Bürgermeister, and from it you are "sized up" and assessed in whatever class you appear to belong. Third-class visitors pay between one and two dollars the season; second, between two and three dollars; and first class, from three to four. Only Americans are always rated first class. They do not insist upon your staying there. By filing a personal protest you can have yourself placed in whatever class you claim to belong in.

And what becomes of the tax one pays into the city treasury?

First, you have the use of the water for three weeks or six months, and have also the pleasure of hearing good music while you take your medicine every morning. Part of this money goes to make and keep up the miles and miles of beautiful walks, to plant rare shrubs in the very forest, and to put boxes in the trees for the birds to build in, whose music cheers the thousands of strollers who throng these winding ways.

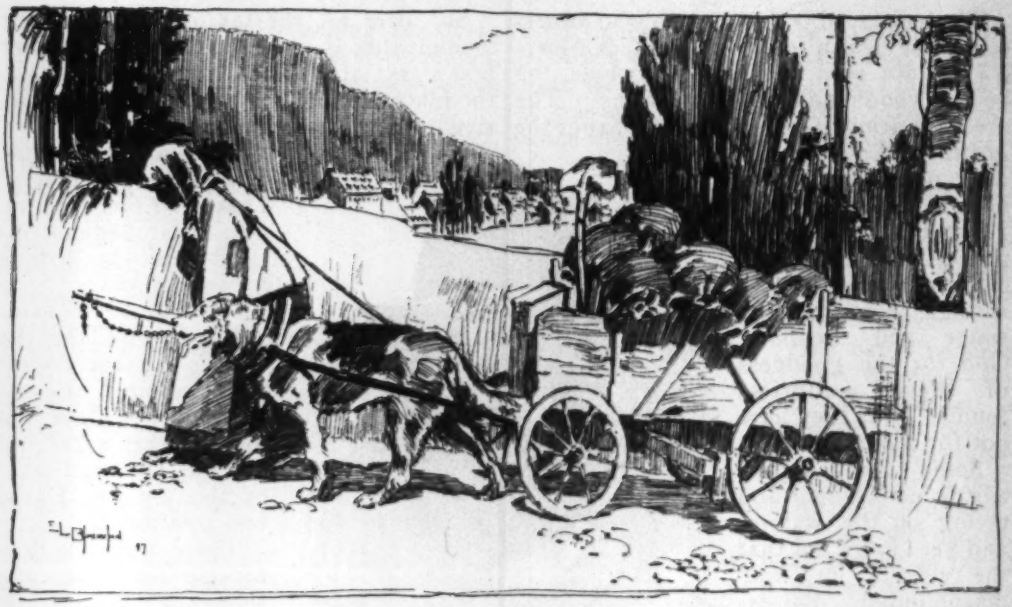
So, after all, the tax one pays to the municipality is very little, even if you are first class; and, as nearly every one leaves the place feeling better than when he arrived, there is no complaint.

"Are all the people cured who come here?" I asked Dr. Grünberger, who was medical inspector in the district for twenty years.

"Not all," he said. "But all who take the cure"—for the doctor who examines the patient will not allow him to take the water unless he has a disease curable by the Karlsbad treatment.

There are many doctors in Karlsbad, and they are largely responsible for the splendid reputation of the place. They are honest enough to tell the patient to go away if they believe his disease incurable by the use of the waters. The waiters in the hotels all know what you are allowed to eat; and when you ask for a tempting bit of pastry the girl will shake her head, smile pleasantly, and say: "That ish not gute for you." In fact, all the people appear to want you to get well and be happy, go away and eat bad things, and come again.

. . . *German dandies* . . .



. . . Other women are . . . drawing wagons through the streets.

Now, like many others, I am going away; and I have tried to find one man or woman among the thousands here now who is without faith in the cure, or without hope of being cured. The water won't cure a stone-bruise or a broken heart, perhaps; but it will brace you up, give you an appetite that will help your heart to heal, and the stone-bruise will get well of its own accord.

. . . Polish Jews, with little corkscrew curls . . .

THE LIFE OF THE RAILROAD MAN.

DRAWN FROM FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS BRAKEMAN, FIREMAN, AND ENGINEER.

By Herbert E. Hamblen ("Fred. B. Williams"),

Author of "On Many Seas."

EXPERIENCES AND ADVENTURES AS A BRAKEMAN IN THE YARD AND ON THE ROAD.

Illustrated with Drawings from Life by W. D. Stevens.

HOW little does the average passenger realize, when he steps on the sumptuously furnished car and quietly reads the newspaper until the brakeman calls out his station and he steps off to go to his family or his business, that his train has been under the keen supervision of an army of trained officials and employees during every minute of its progress; that its arrival at, and departure from, each station has been ticked over the wire to the train despatcher; that all meeting-points with other trains have been carefully prepared for; that rules and orders have been issued providing for every possible contingency; that, in fact, as an old railroad man said to me once, "if everybody obeyed orders, collisions would be possible only when brought about by unavoidable accidents!"

These men are carefully chosen, and only long and faithful service, a strictly first-class moral character, and undoubted ability to perform the duties of the position will insure their promotion to the higher offices or their retention in them.

Promotion on a railroad is slow, and for merit only.

MY FIRST JOB.

"Very well," said the young man; "I am the yardmaster here, and as I am rather short of brakemen and you appear to be a likely young fellow, I will give you a job. Keep your eyes and ears open; obey orders strictly, *whether you can or not*, and"—here he grabbed me by the arm and pulled me back just as I was about to step directly in front of a rapidly approaching car which an engine had kicked in on that track and which would certainly have put an end to my railroading there and then—"be careful never, under any circumstances, no matter how big a hurry you are in, to step upon a railroad track *anywhere*, without first looking both ways; and if you see anything approaching near enough, so that there is any doubt about your being able to cross in perfect safety at an ordinary walk, don't go; always give everything on wheels the right of way."

I have remembered and followed that rule to this day, even in the city streets, and to it I attribute in a great measure the fact that I am alive yet.

"When will you be ready to go to work?" asked the yardmaster. I told him, "Right away." "All right," said he, and then, looking at his watch:

"Well, I don't know but that you had better get your dinner first; it's now eleven thirty, and there's no use of your getting killed on an empty stomach. Do you see that office over there by those green cars?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go and get your dinner, and report to me there at 1 P.M. sharp."

"All right, sir," said I, "and thank you very much for your kindness."

"Oh, that's all right. Go along now, and be sure and get back on time."

Away I went to my hotel for dinner, highly elated at my success. I was now indeed, I thought, a genuine railroad man. To be sure, I didn't quite like all those allusions to killing and maiming; but I thought they had only been thrown out to try my nerve, and I congratulated myself that I had shown no sign of flinching.

I was wrong in my conjecture, however; for, like all railroad yards, it was more or less of a slaughter-house, and one poor fellow's life was crushed out of

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him that very afternoon, although I didn't hear of it until the next day, and never saw him at all, which was just as well, I guess; for if I had known of it at the time, I dare say I should have lost some of the nerve I felt so proud of.

He was a car-repairer, and was at work between two cars on the "dead-head." The car-repairers' signal was a piece of sheet iron, about a foot square, painted blue, and riveted to a four-foot iron rod, sharpened on the bottom so that it could be stuck in a tie vertically.

There was a most rigid order that none but a car-repairer should handle that signal in any manner, and no one but the man that put it up must take it down. All cars needing repairs were run in on this track, and when the men were working on them, they stuck their signal in a tie ahead of the last car put in and in plain sight of all the men working about the yard.

This was a notice to the train men not to touch any car on that track, or to put any more in there, until the repair gang were notified, so that they might look out for themselves, take down their signal, and put it up again outside the outer car, as before.

In this instance, the signal, carelessly put up, had fallen down, and a conductor, having a crippled car to go in there, glanced down the track, saw no signal up, opened the switch, pulled the coupling pin on the crippled car, and gave his engineer a signal to kick it in, which of course he did.

As the unfortunate man was stooping over the drawhead of a car further back when the kicked car fetched up, the drawhead, link, and all were driven clear through his body.

They said he let one agonizing scream out of him and died. Of course, as soon as they heard him yell, they ran from all directions, but we, being in a distant part of the yard, knew nothing of it. A switch-rope was hooked on to the car on whose drawhead he was impaled, and the same engine that did the deed pulled it back.

He was a poor man, with the usual poor man's blessing, a large family, so we made up a purse to bury him, and the company gave his wife and two oldest children employment in the car-cleaning gang.

MY FIRST DAY'S WORK.

I reported to the yardmaster ten minutes ahead of time. Sticking his head out of the door, he called out:

"Hey, Simmons!"

A fine, large, sunburned, black-bearded man appeared in answer to the summons.

"Here's a green man I want you to break in," said the yardmaster; "put him on top, and let him pass the signal for a day or two until he can handle himself."

"All right," said Simmons, who I soon found was the conductor of a "drill," a switch-engine crew. He took me out to the engine, and said to the engineer, a grimy, greasy individual:

"Bill, here's a fresh fish Dawson wants to break in. I'll put him on the head car and let him pass the signal."

"All right," said Bill, sourly.

I was then told to mount the car next the engine and repeat the signals of the man in the middle of the train to the engineer.

That seemed simple enough, but I hadn't been doing it more than ten minutes when the engine stopped and Bill called out:

"Hey! Hey! you there, dominie, parson!"

Seeing that he was addressing his remarks to me and not liking the impertinence of such a disreputable-looking individual, I said:

"Well, what is it? Are you talking to me?"

"Yes, I'm talkin' to you; an' ye better keep a civil tongue in yer head, I tell ye. What kind of a signal is that ye're givin' me? Wha' d'ye want me ter do, anyway?"

"I don't want you to do anything, and I don't care what you do. I'm giving you the signal just as I get it."

"No, ye hain't nuther, an' don't ye give me no back talk. Say, where do you come from?"

"I am from Walton," said I.

"Sho! I thought so—another Walton punkin husker. Say, Simmons, take this blamed ornament o' yours down off o' here, an' give me a man that knows one signal from another, or I'll smash all the cars in the yard before night."

Then he gave the engine a jerk back that nearly threw me off the car.

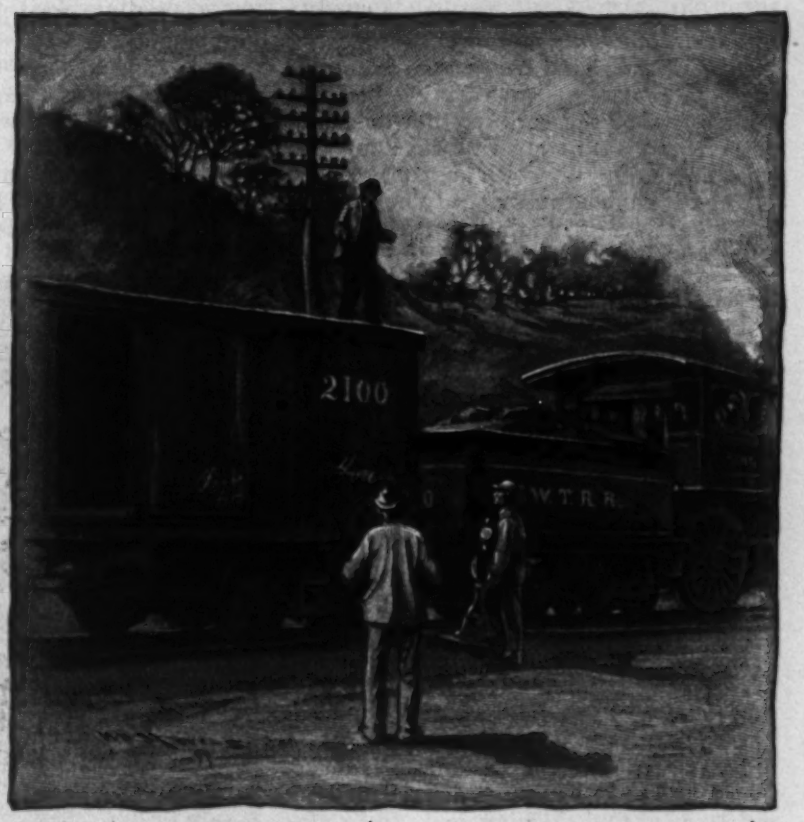
"Oh, he's all right," said Simmons. "He's a little green, but he'll get over that." Then to me, "Be careful how you pass the signals, bub, or the engineer can't tell what he's doing."

I told him I was giving them just exactly as the other man did.

"Well, that's all right; Bill is kinder cranky, but you mustn't mind that."

We hadn't worked ten minutes more, and my arms were beginning to ache from the continuous motion, when Bill roared out:

"Say! you infernal counter-jumper, will you git out o' the way, so I can see that man's signals? Set down, fall down, git down off o' there! You'll scare the engine off the track, the way you're flapping your wings." Then, having occasion to go to the other end of the yard, he pulled her wide open, drenching me with soot and water from the stack, until I was a sight for gods and men. I had my best clothes on, and they were ruined.



"HEY! HEY! YOU THERE, DOMINIE, PARSON! . . . WHAT KIND OF A SIGNAL IS THAT YE'RE GIVIN' ME?"

When we were relieved at six o'clock, I was tired, dirty, thoroughly disgusted with railroading, and firmly determined to quit at once.

During the evening, however, I scraped acquaintance with a young fellow about my own age. I was attracted by his appearance, he seeming to be, like myself, "a boy from home," although not as green as I was. When I told him I would railroad no more, he said I was foolish; he had been at it a year and liked it; and he predicted that inside of thirty days I would too. He said he wouldn't go back to the farm for anything.

He admitted that the talk I had heard in regard to killing and maiming was by no means exaggerated, but believed that it was largely due to the recklessness of the men themselves, and he hoped to escape the almost universal fate by being careful. Poor fellow! he was blown from the top of his train a few months afterwards, and found by the section gang, frozen stiff.

Being considerably cheered by my new friend's advice, I reconsidered my decision, and reported for duty at six o'clock the next morning, and worked all day, with no more thrilling adventure than an occasional cursing from sooty Bill, which, however, I soon learned to disregard entirely.

GRIPPED BETWEEN TWO CARS.

Before I had been a week in the yard I was well broken in, and had acquired the reckless air which is the second stage in the greenhorn's experience and is characteristic of the period *before* he gets hurt.

I delighted in catching and riding in the most swiftly flying cars, and became an expert at making quick couplings and flying switches. Occasionally an old hand would say, with a wise shake of the head: "You'll git it bimeby," but I only laughed.

It was four or five months before I "got it." I was making a coupling one afternoon, had balanced the pin in the drawhead of the stationary car, and was running along ahead of the other holding up the link, when just before coming together she left the track, having jumped a

frog. Hearing the racket behind me, I sprang to one side; but my toe touching the top of the rail prevented me from getting quite clear. I was caught between the corners of the cars as they came together, and heard my ribs cave in, like smashing an old box with an axe.

The car stopped just right to hold me as in a vice. I nearly fainted with pain and from inability to breathe. Fortunately, Mr. Simmons was watching me, and with the rare presence of mind due to long service, he called at once for the switch-rope. He wouldn't allow the engine to come back and couple to the car again, as it would be almost sure to crush out my little remaining life. It seemed to me that I should surely suffocate before they got that switch-rope hooked on to the side of the car, though I knew the boys were hustling for dear life; but I tell you, when your breath is shut off, seconds are hours. My head was bursting, and I became blind; there was a terrible roaring in my ears, and then as the engine settled back on the switch-rope, I felt a life-giving relief as I fell fainting, but thankful, into the arms of the boys.

I was carried to the yardmaster's office, every step of the way the jagged ends of my broken ribs pricking and grating as though they would punch holes in me, and my breath coming in short, suffocating gasps. The company's doctor was summoned, a young fellow fresh from college whose necessities compelled him to accept the twenty-five dollars a month which they paid for medical attendance for damaged employees. He cut my clothes off, and after half murdering me by punching and squeezing, asking all the time what I was "hollering" about, finally remarked:

"There's nothing much the matter with him; few of his slats stove in, that's all." He then bandaged me, and a couple of the boys half carried and half led me to the boarding-house, where I was mighty glad to be, for I was pretty well exhausted.

There I lay, unable to move without help, for six weeks, visited by the doctor daily for a while, and then at less frequent intervals; but some of the boys were with me nearly all the time. They kept me posted as to what was going on in the yard, and cheered me up greatly by telling of their own various mishaps in the past. I found, to my surprise, that few of them had escaped broken bones and smashed fingers, and I was assured that broken ribs were nothing, absolutely nothing; I ought to have a broken leg or dislocated shoulder pulled into place; then I would know something about it.

Their talk restored my spirits wonderfully; for whereas I had been disconsolate at the thought that I was now a physical wreck, fit only for a job of flagging on some road crossing at twenty dollars a month, I now found that the boys whom I had seen racing about the yard all day,

"I DELIGHTED IN CATCHING AND RIDING IN THE MOST SWIFTLY FLYING CARS."

shouting, giving signals, and climbing on and off cars, had nearly all of them been much worse broken up than I was, and some of them several times, yet they were apparently as sound as ever. Even Simmons, who appeared to be a particularly fine specimen of physical manhood, told me that he once fell while running ahead of a car, just as I had been doing, and twelve cars and the engine passed over him, rolling him over and over, breaking both his legs, and, as he said, mixing up his insides in such a way that his victuals didn't do him much good for a year after.

PROMOTION FROM THE YARD TO THE ROAD.

Shortly after my return to work Simmons got one side of a new freight train, and,

to my great delight, took me with him on the road. I was not only glad to get out of the slaughter-house with my full complement of limbs, but I was also pleased at the prospect of at last learning practical railroading, of which I had heard so much.

We had a fine big eight-wheel caboose, right out of the paint-shop, red outside, and green inside. There were six bunks in her, a row of lockers on each side to sit on and keep supplies in, a stove and table, and a desk for the conductor. We furnished our own bedding and cooking utensils, and as Simmons wouldn't have any but nice fellows around him, we had a pleasant and comfortable home on wheels. We each contributed to the mess, except the flagman, and as he did the cooking, he messed free. We took turns cleaning up, and as the boys had good taste, we soon had the car looking like a young lady's boudoir. We had lace curtains in front of the bunks, a strip of oilcloth on the floor, a mat that the flagman had "swiped" from a sleeper, a canary in a cage, and a dog.

As a younger man than I had been assigned to us, I was second man, which gave me the head of the train; so I rode on the engine and was the engineer's flag.

". . . BECAME AN EXPERT AT MAKING QUICK COUPLINGS AND FLYING SWITCHES."

I ran ahead when necessary to protect our end, opened and closed switches, cut off and coupled on the engine, held the train on down grades, watched out for the caboose on curves, took water, shoveled down coal to the fireman, rang the bell at crossings, put on the blower, oiled the valves, and handed the engineer oil-cans, wrenches, and lights for his pipe.

I now scraped acquaintance with that formidable document the time table, and heard train orders and the officers who issued them discussed by such high authorities as conductors and engineers; and I listened in rapt astonishment at the deep erudition which they displayed in handling these subjects. I soon learned that the officers on our road "didn't know nothing" and that "where *I* come from" they would not have been allowed to "sit on the fence and watch the trains go by;" whereupon I conceived a great wonder as to how the road survived under such densely incompetent management.

I enjoyed riding on the engines, as the engineers and firemen were fine, sociable fellows. When we were a little late and had a passing-point to make, the engineer would sometimes say, "Don't you set no brakes goin' down here; I got to git a gait on 'em." Then when the train pitched over the top of the hill, he would cut her back a notch at a time, till he got her near the center, and gradually work his throttle out wide open. How she would fly down hill, the exhaust a steady roar out of the stack, the connecting-rods an undistinguishable blur, the old girl herself rolling and jumping as if at every revolution she must leave the track, the train behind half hid in a cloud of dust, and I hanging on to the side of the cab for dear life, watching out ahead where I know there is a sharp reverse curve, and hoping, oh, so much, that he'll shut her off before we get there.

I watch that grimy left hand on the throttle, for the preliminary swelling of the muscles that will show me he is taking a grip on it to shove it in. Not a sign; his head and half his body are out the window; and now we are upon it. I give one frightened glance at the too convenient ditch where I surely expect to land, and take a death grip of the side of the cab. Whang! She hits the curve, seems to upset; I am nearly flung out the window in spite of my good grip. Before she has half done rolling (how do the springs ever stand it?) she hits the reverse, and I am

torn from my hold on the window and slammed over against the boiler; and having passed this most uncomfortable place, she flies on, rolling and roaring down the mountain. All this time the engineer has n't moved an eyelid, nor the fireman interrupted for an instant the steady pendulum-like swing of the fire-door and the scoop-shovel. How do they do it? Oh, it's easy after you get used to it.

Fifteen minutes afterward, in the siding, with switches locked, waiting for the flyer, nobody seems to remember that we have done anything in particular.

At first I had considered the locomotive as far too complicated a machine for me ever to understand, but gradually I learned its various parts; and when I found that nearly all the engineers and firemen had risen from brakemen like myself, I took heart and hoped that some day I might sit on the right side, to be spoken to with some slight deference by the officials and stared at in open-mouthed admiration by the small boys at the country stations.

TOM RILEY'S WAY OF MAKING A SIDING.

Old Tom Riley was a man to whom I looked up as the epitome of railroad knowledge. He frequently hauled our train. He was so old that the top of his head was perfectly bald; but he had a great mop of gray beard, with a yellowish streak from the chin down, an evidence of many years of tobacco-chewing and unsuccessful efforts to spit to windward.

He was supposed to be the oldest engineer anywhere about, and said himself that his "first job railroadin' wos wipin' the donkey engine in Noah's ark." He was a good-natured, jolly old fellow, a great practical joker, strong and rough as a bear, but as well pleased apparently when the joke was on himself as any other way. He had been so long at the business that he knew all sorts of tricks by which to get himself out of tight places, so that it was seldom indeed that the "super" had the pleasure of hauling Tom on the carpet for a violation of the rules.

One night we were a little late, so that we barely had time to make the siding for a following passenger train; and, to make matters worse, when we were about half way there Tom said he smelt something hot; so he stopped, and found his main crank-pin about ready to blaze up. The oil-cup had stopped feeding; so he deliberately took it out, filled the hole with tallow, screwed in the cup, called his flag, and started again, very late.

Simmons came up over the train and said he guessed he'd leave a flag at the bottom of the hill, to hold No. 6 till we got in.

"No, no," says old Tom; "don't ye never drop off no flag to give yourself away, git called ter the office, an' all hands git ten days."

"You can't get to the switch on time," said Simmons.

"Course not. I ought ter be there in twenty minutes, an' I'll be lucky if I git there in twenty-five."

"Well, then, I'll have to drop off a flag, or they'll git our doghouse."

"Now, here, Simmons, I'll tell ye what you do: you go back in the doghouse, an' don't you see nothin' that's goin' on; only git up in the cupola an' watch out good an' sharp that yer train don't break in two. I'll git ye inter the switch time enough, so Six'll never see yer tail lights."

Simmons, knowing his man, at last agreed, and after he had got safely housed, Tom handed me his long oil-can, and told me to go back on the step of the caboose and oil first one rail and then the other.

"Let the oil run about a car-length on one rail, an' then do the same the other side; repeat the dose once, an' come ahead agin," said Tom.

I did so, and just as we were pulling in to the side track, we heard the exhaust of the passenger engine as she came clipping along for the hill; presently we could tell by the sound that she had struck the grade, then—cha-cha-ch-r-r-r cha-ch-r-r-r.

"Oho!" says Tom, "are ye there? Grind away, my boy. I guess old Tom'll git in an' git the switch locked before you git up here all right."

He did, too. Long before the passenger engine got by the oil we were comfortably smoking our pipes in the switch; and when she went sailing by her engineer shouted something that we couldn't catch, but to which Tom replied:

"Go ahead, sonny; you're all right."

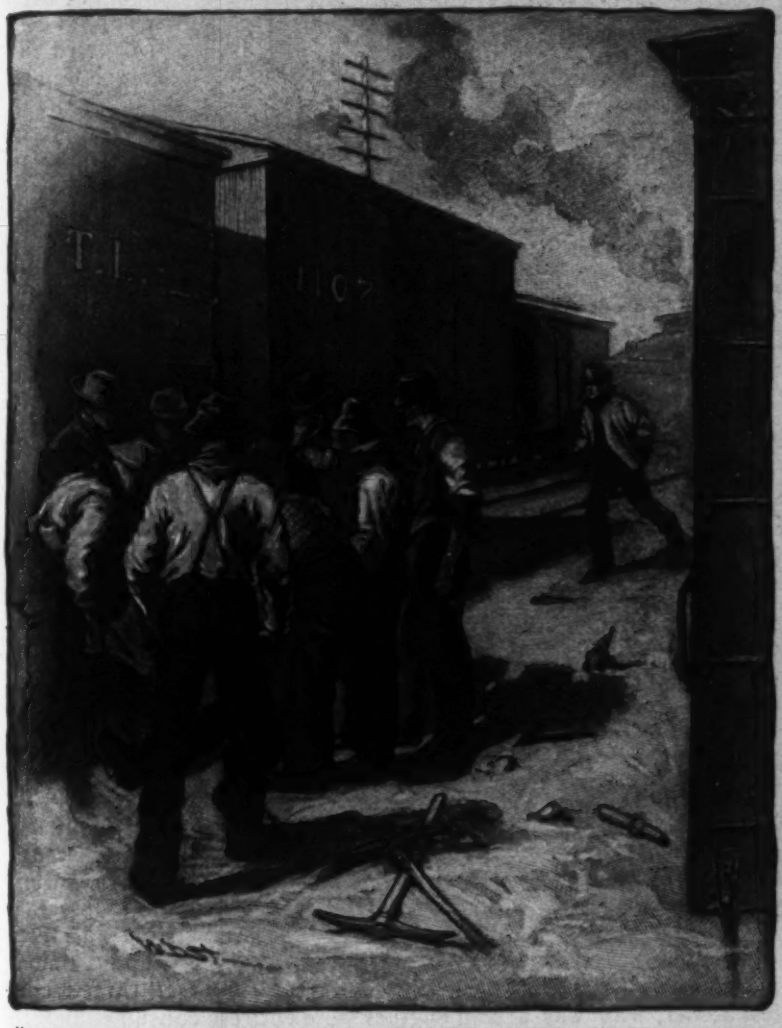
Next day, as Tom was doing a little packing in the roundhouse, the engineer of Six came up to him and said:

"Riley, was that you in Snyder's when I went by last night?"

"Yes," says Tom. "A little late, wa'n't ye?"

"Late? I sh'd say so. I never saw Snyder's so slippery as 'twas last night. I used half a box of sand. How'd you git there?"

"Oh, I didn't have no trouble," says Tom. "I didn't notice that 'twas any slipperyer'n usual; guess maybe the pet cock on yer pump might 'a' been leakin' a little or suthin' an' wet the rail fer ye."



"I FELT A LIFE-GIVING RELIEF AS I FELL FAINTING, BUT THANKFUL, INTO THE ARMS OF THE BOYS."

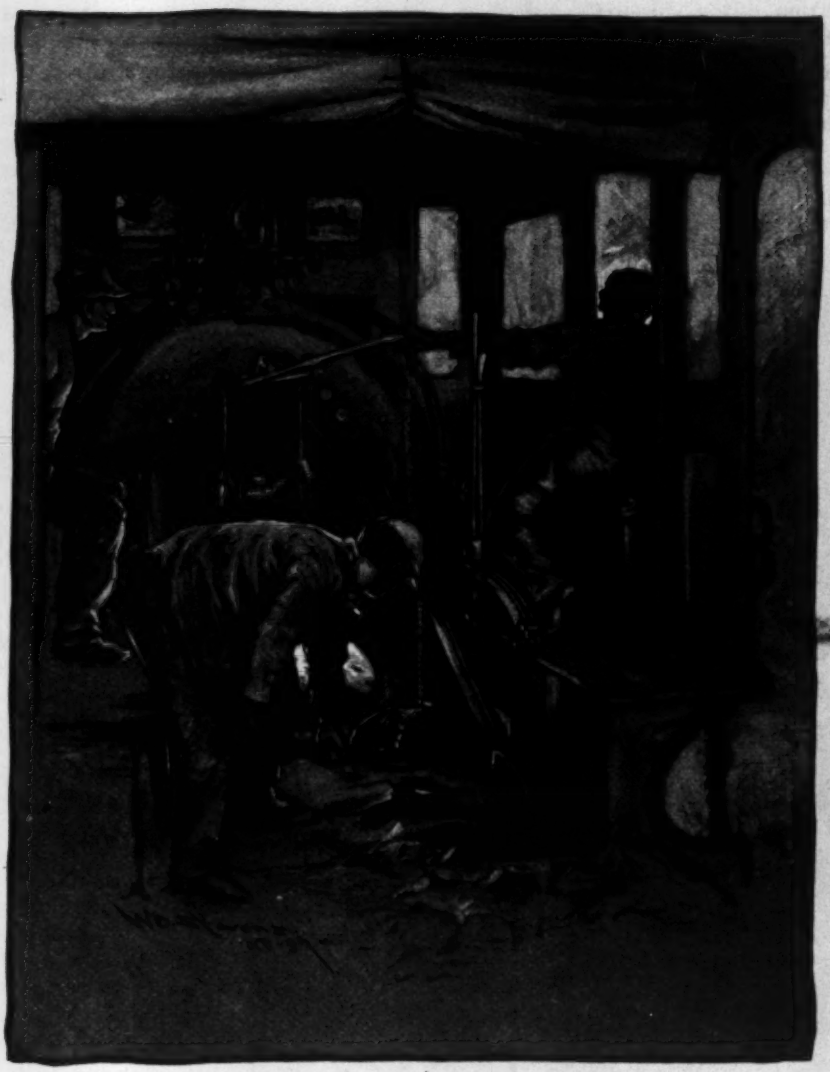
"Mebbe so," says the other fellow; and away he went to look his engine over and see if such was the case.

I "broke" a year, and by that time was of some use. I could read the time table, discuss train orders, and knew the trains by heart. I came to the conclusion that the engine offered more opportunities of advancement than the caboose; so by Tom Riley's advice, I filed an application with the master mechanic, asking for a position as fireman. And though I must admit that he didn't give me the slightest encouragement, yet the fact that I had my application on file made me feel that I was sure of a job, and that, too, at no very distant day. So I began to take a greater interest than ever in the engines, and I presume I made a nuisance of myself by asking innumerable questions of the engineers and firemen, so anxious was I to learn all I could in regard to the machine, for which, even to this day, I have an abiding love and respect.

Sometimes when the train was not too heavy and the grade was favorable, one or other of the firemen would let me "take her" for a bit; and then if I was able to "keep her tail up," I felt myself indeed a man and never failed to let it be known in the caboose that I had fired on a certain stretch of the road. But if while I was at the shovel she dropped her tail and the fireman had to take her from me, I would not allude to that episode when bragging of my abilities; but the men were sure to hear of it, and the guying I got fully offset my petty triumphs.

ON THE ENGINE IN A HEAD-ON COLLISION.

About six months after I filed my application there was a mistake made in orders that came very near winding up my railroad career for good. I did not know at the time exactly what the trouble was, nor can I say now positively. Simmons and the engineer, who were both discharged, asserted that they were sacri-



"I WATCH THAT GRIMY LEFT HAND ON THE THROTTLE, FOR THE PRELIMINARY SWELLING OF THE MUSCLES, . . ."

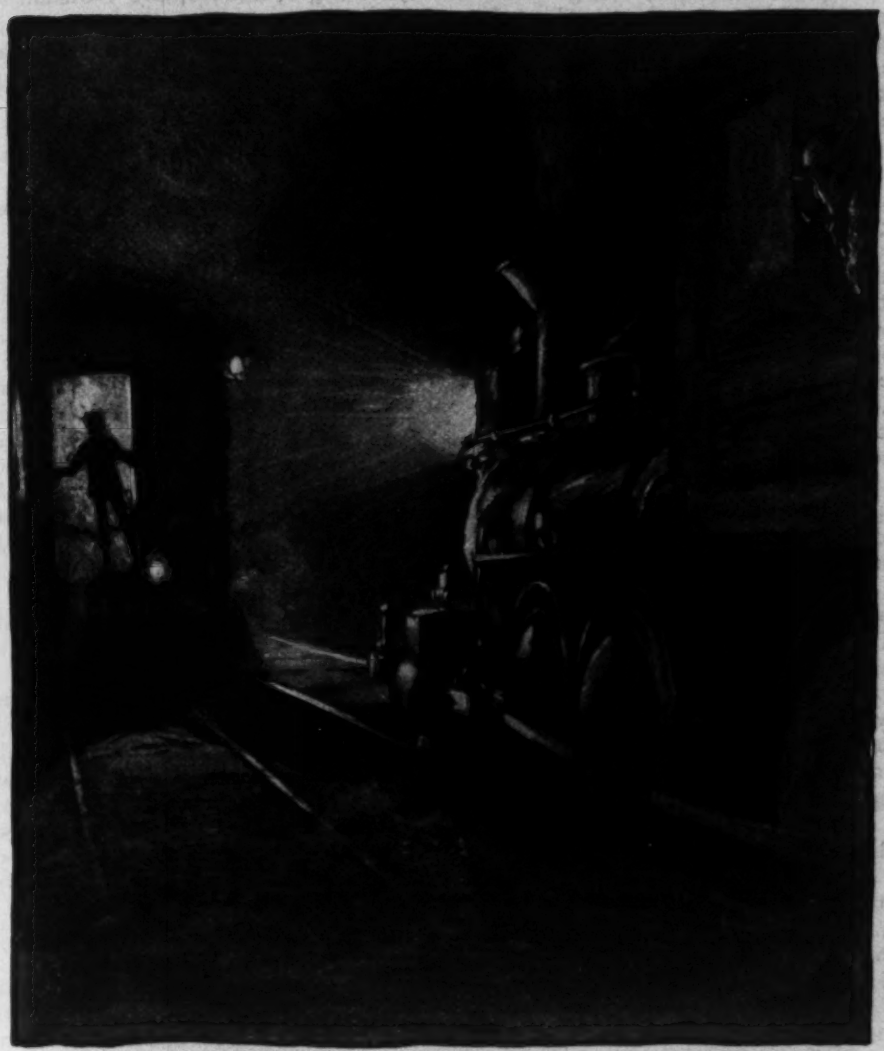
ficed to save the despatcher, who was a son-in-law of the president of the road.

Whoever was to blame, the result was disastrous; for we met the train which we expected to pass at the next siding in a deep cut under a railroad bridge. Both trains were wheeling down under the bridge at a forty-mile gait, so as to have a good headway on to take them out the other side. As the view of both engineers was obstructed by the stone abutments of the bridge, neither doubted for a moment that he had a clear track.

They met exactly under the bridge, with a shock and roar that seemed to shake the solid earth; the locomotives reared up like horses, the cars shoved their tenders under them in such a way as to jack them up and raise the bridge off its abutments; and then as the cars climbed on top of each other, they battered it from its position until it lay nearly at right angles to its own road, like an open draw, resting on top of the wreck.

Our conductors sent flags back both ways to hold all trains; but before the men could get up the bank to flag on the cross-country road, a belated gravel train came hurrying along and plumped in on top of us, helping to fill up the cut still more. Their engine set fire to the wreck, and as we were some distance from a telegraph office, all three trains and engines were entirely consumed before help reached us, nothing remaining but a tangled and twisted mass of boilers, wheels, rods, and pipes, partly covered by the gravel train's load of sand.

I was on the engine, sitting on the fireman's seat, looking out ahead. As it was daylight, there was not even the glare of a head-lamp to give us the fraction of a second's warning, and our own engine made such a roaring in the narrow cut that we could hear nothing else. The first intimation we had of approaching danger was when we saw the front end of the other locomotive not forty feet from us. Neither of the engineers had time to close their throttles—an act that is done instinctively on the first appearance of danger.



"HER ENGINEER SHOUTED SOMETHING THAT WE COULDN'T CATCH . . . TOM REPLIED: 'GO AHEAD, SONNY; YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.'"

I cannot say that I was frightened. Even the familiar "jumping of the heart into the throat," which so well describes the sensation usually experienced on the sudden discovery of deadly peril, was absent; for though I certainly saw the front end of that engine as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life, I had no time to realize what it meant. I made no move or effort of any kind, and it seemed that at the same instant that she burst upon my view daylight was shut out and I was drenched with cold water; yet before that happened they had come together, reared up, as I have said, and I had been thrown to the front of the cab; the tender had come ahead, staving the cab to pieces, thereby dropping me out on the ground, and by knocking a hole in itself against the back driving-wheel had deluged me with its contents.

The flood of cold water caused me, bewildered as I was, to try and get away from it. I knew I was under the wreck, and for a few minutes I could hear the cars piling up and grinding overhead.

I knew what that was, too, and feared they would smash the wreck down on top of me and so squeeze my life out. But the engine acted as a fender; for being jammed among the wreckage, she could not be pushed over; and as she stood on her rear wheels, she could not be mashed down.

The noise soon ceased, and then, except

for the sound of steam escaping from the boilers, I could hear nothing. Then I remembered that the boilers themselves were a fruitful source of danger to me, as there might be a hole knocked in the water-space that would pour out a scalding flood and boil me alive. I had heard, too, of boilers in inaccessible localities losing the water from about the furnaces, and getting the iron so hot and soft that it would give out like wet paper, blowing up and scalding any unfortunate who might be imprisoned near it. I knew, too, that wrecks had a way of taking fire from the locomotive. These thoughts occurred to me much more rapidly than I could tell them, and spurred me on to do my utmost to get out of there.

It was perfectly dark where I was, and, as I knew, it was still daylight outside. This proved to me how completely I was buried under the wreck, and was far from reassuring. How could I ever hope to make my way from under those tons of cars and engines? The only wonder was that I had escaped being killed instantly, and for a few minutes I felt but little gratitude at having been spared, only to be slowly tortured to death.

When I attempted to move I found that as far as sensation was concerned my right leg ended at the knee; so I felt down to see if it was cut off, as I knew it would be necessary to stanch the flow of blood in that case, or I would soon die from that cause alone. To my great joy I found that my leg and foot were still with me, though how badly hurt I was unable to tell; for being drenched with water, the blood might, for all I knew, be flowing from many severe wounds.

At this moment there was another crash and grinding and splintering overhead, caused by the wrecking of the gravel train, but which I attributed to the explosion of one of the boilers. In this second wreck two men were killed outright, and the engineer died of his injuries the next day; yet to it, I have no doubt, I owe my escape, for it disturbed the position of the cars, so that I perceived a ray of daylight, away, as it seemed, half a mile ahead of me. I exerted myself to the utmost to reach it, and how far off it was! I had to work my way back under the wrecked tender and several cars. I found the space under the tender piled so full of coal that it was impossible to pass, yet that was my only way out; so I began digging with my hands, feverishly, madly, in the desire to get away while I still had my senses and strength, and oh, how I wished then I had never gone railroading!

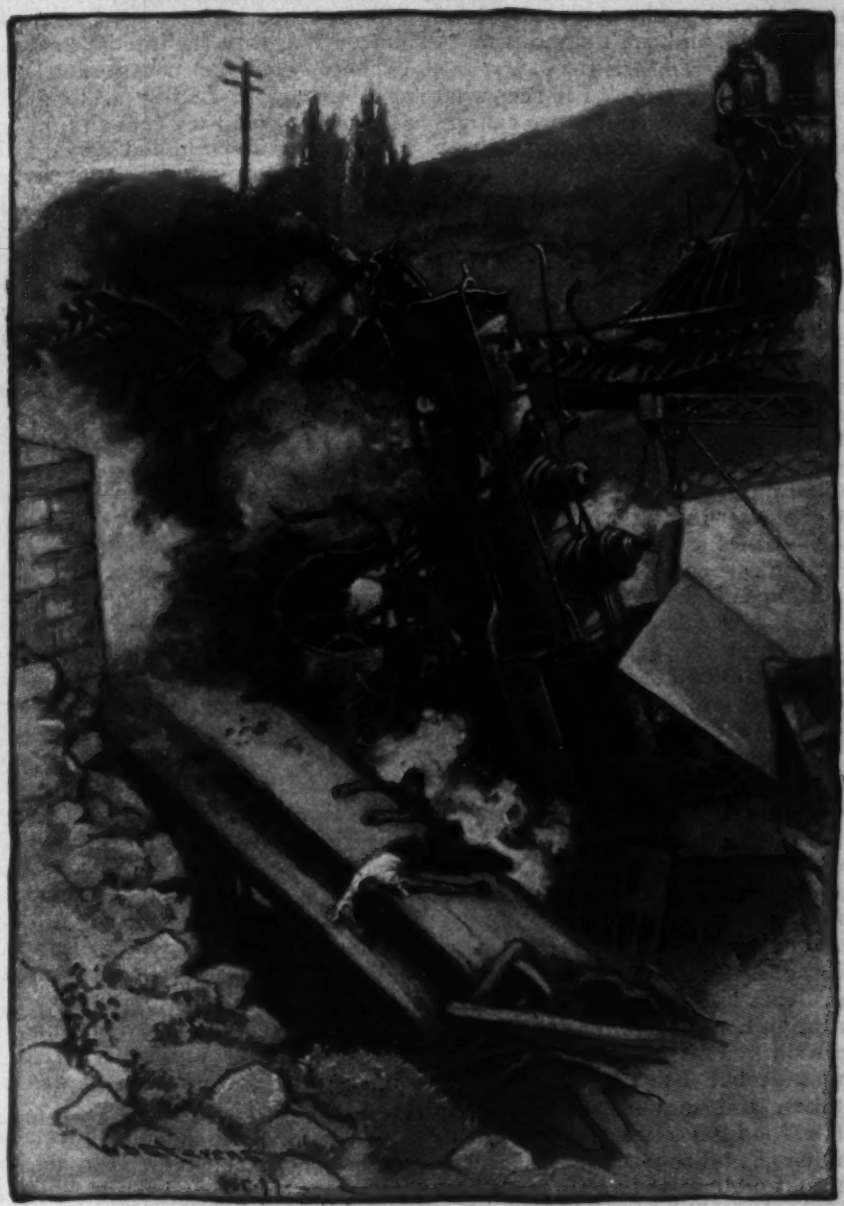
After digging, as it seemed for hours, until my hands were raw and bleeding and I had blocked my retreat by the coal I had thrown behind me, I found myself confronted by the axle of the rear truck, which stood at such an angle as to positively forbid all hope of my ever getting out that way.

PENNED UNDER A BURNING WRECK.

I sank down in despair, realizing that my time had now come, and here in this dark close hole was to be the end of me. I tried to fix my mind on such thoughts as I knew were appropriate to the occasion, but my leg was so painful that I could think of nothing else. Then a numbness came over me, and I seemed to be falling into a kind of stupor, broken frequently by the twinges of pain from my leg, when my nostrils were greeted by a faint odor of wood smoke, and my heart was thrilled with a new terror that urged me to make one more desperate effort to escape. The wreck was on fire, and though I might have resigned myself to lie still and die, I could not endure the thought of being roasted alive; so again made desperate by great fear, I dug my bleeding hands into the coal, and commenced to burrow like a woodchuck in the direction where I could see that the truck was elevated highest above the rail, and to my great joy I soon found that the coal pile extended but a short distance in that direction.

It wasn't long before I had crawled under the truck, which had been raised from the ground by the corner of a car, and was making fairly good progress among the tangle of wheels, axles, and brake-gear, in the direction of the ray of light which had first attracted my attention. I found it came down by a very small, crooked, and much-obstructed passage through the debris of broken cars above my head—a passage entirely too small for me to get through and which I could never hope to enlarge myself. The smoke was now suffocating, and it was only at longer and longer intervals that I could catch my breath. I had not as yet felt the heat of the fire; but when I looked up through the narrow opening above me, I could see, in the flying clouds of smoke, sparks and small firebrands, which told me that the wind was blowing in my direction, which induced me to make the most frantic efforts to escape. I might as well have

tried to lift the ponderous locomotive as to move the tightly-wedged wreckage that imprisoned me; and as I glanced at the little patch of blue sky, now nearly blotted out in black smoke, an agonizing sense of my desperate situation filled my mind.



"THE LOCOMOTIVES REARED UP LIKE HORSES, THE CARS SHOVED THEIR TENDERS UNDER THEM IN SUCH A WAY AS TO . . . RAISE THE BRIDGE OFF ITS ABUTMENTS; . . . AND THEN . . . A BELATED GRAVEL TRAIN CAME . . . AND PLUMPED IN ON TOP OF US."

I opened my pocket-knife—it wasn't very sharp, but still it might serve me at a pinch; how much better to open an artery and quietly pass away than to be suffocated by smoke or roasted by fire! I sat thinking these desperate thoughts, and waiting, I presume, until my position should become absolutely unbearable, when I saw a man step across my little glimpse of light. Having, fortunately, just refreshed myself by a breath of fresh air, I let a desperate yell out of me, and saw him stop and look all around, as though saying to himself, "What was that?" "Here! here!" I shouted; "right down in this hole under your feet!" He

looked down, and I recognized him as a brakeman by the name of Ben Shaw, belonging to the other train. "Is there anybody down there?" he asked. "Yes," said I; "and for God's sake hurry up; get men and axes and cut me out; I am nearly smothered, and can't stand it much longer."

"All right," said he; "I'll see what we can do; but I don't believe we can get you out, for the fire is coming this way awful fast."

He disappeared, but I could hear him shouting as he went, and soon—though it seemed long enough to me—he returned with others, armed with fence stakes and wrecking-axes, and they fell to with a will, prying and chopping at the obstruction. On account of the smoke and heat, which was now almost unbearable down where I lay, they were unable to work more than three or four minutes, when they would be driven away, gasping for breath, so that not one blow out of three was effective. A chance blow with an axe loosened a large section of the side of a car, which fell over, one corner striking me a severe blow on the head, cutting the scalp, and nearly knocking me senseless. While apparently opening the way, in reality it closed it, for it fell in such a manner that if I had been above it I could easily have got out, but now I was completely covered in. It contained the door of the car, however, which was open a few inches, and if I could only pry that door back a little more, I should be able to get through. The question of life or death to me now was, could I do that?

I heard Simmons's voice, interrupted by violent coughing and sneezing, say, "How's that? Can you get out now?"

"No," said I; "you'll have to come down in the hole and clear away the door."

"Can't do it; we can't stay here another minute; but I'll throw you down these stakes, and maybe you can help yourself. Good-by, old man; I'm awful sorry for you." Then there was a clattering that told me he had thrown down the stakes as he said he would.

My eyes were so blinded by the pungent wood smoke, and I was so nearly suffocated, that I had but little strength left. One of the stakes lay right across the slight opening in the door, and in trying to turn it to pull it through I found I didn't need it, as the door moved freely in its grooves.

I quickly pushed the door back, and, by a great effort of will and my slight remaining strength, dragged myself through the aperture. I wasn't out yet, though, for overhead there was a solid sheet of flame, roaring in the wind like a furnace and completely covering my exit. Although still drenched with water, I could feel my hair curling with the intense heat.

There was one course and one only open to me; so taking as long a breath as I could, I shut my eyes and made a dive for liberty. I scrambled upward and outward, now burning my hands by contact with hot iron, and again tearing them on the jagged ends of broken wood, my head fairly bursting with the heat and suppressed respiration. Suddenly I stepped forward upon nothing; having no hold with my hands, I fell, struck on my side, rebounded, and fell again, down, down—I could have sworn for miles—and then unconsciousness came over me.

It seems that when I got out of the hole I rushed blindly off the end of a blazing car, piled high in the wreck, and in falling I struck on various projections of the wreckage, tearing off nearly all my clothing, which was a providence, as I was all ablaze, and finally brought up with a dull thud, as the reporters say, on solid ground, shaking and bruising myself dreadfully, but almost miraculously breaking no bones, though I had fallen from a height of thirty feet.

My leg, which had hindered me so much, was merely bruised and crushed, but was as black as your hat for a long time, and I was as bald as the day I was born.

It was assumed that I was dead, but kind hands extinguished the fire in my few remaining rags, and it was not long before signs of life were discovered in the bruised and blackened object.

I was carried to a nearby farmhouse, and kindly cared for until the wrecking-train returned to town, when I was sent to hospital.

Our engineer escaped without a scratch, but how he never knew; for all he could remember was, that he was looking right at the number plate of the approaching engine and *at the same time* falling heels over head *up* the side of the cut. Of our fireman not a trace was ever found, and as I heard nothing of him while under the wreck, I have no doubt that he was instantly killed and his body burnt up.

On the other engine the whole crew, engineer, fireman, and head brakeman, perished, and were consumed in the fierce flames that devoured the wreck and made

a blast furnace of the narrow cut. We could only hope that they had been mercifully killed at once, and not slowly roasted alive, as so many have been, and will continue to be while railroads exist.

MANUFACTURING TESTIMONY FOR THE COMPANY.

I remained in hospital about a week, during which time both the coroner and the company's lawyer took my affidavit as to what I knew of the orders by which we were running. I knew nothing about them, but I observed that the company's attorney appeared anxious to have me remember having heard that we were to meet and pass train 31 at Brookdale and appeared very much disappointed when I was unable to do so.

"IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I HAD CRAWLED UNDER THE TRUCK, . . . AND WAS MAKING FAIRLY GOOD PROGRESS . . . IN THE DIRECTION OF THE RAY OF LIGHT . . ."

Brookdale was the last switch that we passed before the collision. It was claimed by the company, and admitted by the conductor of train 31, that their orders read, "Meet and pass train 28 at Brookdale." Our orders should have stated the same passing-point, and the company's witnesses all swore they did; they even produced the operator's copy, with Simmons's signature attached, in proof. Simmons swore the signature was forged; but as it corresponded with others which they produced on former orders, this statement had but little effect.

Both Simmons and the engineer swore that their orders read "Daly's;" the flagman stated that Simmons invariably read the orders to him, asked him how he understood them, explained them if necessary, and then filed them on a hook in the caboose, where they remained open to inspection until fulfilled, when he put them in his desk, to be returned to the train-despatcher at the end of the trip; he also swore that our order read "Daly's." The engineer said he always read his copy of all orders to the conductor, to be sure they understood them alike; he then filed them on a hook in the cab, and when the hook was full threw them in the firebox.

Asked by the company's attorney if he made a practice of reading his orders to the fireman and head brakeman, he said no; but if they asked what the orders were, he told them, and gave them any information they asked for. For this neglect to read orders to every man within reach he was severely censured by both the lawyer and the coroner, although there was no rule requiring him to do so. "For," said the lawyer, "if you had done so, probably some of those men might not have been quite so pigheaded as you are, and would have remembered that Brookdale was your meeting-point."

The engineer replied that he now wished he had, as in that case he would have had at least one witness (me) to prove that the despatcher was to blame for the wreck.

As the conductor's and the engineer's copies had been destroyed in the fire, and as the majority of the evidence was against them, the coroner's jury censured them for the wreck, and they were indicted by the grand jury for manslaughter.

During the time that elapsed between the indictment and the trial the operator who received the order and swore that it read "Brookdale" was transferred from his little station in the woods to the best paying station on the road, and the conductor of train 31 was promoted, over the heads of half a dozen older men, to a first-class passenger train. By these apparent acts of bribery public opinion became so biased against the company that the defendants' lawyer easily procured an acquittal, which threw the responsibility upon the company, and the suits for damages which ensued, with their rapidly accumulating costs, finally bankrupted it.

About a week after I left the hospital, as I felt able to return to work I resolved to apply again for a fireman's position, knowing that a vacancy existed, owing to the death of the man on train 31. I called on the master mechanic, whom I found alone in his office, and asked respectfully if he would give me the vacant place, reminding him that my application had been on file for some time.

He was writing, and, without even looking up, answered, "No," and that was all I could get out of him, though I tried to find out why he wouldn't appoint me and when I might expect him to do so. Feeling deeply disappointed and not a little hurt at the manner of my reception, I walked out, and strolled over to the roundhouse, to have a look at the engines which had all at once become so unattainable to me.

I had taken a great interest in the engines. It was a promotion, a step higher, to which I had looked forward with great eagerness, and now to have all my hopes dashed at once, and for no cause that I could see, was very discouraging.

I espied Tom Riley at work on his engine, and stated my case to him, asking what I could do now that the master mechanic had dashed my hopes. I told him how anxious I was to get on the left side of the locomotive, and begged the veteran for advice. He listened to my tale of woe patiently, and appeared interested. When I finished, he said:

"I'll tell you where you made the mistake, boy."

"Where?" said I, anxiously.

"In goin' to that long, starved-to-death, white-livered hound of a master mechanic, an' askin' him for anything. Don't ye know there's only one thing he delights in more'n another, an' that is hearin' that a man wasn't killed in a wreck, so he can discharge him when he gits back? I tell you, boy, you have done the only thing you could do to please him to-day, an' that is, you gave him a chance to refuse you somethin'. But 'tain't you he's pleased with, it's himself; so his pleasure won't do you no good, an' don't you delude yerself with the idee that 'twill. Do you know what he's doin' now? Wal, I'll tell you; he's got two vacancies to fill: one is that of the fireman who was killed, an' the other the engineer who was discharged for not gittin' killed; an' now he's puzzlin' his brains to find somebody that don't want either of them jobs, but that is in his power, so he can make 'em take 'em agin their will. If you had gone into his office this mornin', rippin' an' ravin', an' said, 'See here, I've heard that you was agoin' to appoint me to the vacancy caused by the death of Pete Russell, an' I've come in to let you know that I don't want it an' won't have it under no consideration an' I wouldn't work in your department for ten dollars a day'—if you'd talked to him like that, he would have appointed you, an' made you take it too; but now, of course, it's too late. The trouble with you young fellers is, that you've got so much infernal conceit you think you know it all; so you won't ask the advice of an old fool till you git stuck; then after you've made a complete mess of the whole business, *then* you come a-whinin' an' a-cryin' round, an' it's, 'Oh, Tom, what shall I do now?' Well, I'll tell you, the only thing you can do now is to go to the super; tell him jest how the case stands, an' mebbe he'll make the master mechanic app'int ye, an' prob'ly he won't; anyhow, that's your only chance. An' say, ye can tell him that ye are recommended by Mr. Thomas Riley, engineer, if ye like."

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE "SUPER."

"All right," said I, and thanking the old man for his advice, I went at once to the superintendent's office; not, however,

with any great confidence in the success of my errand; for I had been long enough at the business now to know that there was such a thing as official courtesy on railroads, and I doubted that the superintendent would order the master mechanic to appoint me against his will. I was bound, however, to see the thing through; so I walked boldly into the office, and inquired for the superintendent. I learned that he was in, and sat down to wait the gentleman's pleasure. A good long wait I had of it, too; several times he came into the room where I was, but he was evidently very busy, and paid no attention to me. Presently he came rushing out with his hat on, pulling on his coat as he went, and his exit seemed to be the signal for dinner; for all the clerks bolted immediately in his rear, leaving me the sole occupant of the office. I, too, went home, bolted my dinner in a hurry, and hastened back, fearing to miss him on his return; for it is an old saying on the railroad, that the best time to catch a boss is on his return from lunch, when he is supposed to be in good humor and more apt to receive a petition favorably than at any other time. I found I was successful so far as that he had not returned before me.

I sat and squirmed in discomfort on that hard bench until after three o'clock; then he came bustling in, and, as usual, passed me by. Tired with my long wait, I tiptoed to the chief clerk's desk and asked in a whisper if he thought Mr. Wilkes would see me now. "What do you want with him?" said he. I told him I was seeking a fireman's position on the road. As he didn't appear to have anything else to do, he amused himself by pumping the whole story out of me, and then coolly told me he didn't think the super would see me that day, as he was very busy; I had better call some other time. His offhand way of disposing of what was a very important matter to me roused my ire to such an extent that I declined to act on his suggestion; but, on the contrary, I promised myself that I would see and speak to that super even if I had to force my way into his sanctum.

It was nearly five o'clock when he appeared, bound, as I felt sure, for home. "Now or never," said I, and I stepped up to the gentleman, asking for a few minutes of his valuable time. He stopped short, whirled half-round, pulled out an old-fashioned silver watch with a jerk, looked at it abstractedly for a moment, and then asked, brusquely, "Well, what is it? Talk quick now; I'm in a hurry." I stated my case as briefly as possible. "Well, what do you want me to do?" said he.

I told him that Mr. Tom Riley, an engineer, had advised me to see him, thinking, perhaps, he might intercede with the master mechanic in my behalf.

"Ever railroad any?"

"Yes, sir; nearly two years on this road."

"What doing?"

"Braking, sir."

"When did you quit?"

"I haven't quit at all; I was braking for Simmons at the time of the wreck, and have just come from the hospital."

His face flushed angrily as he replied, "You were! Well, I admire your gall!" Turning to the head clerk, he added, "Mr. Clark, have this fellow's time made out, and hand it to him," and he was off.

"Have this fellow's time made out." That meant that I was discharged, and in heaven's name, for what? I was not conscious of having done anything to merit such harsh treatment, and the sudden verdict, from which I knew there was no appeal, nearly floored me. It was a new experience, and as unexpected as it was unwelcome. It was some time before I was able to obtain any information explaining the super's conduct; at last, however, a brakeman told me that I had been discharged ever since the wreck, only, having been in hospital, I had not heard of it.

"So," said he, "when you told him you was still on the road, he thought you had come up to the office to have a little fun with him, and it made him mad."

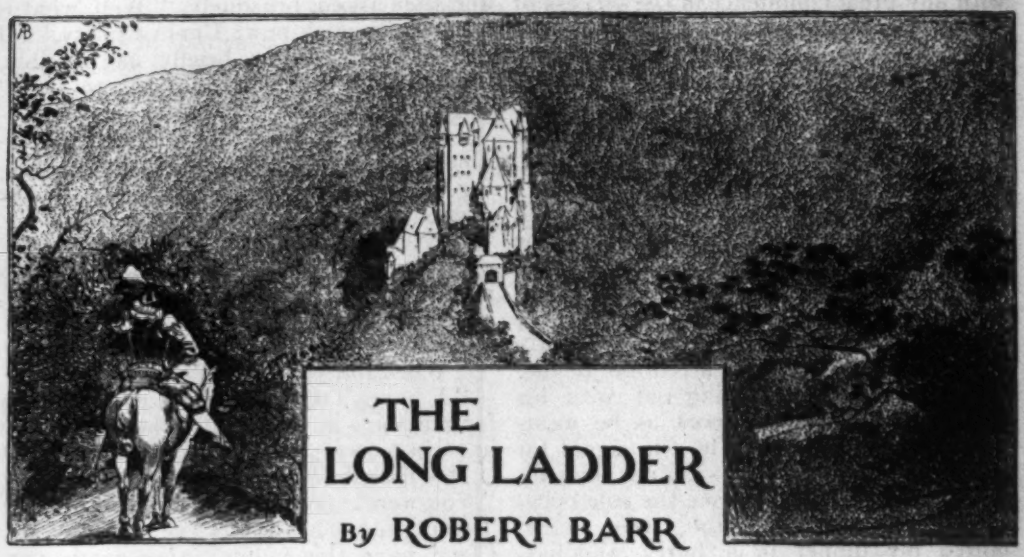
Have fun with the superintendent? Not I. I had not yet reached the reckless stage of the hardened veteran who smokes his pipe in the powder magazine.

I asked the "braky" why I should be discharged, as I had no hand in causing the wreck. "You refused to swear that the meet and pass order read Brookdale, didn't you?"

"Certainly; how could I swear when I didn't know anything about it?"

"Well, that's your misfortune, my boy; if you can't swear to what the company wants just because you don't know, you must expect to suffer for your lack of ability," saying which, he left me with the air of a superior being who had kindly shed some of his superabundant light on my benighted ignorance.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Hamblen's next paper will relate his experiences as a fireman.



THE LONG LADDER

By ROBERT BARR

Author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Mutable Many," etc.

EVERY fortress has one traitor within its walls; the Schloss Eltz had two. In this, curiously enough, lay its salvation; for as some Eastern poisons when mixed neutralize each other and form combined a harmless fluid, so did the two traitors unwittingly counteract, the one upon the other, to the lasting glory of Schloss Eltz, which has never been captured to this day.

It would be difficult to picture the amazement of Heinrich von Richenbach when he sat mute upon his horse at the brow of the wooded heights and for the first time beheld the imposing pile which had been erected by the Count von Eltz. It is startling enough to come suddenly upon a castle where no castle should be; but to find across one's path an erection that could hardly have been the product of other agency than the lamp of Aladdin was stupefying, and Heinrich drew the sunburned back of his hand across his eyes, fearing that they were playing him a trick; and seeing the wondrous vision still before him, he hastily crossed himself, an action performed somewhat clumsily through lack of practice, so that he might ward off enchantment, if, as seemed likely, that mountain of pinnacles was the work of the devil, and not placed there, stone on stone, by the hand of man. But in spite of crossing and the clearing of the eyes, Eltz Castle remained firmly seated on its stool of rock, and, when his first astonishment had somewhat abated, Von Richenbach, who was a most practical man, began to realize that here, purely by a piece of unbelievable good luck, he had stumbled on the very secret he had been sent to unravel, the solving of which he had given up in despair, returning empty-handed to his grim master, the redoubtable Archbishop Baldwin of Treves.

It was now almost two months since the archbishop had sent him on the mission to the Rhine from which he was returning as wise as he went, well knowing that a void budget would procure him scant welcome from his imperious master. Here, at least, was important matter for the warlike Elector's stern consideration—an apparently impregnable fortress secretly built in the very center of the archbishop's domain; and knowing that the Count von Eltz claimed at least partial jurisdiction over this district, more especially that portion known as the Eltz-thal, in the middle of which this mysterious citadel had been erected, Heinrich rightly surmised that its construction had been the work of this ancient enemy of the archbishop.

Two months before, or nearly so, Heinrich von Richenbach had been summoned into the presence of the Lion of Treves at his palace in that venerable city. When Baldwin had dismissed all within the room save only Von Richenbach, the august prelate said:

"It is my pleasure that you at once take horse and proceed to my city of Mayence on the Rhine, where I am governor.

You will inspect the garrison there and report to me."

Heinrich bowed, but said nothing.

"You will then go down the Rhine to Elfield, where my new castle is built, and I shall be pleased to have an opinion regarding it."

The archbishop paused, and again his vassal bowed and remained silent.

"It is my wish that you go without escort, attracting as little attention as possible, and perhaps it may be advisable to return by the northern side of the Moselle, but some distance back from the river, as there are barons on the banks who might inquire your business, and regret their curiosity when they found they questioned a messenger of mine. We should strive during our brief sojourn on this inquisitive earth to put our fellow creatures to as little discomfort as possible."

Von Richenbach saw that he was being sent on a secret and possibly dangerous mission, and he had been long enough in the service of the crafty archbishop to know that the reasons ostensibly given for his journey were probably not those which were the cause of it, so he contented himself with inclining his head for the third time and holding his peace. The archbishop regarded him keenly for a few moments, a cynical smile hovering about his lips; then said, as if his words were an afterthought:

"Our faithful vassal, the Count von Eltz, is, if I mistake not, a neighbor of ours at Elfield?"

The sentence took, through its inflection, the nature of a query, and for the first time Heinrich von Richenbach ventured reply.

"He is, my lord."

The archbishop raised his eyes to the vaulted ceiling, and seemed for a time lost in thought, saying, at last, apparently in soliloquy, rather than direct address:

"Count von Eltz has been suspiciously quiet of late for a man so impetuous by nature. It might be profitable to know what interests him during this unwonted seclusion. It behooves us to acquaint ourselves with the motives that actuate a neighbor, so that opportunity arising, we may aid him with counsel or encouragement. If, therefore, it should so chance that, in the intervals of your inspection of governorship or castle, aught regarding the present occupation of the noble count comes to your ears, the information thus received may perhaps remain in your memory until you return to Treves."

The archbishop withdrew his eyes from the ceiling, the lids lowering over them, and flashed a keen, rapier-like glance at the man who stood before him.

Heinrich von Richenbach made low obeisance and replied:

"Whatever else fades from my memory, my lord, news of Count von Eltz shall remain there."

"See that you carry nothing upon you, save your commission as inspector, which my secretary will presently give to you. If you are captured it will be enough to proclaim yourself my emissary and exhibit your commission in proof of the peaceful nature of your embassy. And now to horse and away."

Thus Von Richenbach, well mounted, with his commission legibly engrossed in clerkly hand on parchment, departed on the Roman road for Mayence, but neither there nor at Elfield could he learn more of Count von Eltz than was already known at Treves, which was to the effect that the nobleman, repenting him, it was said, of his stubborn opposition to the archbishop, had betaken himself to the Crusades in expiation of his wrong in shouldering arms against one who was both his temporal and spiritual over-lord; and this rumor coming to the ears of Baldwin, had the immediate effect of causing that prince of the church to despatch Von Richenbach with the purpose of learning accurately what his old enemy was actually about; for Baldwin, being an astute man, placed little faith in sudden conversion.

When Heinrich von Richenbach returned to Treves he was immediately ushered into the presence of his master.

"You have been long away," said the archbishop, a frown on his brow. "I trust the tidings you bring offer some slight compensation for the delay."

Then was Heinrich indeed glad that fate, rather than his own perspicacity, had led his horse to the heights above Schloss Eltz.

"The tidings I bring, my lord, are so astounding that I could not return to Treves without verifying them. This led me far afield, for my information was of the scantiest; but I am now enabled to vouch for the truth of my well-nigh incredible intelligence."

"Have the good deeds of the count then translated him bodily to heaven, as was the case with Elijah? Unloose your packet, man, and waste not so much time in the vaunting of your wares."

"The Count von Eltz, my lord, has

built a castle that is part palace, part fortress, and in its latter office well-nigh impregnable."

"Yes? And where?"

"In the Eltz-thal, my lord, a league and a quarter from the Moselle."

"Impossible!" cried Baldwin, bringing his clenched fist down on the table before him. "Impossible! You have been misled, Von Richenbach."

"Indeed, my lord, I had every reason to believe so until I viewed the structure with my own eyes."

"This, then, is the fruit of Von Eltz's contrition! To build a castle without permission within my jurisdiction, and defy me in my own domain. By the coat, he shall repent his temerity and wish himself twice over a captive of the Saracen ere I have done with him. I will despatch at once an army to the Eltz-thal, and there shall not be left one stone upon another when it returns."

"My lord, I beseech you not to move with haste in this matter. If twenty thousand men marched up to the Eltz-thal they could not take the castle. No such schloss was ever built before, and none to equal it will ever be built again, unless, as I suspect to be the case in this instance, the devil lends his aid."

"Oh, I doubt not that Satan built it, but he took the form and name of Count von Eltz while doing so," replied the archbishop, his natural anger at this bold defiance of his power giving way to his habitual caution, that, united with his resources and intrepidity, had much to do with his success. "You hold the castle, then, to be unassailable. Is its garrison, then, so powerful, or its position so strong?"

"The strength of its garrison, my lord, is in its weakness; I doubt if there are a score of men in the castle, but that is all the better, as there are fewer mouths to feed in case of siege, and the count has some four years' supplies in his vaults. The schloss is situated on a lofty, unscalable rock that stands in the center of a valley, as if it were a fortress itself. Then the walls of the building are of unbelievable height, with none of the round or square towers which castles usually possess, but having in plenty conical turrets, steep roofs, and the like, which give it the appearance of a fairy palace in a wide, enchanted amphitheater of green wooded hills, making the Schloss Eltz, all in all, a most miraculous sight, such as a man may not behold in many years' travel."

"In truth, Von Richenbach," said the archbishop, with a twinkle in his eye, "we should have made you one of our scrivening monks rather than a warrior, so marvelously do you describe the entrancing handiwork of our beloved vassal, the Count von Eltz. Perhaps you think it pity to destroy so fascinating a creation."

"Not so, my lord. I have examined the castle well, and I think were I entrusted with the commission I could reduce it."

"Ah, now we have modesty indeed! You can take the stronghold where I should fail."

"I did not say that you would fail, my lord. I said that twenty thousand men marching up the valley would fail, unless they were content to sit around the castle for four years or more."

"Answered like a courtier, Heinrich. What, then, is your method of attack?"

"On the height to the east, which is the nearest elevation to the castle, a strong fortress might be built, that would in a measure command the Schloss Eltz, although I fear the distance would be too great for any catapult to fling stones within its courtyard. Still, we might thus have complete power over the entrance to the schloss, and no more provender could be taken in."

"You mean, then, to wear Von Eltz out? That would be as slow a method as besiegement."

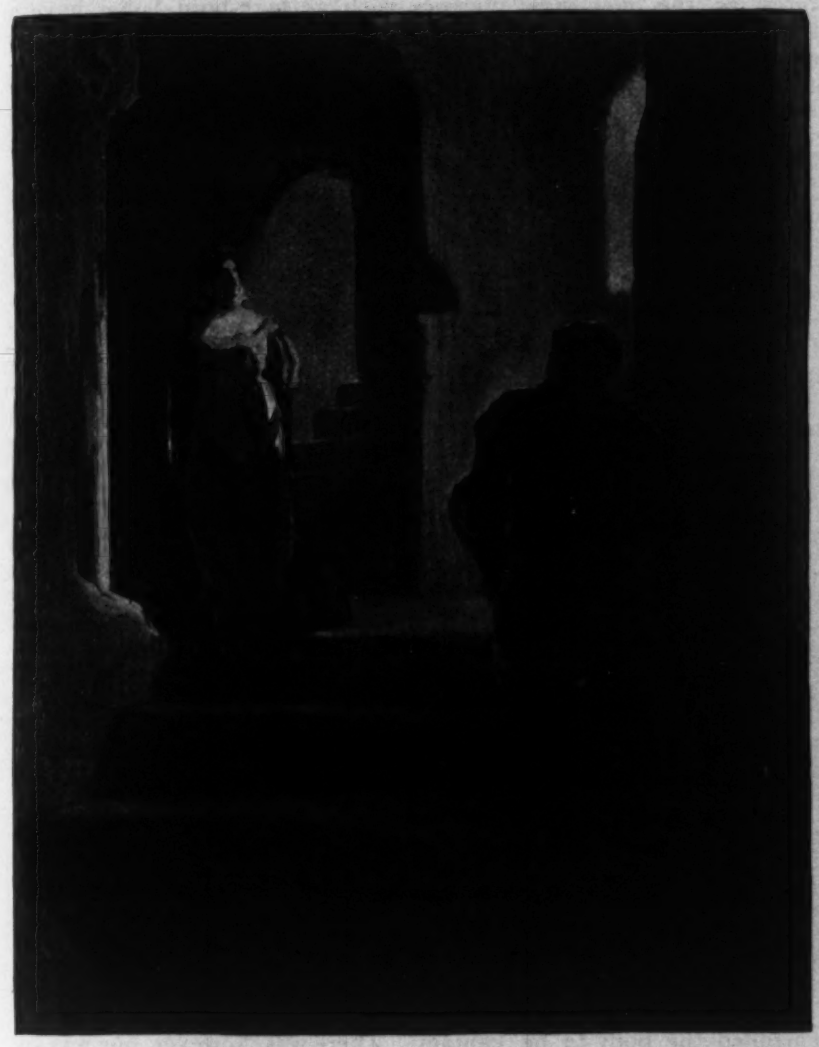
"To besiege would require an army, my lord, and would have this disadvantage, that, besides withdrawing from other use so many of your men, rumor would spread abroad that the count held you in check. The building of a fortress on the height would merely be doing what the count has already done, and it could be well garrisoned by twoscore men at the most, vigilant night and day to take advantage of any movement of fancied security to force way into the castle. There need be no formal declaration of hostilities, but a fortress built in all amicableness, to which the count could hardly object, as you would be but following his own example."

"I understand. We build a house near his for neighborliness. There is indeed much in your plan that commends itself to me, but I confess a liking for the underlying part of a scheme. Remains there anything else which you have not unfolded to me?"

"Placing in command of the new fortress a stout warrior who was at the same time a subtle man——"

"In other words, thyself, Heinrich—well, what then?"

"There is every chance that such a general may learn much of the castle from one or other of its inmates. It might be possible that through neglect or inadvertence the drawbridge would be left down some night and the portcullis raised. In other words, the castle, impervious to direct assault, may fall by strategy."



"REGO CAME SUDDENLY UPON THE COUNTESS, WHO SCREAMED AT THE SIGHT OF HIM."

"Excellent, excellent, my worthy warrior! I should dearly love to have captain of mine pay such an informal visit to his estimable countship. We shall build the fortress you suggest, and call it Baldwineltz. You shall be its commander, and I now bestow upon you Schloss Eltz, the only proviso being that you are to enter into possession of it by whatever means you choose to use."

Thus the square, long castle of Baldwineltz came to be builded, and thus Heinrich von Richenbach, brave, ingenious, and unscrupulous, was installed captain of it, with twoscore men to keep him company, together with a plentiful supply of gold to bribe whomsoever he thought worth suborning.

Time went on without much to show for its passing, and Heinrich began to grow impatient, for his attempt at corrupting the garrison showed that negotiations were not without their dangers. Stout Baumstein, captain of the gate, was the man whom Heinrich most desired to purchase, for he could lessen the discipline at the portal of Schloss Eltz without attracting undue attention. But he was an irascible German, whose strong right arm was readier than his tongue; and when Heinrich's emissary got speech with him, under a flag of truce, whispering that much gold might be had for a casual raising of the portcullis and lowering of the drawbridge, Baumstein at first could not understand his purport, for he was somewhat thick in the skull; but when the meaning of the message at last broke in upon him, he wasted no time in talk, but, raising his ever-ready battle ax, clove the envoy to the midriff. The Count von Eltz himself,

coming on the scene at this moment, was amazed at the deed, and sternly demanded of his gate captain why he had violated the terms of a parley. Baumstein's slowness of speech came near to being the undoing of him, for at first he merely said that such creatures as the messenger should not be allowed to live and that an honest soldier was insulted by holding converse with him; whereupon the count, having nice notions, picked up in polite countries, regarding the sacredness of a flag of truce, was about to hang Baumstein, scant though the garrison was, and even then it was but by chance that the true state of affairs became known to the count. He was on the point of sending back the body of the envoy to Von Richenbach with suitable apology for his destruction and offer of recompense, stating that the assailant would be seen hanging outside the gate, when Baumstein said that while he had no objection to being hanged if it so pleased the count, he begged to suggest that the gold which the envoy brought with him to bribe the garrison should be taken from the body before it was returned, and divided equally among the guard at the gate. As Baumstein said this, he was taking off his helmet and unbuckling his corselet, thus freeing his neck for the greater convenience of the castle hangman. When the count learned that the stout stroke of the battle-ax was caused by the proffer of a bribe for the betraying of the castle, he, to the amazement of all present, begged the pardon of Baumstein; for such a thing was never before known under the feudal law that a noble should apologize to a common man, and Baumstein himself muttered that he knew not what the world was coming to if a mighty lord might not hang an underling as it pleased him, cause or no cause.

The count commanded the body to be searched, and finding thereon some five bags of gold, distributed the coin among his men, as a good commander should, sending back the body to Von Richenbach, with a most polite message to the effect that as the archbishop evidently intended the money to be given to the garrison, the count had endeavored to carry out his lordship's wishes, as was the duty of an obedient vassal. But Heinrich, instead of being pleased with the courtesy of the message, broke into violent oaths, and spread abroad in the land the false saying that Count von Eltz had violated a flag of truce.

But there was one man in the castle who did not enjoy a share of the gold, because he was not a warrior, but a servant of the countess. This was a Spaniard named Rego, marvelously skilled in the concocting of various dishes of pastry and other niceties such as high-born ladies have a fondness for. Rego was disliked by the count, and, in fact, by all the stout Germans who formed the garrison, not only because it is the fashion for men of one country to justly abhor those of another, foreigners being in all lands regarded as benighted creatures whom we marvel that the Lord allows to live when he might so easily have peopled the whole world with men like unto ourselves; but, aside from this, Rego had a cat-like tread, and a furtive eye that never met another honestly as an eye should. The count, however, endured the presence of this Spaniard, because the countess admired his skill in confections, then unknown in Germany, and thus Rego remained under her orders.

The Spaniard's eye glittered when he saw the yellow of the gold, and his heart was bitter that he did not have a share of it. He soon learned where it came from, and rightly surmised that there was more in the same treasury, ready to be bestowed for similar service to that which the unready Baumstein had so emphatically rejected; so Rego, watching his opportunity, stole away secretly to Von Richenbach and offered his aid in the capture of the castle, should suitable compensation be tendered him. Heinrich questioned him closely regarding the interior arrangements of the castle, and asked him if he could find any means of letting down the drawbridge and raising the portcullis in the night. This Rego said, quite truly, was impossible, as the guard at the gate, vigilant enough before, had become much more so since the attempted bribery of the captain. There was, however, one way by which the castle might be entered, and that entailed a most perilous adventure. There was a platform between two of the lofty, steep roofs, so elevated that it gave a view over all the valley. On this platform a sentinel was stationed night and day, whose duty was that of outlook, like a man on the cross-trees of a ship. From this platform a stair, narrow at the top, but widening as it descended to the lower stories, gave access to the whole castle. If, then, a besieger constructed a ladder of enormous length, it might be placed at night on the narrow ledge of rock far below this platform, standing

almost perpendicular, and by this means man after man would be enabled to reach the roof of the castle, and, under the guidance of Rego, gain admittance to the lower rooms unsuspected.

"But the sentinel?" objected Von Richenbach.

"The sentinel I will myself slay. I will steal up behind him in the night when you make your assault, and running my knife into his neck, fling him over the castle wall; then I shall be ready to guide you down into the courtyard."

Von Richenbach, remembering the sheer precipice of rock at the foot of the castle walls and the dizzy height of the castle walls above the rock, could scarcely forbear a shudder at the thought of climbing so high on a shaky ladder, even if such a ladder could be made, of which he had some doubts. The scheme did not seem so feasible as the Spaniard appeared to imagine.

"Could you not let down a rope ladder from the platform when you had slain the sentinel, and thus allow us to climb by that?"

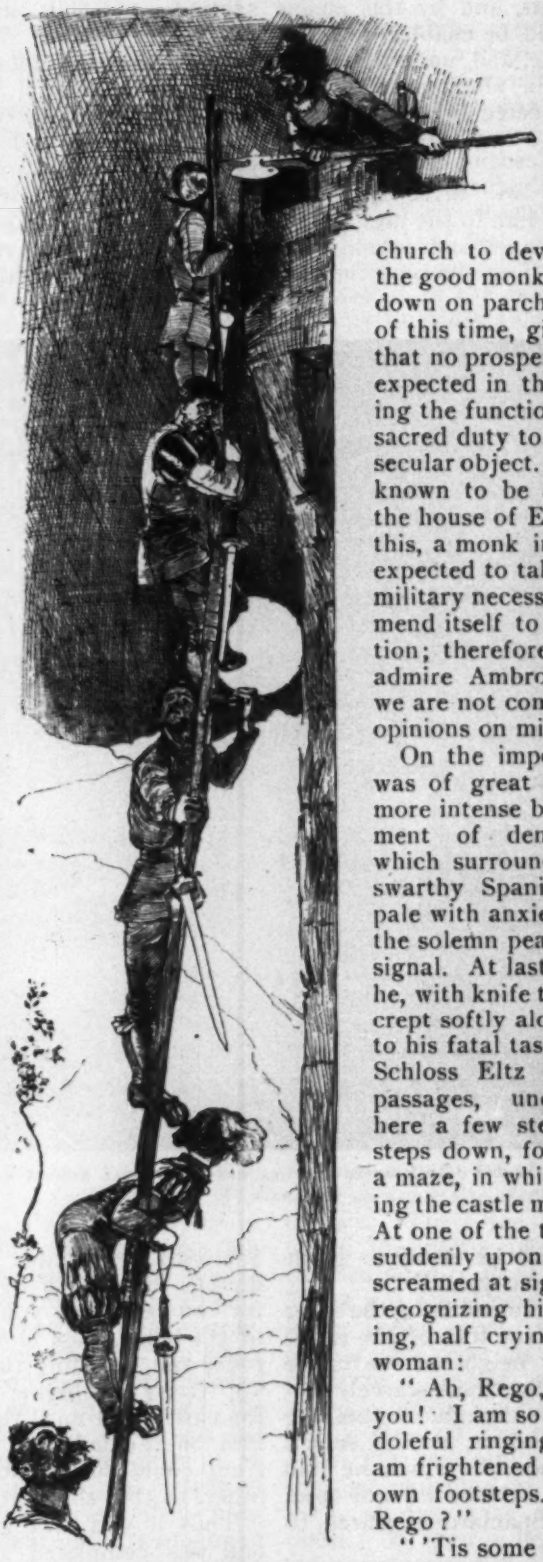
"It would be impossible for me to construct and conceal such a contrivance strong enough to carry more than one man at a time, even if I had the materials," said the wily Spaniard, whose thoughtfulness and ingenuity Heinrich could not but admire, while despising him as an oily foreigner. "If you made the rope ladder there would be no method of getting it into Schloss Eltz; besides, it would need to be double the length of a wooden ladder, for you can place your ladder at the foot of the ledge, then climb to the top of the rock, and, standing there, pull the ladder up, letting the higher end scrape against the castle wall until the lower end stands firm on the ledge of rock. Your whole troop could then climb, one following another, so that there would be no delay."

Thus it was arranged, and then began and was completed the construction of the longest and most wonderful ladder ever made in Germany or anywhere else,

"AS QUICKLY AS HE COULD, LIT ONE CANDLE AFTER ANOTHER, UNTIL THE USUAL NUMBER BURNED BEFORE THE SACRED IMAGE!"

so far as history records. It was composed of numerous small ladders, spliced and hooped with iron bands by the castle armorer. At a second visit, which Rego paid to Baldwineltz when the ladder was completed, all arrangements were made and the necessary signals agreed upon.

It was the pious custom of those in the fortress of Baldwineltz to ring the great bell on saints' days and other festivals that called for special observance, because Von Richenbach conducted war on the strictest principles, as a man knowing his duty both spiritual and temporal. It was agreed that on the night of the assault, when it was necessary that Rego should assassinate the sentinel, the great bell of the fortress should be rung, whereupon the Spaniard was to hie himself up the stair and send the watchman into another sphere of duty by means of his dagger. The bell-ringing seems a perfectly justifiable device, and one that will be approved by all conspirators, for the sounding of the bell, plainly heard in Schloss Eltz, would cause no alarm, as it was wont to sound at uncertain intervals, night and day, and was known to give tongue only during moments allotted by the church to devout thoughts. But the good monk Ambrose, in setting down on parchment the chronicles of this time, gives it as his opinion that no prosperity could have been expected in thus suddenly changing the functions of the bell from sacred duty to the furtherance of a secular object. Still, Ambrose was known to be a sympathizer with the house of Eltz, and, aside from this, a monk in his cell cannot be expected to take the same view of military necessity that would commend itself to a warrior on a bastion; therefore, much as we may admire Ambrose as an historian, we are not compelled to accept his opinions on military ethics.



"EXERTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, PUSHED THE LANCE OUTWARD, AND THE TOP OF THE LADDER WITH IT."

On the important night, which was of great darkness, made the more intense by the black environment of densely-wooded hills which surround Schloss Eltz, the swarthy Spaniard became almost pale with anxiety as he listened for the solemn peal that was to be his signal. At last it tolled forth, and he, with knife to hand in his girdle, crept softly along the narrow halls to his fatal task. The interior of Schloss Eltz is full of intricate passages, unexpected turnings, here a few steps up, there a few steps down, for all the world like a maze, in which even one knowing the castle might well go astray. At one of the turnings Rego came suddenly upon the countess, who screamed at sight of him, and then recognizing him said, half laughing, half crying, being a nervous woman:

"Ah, Rego, thank heaven it is you! I am so distraught with the doleful ringing of that bell that I am frightened at the sound of my own footsteps. Why rings it so, Rego?"

"'Tis some church festival, my lady, which they fighting for the archbishop are more familiar with

than I," answered the trembling Spaniard, as frightened as the lady herself at the unexpected meeting. But the countess was a most religious woman, well skilled in the observances of her church, and she replied:

"No, Rego. There is no cause for its dolorous music, and to-night there seems to me something ominous and menacing in its tone, as if disaster impended."

"It may be the birthday of the archbishop, my lady, or of the pope himself."

"Our holy father was born in May, and the archbishop in November. Ah, I would that this horrid strife were done with! But our safety lies in heaven, and if our duty be accomplished here on earth, we should have naught to fear; yet I tremble as if great danger lay before me. Come, Rego, to the chapel, and light the candles at the altar."

The countess passed him, and for one fateful moment Rego's hand hovered over his dagger, thinking to strike the lady dead at his feet; but the risk was too great, for there might at any time pass along the corridor one of the servants, who would instantly raise the alarm and bring disaster upon him. He dare not disobey. So grinding his teeth in impotent rage and fear, he followed his mistress to the chapel, and, as quickly as he could, lit one candle after another, until the usual number burned before the sacred image. The countess was upon her knees as he tried to steal softly from the room. "Nay, Rego," she said, raising her bended head, "light them all to-night. Harken! That raven bell has ceased even as you lighted the last candle."

The countess, as has been said, was a devout lady, and there stood an unusual number of candles before the altar, several of which burned constantly, but only on notable occasions were all the candles lighted. As Rego hesitated, not knowing what to do in this crisis, the lady repeated: "Light all the candles to-night, Rego."

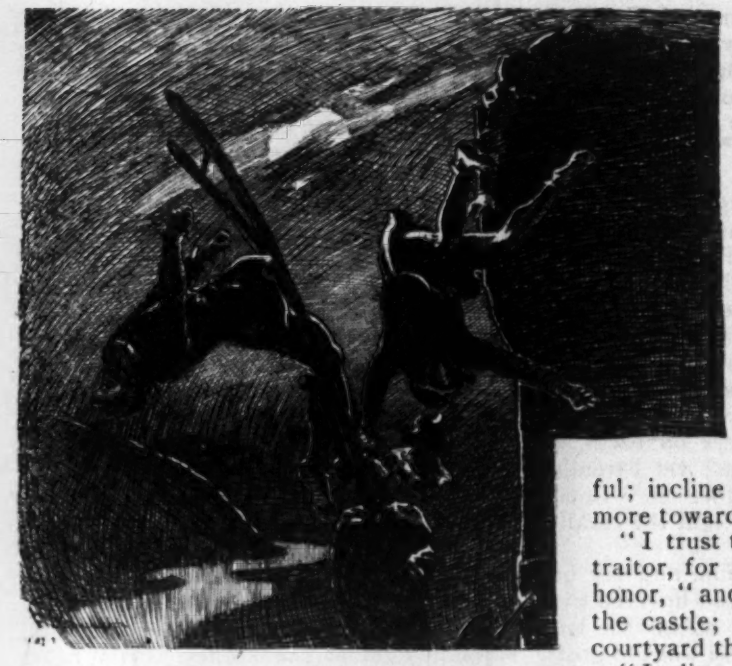
"You said yourself, my lady," murmured the agonized man, cold sweat breaking out on his forehead, "that this was not a saint's day."

"Nevertheless, Rego," persisted the countess, surprised that even a favorite servant should thus attempt to thwart her will, "I ask you to light each candle. Do so at once."

She bowed her head as one who had spoken the final word, and again her fate trembled in the balance; but Rego heard the footsteps of the count entering the gallery above him, that ran across the end of the chapel, and he at once resumed the lighting of the candles, making less speed in his eagerness than if he had gone about his task with more care.

The monk Ambrose draws a moral from this episode, which is sufficiently obvious when after events have confirmed it, but which we need not here pause to consider, when an episode of the most thrilling nature is going forward on the lofty platform of Eltz Castle.

The sentinel paced back and forward within his narrow limit, listening to the depressing and monotonous tolling of the bell and cursing it, for the platform was a lonely place and the night of inky darkness. At last the bell ceased, and he stood resting on his long pike, enjoying the stillness, and peering into the blackness, when suddenly he became aware of a grating, rasping sound below him, as if some one were attempting to climb the precipitous beetling cliff of castle wall and slipping against the stones. His heart stood still with fear, for he knew it could be nothing human. An instant later something appeared over the parapet that could be seen only because it was blacker than the distant dark sky against which it was outlined. It rose and rose until the sentinel saw it was the top of a ladder, which was even more amazing than if the fiend himself had scrambled over the stone coping, for we know the devil can go anywhere, while a ladder cannot. But the soldier was a common-sense man, and, dark as was the night, he knew that, tall as such a ladder must be, there seemed a likelihood that human power was pushing it upward. He touched it with his hands and convinced himself that there was nothing supernatural about it. The ladder rose inch by inch, slowly, for it must have been no easy task for even twoscore men to raise it thus with ropes or other devices, especially when the bottom of it neared the top of the ledge. The soldier knew he should at once give the alarm; but he was the second traitor in the stronghold, corrupted by the sight of the glittering gold he had shared, and only prevented from selling himself because the rigors of military rule did not give him opportunity of going to Baldwineltz as the less exacting civilian duties had allowed the Spaniard to market his wares. So the sentry made no outcry, but silently prepared a method by which he could negotiate with advantage to himself when the first head appeared above the parapet,



"WITH A GURGLING CRY, PLUNGED HEADLONG FORWARD, AND DOWN THE PRECIPICE."

He fixed the point of his lance against a round of the ladder, and when the leading warrior, who was no other than Heinrich von Richenbach, came slowly and cautiously to the top of the wall, the sentinel, exerting all his strength, pushed the lance outward, and the top of the ladder with it, until it stood nearly perpendicular some two yards back from the wall.

"In God's name, what are you about? Is that you, Rego?"

The soldier replied, calmly:

"Order your men not to move, and do not move yourself, until I have some converse with you. Have no fear if you are prepared to accept my terms; otherwise you will have ample time to say your prayers before you reach the ground, for the distance is great."

Von Richenbach, who now leaned over the top round, suspended thus between heaven and earth, grasped the lance with both hands, so that the ladder might not be thrust beyond the perpendicular. In quivering voice he passed down the word that no man was to shift foot or hand until he had made bargain with the sentinel who held them in such extreme peril.

"What terms do you propose to me, soldier?" he asked, breathlessly.

"I will conduct you down to the courtyard, and when you have surprised and taken the castle you will grant me safe conduct and give me five bags of gold equal in weight to those offered to our captain."

"All that will I do and double the treasure. Faithfully and truly do I promise it."

"You pledge me your knightly word, and swear also by the holy coat of Treves?"

"I pledge and swear. And pray you be careful; incline the ladder yet a little more toward the wall."

"I trust to your honor," said the traitor, for traitors love to prate of honor, "and will now admit you to the castle; but until we are in the courtyard there must be silence."

"Incline the ladder gently, for it is so weighted that if it come suddenly against the wall, it may break in the middle."

At this supreme moment, as the sentinel was preparing to bring them cautiously to the wall, when all was deep silence, there crept swiftly and noiselessly through the trap-door the belated Spaniard. His catlike eyes beheld the shadowy form of the sentinel bending apparently over the parapet, but they showed him nothing beyond. With the speed and precipitation of a springing panther, the Spaniard leaped forward and drove his dagger deep into the neck of his comrade, who, with a gurgling cry, plunged headlong forward, and down the precipice, thrusting his lance as he fell. The Spaniard's dagger went with the doomed sentinel, sticking fast in his throat, and its presence there passed a fatal noose around the neck of Rego later, for they wrongly thought the false sentinel had saved the castle and that the Spaniard had murdered a faithful watchman.

Rego leaned panting over the stone coping, listening for the thud of the body. Then was he frozen with horror when the still night air was split with the most appalling shriek of combined human voices in an agony of fear that ever tortured the ear of man. The shriek ended in a crash far below, and silence again filled the valley.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

By Anthony Hope.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Prompted by his own ambition, the Duke of Strelsau, known as "Black Michael," drugs and hides away his brother Rudolf on the eve of the latter's coronation as King of Ruritania. But at the instigation of Colonel Sapt and Fritz von Tarlenheim, supporters of Rudolf, an English relative of his, Rudolf Rassendyll—a stranger and chance visitor in the kingdom, who so closely resembles Rudolf that few can tell them apart—appears, and, in his name, assumes the crown for him. While Rudolf's friends are working to set him free, Rassendyll continues to hold the throne in Rudolf's guise and exercise all the royal functions—even to falling ardently in love with the Princess Flavia, and provoking her to love him as ardently in return. Public expectation and policy have designated the Princess to become the new king's wife. "Black Michael" is finally killed in a quarrel by Rupert of Hentzau, one of his accomplices. The Princess Flavia has felt from the first a difference between the two Rudolfs; before the end, the truth is fully discovered to her. She dutifully marries the real king, but her heart hardly goes with her hand. Thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a brief verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. And these incidents and events make the story of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

The present history opens with the king grown weak and querulous, and the sense of the difference between him and the man who had courted her in his name more importunate than ever in the mind and heart of the queen. She dare not longer trust herself in sending the yearly message to Rassendyll. She therefore writes him a letter that is to be her last word to him. But the messenger, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer; set upon at Wintenberg by Rupert of Hentzau and the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim, general conspirators against the peace of the kingdom; robbed of the letter, and himself left beaten insensible. As soon as he revives, he reports his disaster and loss to Rassendyll, who places him under the care of his own servant James, and then sets out secretly for Zenda, to keep the letter from coming into the hands of the king.

CHAPTER IV.

AN EDDY ON THE MOAT.

ON the evening of Thursday, the sixteenth of October, the Constable of Zenda was very much out of humor; he has since confessed as much. To risk the peace of a palace for the sake of a lover's greeting had never been wisdom to his mind, and he had been sorely impatient with "that fool Fritz's" yearly pilgrimage. The letter of farewell had been an added folly, pregnant with chances of disaster. Now disaster, or the danger of it, had come. The curt, mysterious telegram from Wintenberg, which told him so little, at least told him that. It ordered him—and he did not know even whose the order was—to delay Rischenheim's audience, or, if he could not, to get the king away from Zenda: why he was to act thus was not disclosed to him. But he knew as well as I that Rischenheim was completely in Rupert's hands, and he could not fail to guess that something had gone wrong at Wintenberg, and that Rischenheim came to tell the king some news that the king must not hear. His task sounded simple, but it was not easy; for he did not know where Rischenheim was, and so could not prevent his coming; besides, the king had been very pleased to learn of the count's approaching visit, since he desired to talk with him on the subject of a certain breed of dogs, which the count bred with great, his Majesty with only indifferent success; therefore he had declared that nothing should interfere with his reception of Rischenheim. In vain Sapt told him that a large boar had been seen in the forest, and that a fine day's sport might be expected if he would hunt next day. "I shouldn't be back in time to see Rischenheim," said the king.

"Your Majesty would be back by nightfall," suggested Sapt.

"I should be too tired to talk to him, and I've a great deal to discuss."

"You could sleep at the hunting-lodge, sire, and ride back to receive the count next morning."

"I'm anxious to see him as soon as may be." Then he looked up at Sapt with a sick man's quick suspicion. "Why shouldn't I see him?" he asked.

"It's a pity to miss the boar, sire," was all Sapt's plea. The king made light of it.

"Curse the boar!" said he. "I want to know how he gets the dogs' coats so fine."

As the king spoke a servant entered, carrying a telegram for Sapt. The colonel took it and put it in his pocket.

"Read it," said the king. He had dined and was about to go to bed, it being nearly ten o'clock.

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"It will keep, sire," answered Sapt, who did not know but that it might be from Wintenberg.

"Read it," insisted the king testily. "It may be from Rischenheim. Perhaps he can get here sooner. I should like to know about those dogs. Read it, I beg."

Sapt could do nothing but read it. He had taken to spectacles lately, and he spent a long while adjusting them and thinking what he should do if the message were not fit for the king's ear. "Be quick, man, be quick!" urged the irritable king.

Sapt had got the envelope open at last, and relief, mingled with perplexity, showed in his face.

"Your Majesty guessed wonderfully well. Rischenheim can be here at eight to-morrow morning," he said, looking up.

"Capital!" cried the king. "He shall breakfast with me at nine and I'll have a ride after the boar when we've done our business. Now are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly, sire," said Sapt, biting his moustache.

The king rose with a yawn, and bade the colonel good-night. "He must have some trick I don't know with those dogs," he remarked, as he went out. And "Damn the dogs!" cried Colonel Sapt the moment that the door was shut behind his Majesty.

But the colonel was not a man to accept defeat easily. The audience that he had been instructed to postpone was advanced; the king, whom he had been told to get away from Zenda, would not go till he had seen Rischenheim. Still there are many ways of preventing a meeting. Some are by fraud; these it is no injustice to Sapt to say that he had tried; some are by force, and the colonel was being driven to the conclusion that one of these must be his resort.

"Though the king," he mused, with a grin, "will be furious if anything happens to Rischenheim before he's told him about the dogs."

Yet he fell to racking his brains to find a means by which the count might be rendered incapable of performing the service so desired by the king and of carrying out his own purpose in seeking an audience. Nothing save assassination suggested itself to the constable; a quarrel and a duel offered no security; and Sapt was not Black Michael, and had no band of ruffians to join him in an apparently unprovoked kidnapping of a distinguished nobleman.

"I can think of nothing," muttered Sapt, rising from his chair and moving across towards the window in search of the fresh air that a man so often thinks will give him a fresh idea. He was in his own quarters, that room of the new *château* which opens on to the moat immediately to the right of the drawbridge as you face the old castle; it was the room which Duke Michael had occupied, and almost opposite to the spot where the great pipe had connected the window of the king's dungeon with the waters of the moat. The bridge was down now, for peaceful days had come to Zenda; the pipe was gone, and the dungeon's window, though still barred, was uncovered. The night was clear, and fine, and the still water gleamed fitfully as the moon, half-full, escaped from or was hidden by passing clouds. Sapt stood staring out gloomily, beating his knuckles on the stone sill. The fresh air was there, but the fresh idea tarried.

Suddenly the constable bent forward, craning his head out and down, far as he could stretch it, towards the water. What he had seen, or seemed dimly to see, is a sight common enough on the surface of water—large circular eddies, widening from a centre; a stone thrown in makes them, or a fish on the rise. But Sapt had thrown no stone, and the fish in the moat were few and not rising then. The light was behind Sapt, and threw his figure into bold relief. The royal apartments looked out the other way; there were no lights in the windows this side the bridge, although beyond it the guards' lodgings and the servants' offices still showed a light here and there. Sapt waited till the eddies ceased. Then he heard the faintest sound, as of a large body let very gently into the water; a moment later, from the moat right below him, a man's head emerged.

"Sapt!" said a voice, low but distinct.

The old colonel started, and, resting both hands on the sill, bent further out, till he seemed in danger of overbalancing.

"Quick—to the ledge on the other side. You know," said the voice, and the head turned; with quick, quiet strokes the man crossed the moat till he was hidden in the triangle of deep shade formed by the meeting of the drawbridge and the old castle wall. Sapt watched him go, almost stupefied by the sudden wonder of hearing that voice come to him out of the stillness of the night. For the king was

abed; and who spoke in that voice save the king and one other?

Then, with a curse at himself for his delay, he turned and walked quickly across the room. Opening the door, he found himself in the passage. But here he ran right into the arms of young Bernenstein, the officer of the guard, who was going his rounds. Sapt knew and trusted him, for he had been with us all through the siege of Zenda, when Michael kept the king a prisoner, and he bore marks given him by Rupert of Hentzau's ruffians. He now held a commission as lieutenant in the cuirassiers of the King's Guard.

He noticed Sapt's bearing, for he cried out in a low voice, "Anything wrong, sir?"

"Bernenstein, my boy, the castle's all right about here. Go round to the front, and, hang you, stay there," said Sapt.

The officer stared, as well he might. Sapt caught him by the arm.

"No, stay here. See, stand by the door there that leads to the royal apartments. Stand there, and let nobody pass. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And whatever you hear, don't look round."

Bernenstein's bewilderment grew greater; but Sapt was constable, and on Sapt's shoulders lay the responsibility for the safety of Zenda and all in it.

"Very well, sir," he said, with a submissive shrug, and he drew his sword and stood by the door; he could obey, although he could not understand.

Sapt ran on. Opening the gate that led to the bridge, he sped across. Then, stepping on one side and turning his face to the wall, he descended the steps that gave foothold down to the ledge running six or eight inches above the water. He also was now in the triangle of deep darkness, yet he knew that a man was there, who stood straight and tall, rising above his own height. And he felt his hand caught in a sudden grip. Rudolf Rassendyll was there, in his wet drawers and socks.

"Is it you?" he whispered.

"Yes," answered Rudolf; "I swam round from the other side and got here. Then I threw in a bit of mortar, but I wasn't sure I'd roused you, and I didn't dare shout, so I followed it myself. Lay hold of me a minute while I get on my breeches: I didn't want to get wet, so I carried my clothes in a bundle. Hold me tight, it's slippery."

"In God's name what brings you here?" whispered Sapt, catching Rudolf by the arm as he was directed.

"The queen's service. When does Rischenheim come?"

"To-morrow at eight."

"The deuce! That's earlier than I thought. And the king?"

"Is here and determined to see him. It's impossible to move him from it."

There was a moment's silence; Rudolf drew his shirt over his head and tucked it into his trousers. "Give me the jacket and waistcoat," he said. "I feel deuced damp underneath, though."

"You'll soon get dry," grinned Sapt. "You'll be kept moving, you see."

"I've lost my hat."

"Seems to me you've lost your head too."

"You'll find me both, eh, Sapt?"

"As good as your own, anyhow," growled the constable.

"Now the boots, and I'm ready." Then he asked quickly, "Has the king seen or heard from Rischenheim?"

"Neither, except through me."

"Then why is he so set on seeing him?"

"To find out what gives dogs smooth coats."

"You're serious? Hang you, I can't see your face."

"Absolutely."

"All's well, then. Has he got a beard now?"

"Yes."

"Confound him! Can't you take me anywhere to talk?"

"What the deuce are you here at all for?"

"To meet Rischenheim."

"To meet——?"

"Yes. Sapt, he's got a copy of the queen's letter."

Sapt twirled his moustache.

"I've always said as much," he remarked in tones of satisfaction. He need not have said it; he would have been more than human not to think it.

"Where can you take me to?" asked Rudolf impatiently.

"Any room with a door and a lock to it," answered old Sapt. "I command here, and when I say 'Stay out'—well, they don't come in."

"Not the king?"

"The king is in bed. Come along," and the constable set his toe on the lowest step.

"Is there nobody about?" asked Rudolf, catching his arm.

"Bernenstein; but he will keep his back toward us."

"Your discipline is still good, then, Colonel?"

"Pretty well for these days, your Majesty," grunted Sapt, as he reached the level of the bridge.

Having crossed, they entered the *chateau*. The passage was empty, save for Bernenstein, whose broad back barred the way from the royal apartments.

"In here," whispered Sapt, laying his hand on the door of the room whence he had come.

"All right," answered Rudolf. Bernenstein's hand twitched, but he did not look round. There was discipline in the castle of Zenda.

But as Sapt was half-way through the door and Rudolf about to follow him, the other door, that which Bernenstein guarded, was softly yet swiftly opened. Bernenstein's sword was in rest in an instant. A muttered oath from Sapt and Rudolf's quick snatch at his breath greeted the interruption. Bernenstein did not look round, but his sword fell to his side. In the doorway stood Queen Flavia, all in white; and now her face turned white as her dress. For her eyes had fallen on Rudolf Rassendyll. For a moment the four stood thus; then Rudolf passed Sapt, thrust Bernenstein's brawny shoulders (the young man had not looked round) out of the way, and, falling on his knee before the queen, seized her hand and kissed it. Bernenstein could see now without looking round, and if astonishment could kill, he would have been a dead man that instant. He fairly reeled and leant against the wall, his mouth hanging open. For the king was in bed, and had a beard; yet there was the king, fully dressed and clean shaven, and he was kissing the queen's hand, while she gazed down on him in a struggle between amazement, fright, and joy. A soldier should be prepared for anything, but I cannot be hard on young Bernenstein's bewilderment.

Yet there was in truth nothing strange in the queen seeking to see old Sapt that night, nor in her guessing where he would most probably be found. For she had asked him three times whether news had come from Wintenberg and each time he had put her off with excuses. Quick to forebode evil, and conscious of the pledge to fortune that she had given in her letter, she had determined to know from him whether there were really cause for alarm, and had stolen, undetected, from her apartments to seek him. What filled her at once with unbearable apprehension and incredulous joy was to find Rudolf present in actual flesh and blood, no longer in sad longing dreams or visions, and to feel his live lips on her hand.

Lovers count neither time nor danger; but Sapt counted both, and no more than a moment had passed before, with eager imperative gestures, he beckoned them to enter the room. The queen obeyed, and Rudolf followed her.

"Let nobody in, and don't say a word to anybody," whispered Sapt, as he entered, leaving Bernenstein outside. The young man was half-dazed still, but he had sense to read the expression in the constable's eyes and to learn from it that he must give his life sooner than let the door be opened. So with drawn sword he stood on guard.

It was eleven o'clock when the queen came, and midnight had struck from the great clock of the castle before the door opened again and Sapt came out. His sword was not drawn, but he had his revolver in his hand. He shut the door silently after him and began at once to talk in low, earnest, quick tones to Bernenstein. Bernenstein listened intently and without interrupting. Sapt's story ran on for eight or nine minutes. Then he paused, before asking:

"You understand now?"

"Yes, it is wonderful," said the young man, drawing in his breath.

"Pooh!" said Sapt. "Nothing is wonderful: some things are unusual."

Bernenstein was not convinced, and shrugged his shoulders in protest.

"Well?" said the constable, with a quick glance at him.

"I would die for the queen, sir," he answered, clicking his heels together as though on parade.

"Good," said Sapt. "Then listen," and he began again to talk. Bernenstein nodded from time to time. "You'll meet him at the gate," said the constable, "and bring him straight here. He's not to go anywhere else, you understand me?"

"Perfectly, Colonel," smiled young Bernenstein.

"The king will be in this room—the king. You know who is the king?"

"Perfectly, Colonel."

"And when the interview is ended, and we go to breakfast——"

"I know who will be the king then. Yes, Colonel."

"Good. But we do him no harm unless——"

"It is necessary."

"Precisely."

Sapt turned away with a little sigh. Bernenstein was an apt pupil, but the colonel was exhausted by so much explanation. He knocked softly at the door of the room. The queen's voice bade him enter, and he passed in. Bernenstein was left alone again in the passage, pondering over what he had heard and rehearsing the part that it now fell to him to play. As he thought he may well have raised his head proudly. The service seemed so great and the honor so high, that he almost wished he could die in the performing of his *rôle*. It would be a finer death than his soldier's dreams had dared to picture.

At one o'clock Colonel Sapt came out.

"Go to bed till six," said he to Bernenstein.

"I'm not sleepy."

"No, but you will be at eight if you don't sleep now."

"Is the queen coming out, Colonel?"

"In a minute, Lieutenant."

"I should like to kiss her hand."

"Well, if you think it worth waiting a quarter of an hour for!" said Sapt, with a slight smile.

"You said a minute, sir."

"So did she," answered the constable.

Nevertheless it was a quarter of an hour before Rudolf Rassendyll opened the door and the queen appeared on the threshold. She was very pale, and she had been crying, but her eyes were happy and her air firm. The moment he saw her, young Bernenstein fell on his knee and raised her hand to his lips.

"To the death, madame," said he, in a trembling voice.

"I knew it, sir," she answered graciously. Then she looked round on the three of them. "Gentlemen," said she, "my servants and dear friends, with you, and with Fritz who lies wounded in Wintenberg, rest my honor and my life; for I will not live if the letter reaches the king."

"The king shall not have it, madame," said Colonel Sapt.

He took her hand in his and patted it with a clumsy gentleness; smiling, she extended it again to young Bernenstein, in mark of her favor. They two then stood at the salute, while Rudolf walked with her to the end of the passage. There for a moment she and he stood together; the others turned their eyes away and thus did not see her suddenly stoop and cover his hand with her kisses. He tried to draw it away, not thinking it fit that she should kiss his hand, but she seemed as though she could not let it go. Yet at last, still with her eyes on his, she passed backwards through the door, and he shut it after her.

"Now to business," said Colonel Sapt dryly; and Rudolf laughed a little.

Rudolf passed into the room. Sapt went to the king's apartments, and asked the physician whether his Majesty were sleeping well. Receiving reassuring news of the royal slumbers, he proceeded to the quarters of the king's body-servant, knocked up the sleepy wretch, and ordered breakfast for the king and the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim at nine o'clock precisely, in the morning-room that looked out over the avenue leading to the entrance of the new *chateau*. This done, he returned to the room where Rudolf was, carried a chair into the passage, bade Rudolf lock the door, sat down, revolver in hand, and himself went to sleep. Young Bernenstein was in bed just now, taken faint, and the constable himself was acting as his substitute; that was to be the story, if a story were needed. Thus the hours from two to six passed that morning in the castle of Zenda.

At six the constable awoke and knocked at the door; Rudolf Rassendyll opened it.

"Slept well?" asked Sapt.

"Not a wink," answered Rudolf cheerfully.

"I thought you had more nerve."

"It wasn't want of nerve that kept me awake," said Mr. Rassendyll.

Sapt, with a pitying shrug, looked round. The curtains of the window were half-drawn. The table was moved near to the wall, and the armchair by it was well in shadow, being quite close to the curtains.

"There's plenty of room for you behind," said Rudolf; "and when Rischenheim is seated in his chair opposite to mine, you can put your barrel against his head by just stretching out your hand. And of course I can do the same."

"Yes, it looks well enough," said Sapt, with an approving nod.

"What about the beard?"

"Bernenstein is to tell him you've shaved this morning."

"Will he believe that?"

"Why not? For his own sake he'd better believe everything."

"And if we have to kill him?"

"We must run for it. The king would be furious."

"He's fond of him?"

"You forget. He wants to know about the dogs."

"True. You'll be in your place in time?"

"Of course."

Rudolf Rassendyll took a turn up and down the room. It was easy to see that the events of the night had disturbed him. Sapt's thoughts were running in a different channel.

"When we've done with this fellow, we must find Rupert," said he.

Rudolf started.

"Rupert? Rupert? True; I forgot. Of course we must," said he confusedly.

Sapt looked scornful; he knew that his companion's mind had been occupied with the queen. But his remarks—if he had meditated any—were interrupted by the clock striking seven.

"He'll be here in an hour," said he.

"We're ready for him," answered Rudolf Rassendyll. With the thought of action his eyes grew bright and his brow smooth again. He and old Sapt looked at one another, and they both smiled.

"Like old times, isn't it, Sapt?"

"Aye, sire, like the reign of good King Rudolf."

Thus they made ready for the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim, while my cursed wound held me a prisoner at Wintenberg. It is still a sorrow to me that I know what passed that morning only by report, and had not the honor of bearing a part in it. Still, her Majesty did not forget me, but remembered that I would have taken my share, had fortune allowed. Indeed I would most eagerly.

CHAPTER V.

AN AUDIENCE OF THE KING.

HAVING come thus far in the story that I set out to tell, I have half a mind to lay down my pen, and leave untold how from the moment that Mr. Rassendyll came again to Zenda a fury of chance seemed to catch us all in a whirlwind, carrying us whither we would not, and ever driving us onwards to fresh enterprises, breathing into us a recklessness that stood at no obstacle, and a devotion to the queen and to the man she loved that swept away all other feeling. The ancients held there to be a fate which would have its fill, though women wept and men died, and none could tell whose was the guilt nor who fell innocent. Thus did they blindly wrong God's providence. Yet, save that we are taught to believe that all is ruled, we are as blind as they, and are still left wondering why all that is true and generous and love's own fruit must turn so often to woe and shame, exacting tears and blood. For myself I would leave the thing untold, lest a word of it should seem to stain her whom I serve; it is by her own command I write, that all may one day, in time's fullness, be truly known, and those condemn who are without sin, while they pity whose own hearts have fought the equal fight. So much for her and him; for us less needs be said. It was not ours to weigh her actions: we served her; him we had served. She was our queen; we bore heaven a grudge that he was not our king. The worst of what befell was not of our own planning, no, nor of our hoping. It came a thunderbolt from the hand of Rupert, flung carelessly between a curse and a laugh; its coming entangled us more tightly in the net of circumstances. Then there arose in us that strange and overpowering desire of which I must tell later, filling us with a zeal to accomplish our purpose, and to force Mr. Rassendyll himself into the way we chose. Led by this star, we pressed on through the darkness, until at length the deeper darkness fell that stayed our steps. We also stand for judgment, even as she and he. So I will write; but I will write plainly and briefly, setting down what I must, and no more, yet seeking to give truly the picture of that time, and to preserve as long as may be the portrait of the man whose like I have not known. Yet the fear is always upon me that, failing to show him as he was, I may fail also in gaining an understanding of how he wrought on us, one and all, till his cause became in all things the right, and to seat him where he should be our highest duty and our nearest wish. For he said little, and that straight to the purpose; no high-flown words of his live in my memory. And he asked nothing for himself. Yet his speech and his eyes went straight to men's hearts and women's, so that they held their lives in an eager attendance on his bidding. Do I rave? Then Sapt was a raver too, for Sapt was foremost in the business.

At ten minutes to eight o'clock, young Bernenstein, very admirably and smartly accoutred, took his stand outside the main entrance of the castle. He wore a confident air that became almost a swagger as he strolled to and fro past the motionless

sentries. He had not long to wait. On the stroke of eight a gentleman, well-horsed but entirely unattended, rode up the carriage drive. Bernenstein, crying "Ah, it is the count!" ran to meet him. Rischenheim dismounted, holding out his hand to the young officer.

"My dear Bernenstein!" said he, for they were acquainted with one another.

"You're punctual, my dear Rischenheim, and it's lucky, for the king awaits you most impatiently."

"I didn't expect to find him up so soon," remarked Rischenheim.

"Up! He's been up these two hours. Indeed we've had the devil of a time of it. Treat him carefully, my dear Count; he's in one of his troublesome humors. For example—but I mustn't keep you waiting. Pray follow me."

"No, but pray tell me. Otherwise I might say something unfortunate."

"Well, he woke at six; and when the barber came to trim his beard there were —imagine it, Count!—no less than seven gray hairs. The king fell into a passion. 'Take it off,' he said. 'Take it off. I won't have a gray beard! Take it off!' Well, what would you? A man is free to be shaved if he chooses, so much more a king. So it's taken off."

"His beard!"

"His beard, my dear Count. Then, after thanking heaven it was gone, and declaring he looked ten years younger, he cried, 'The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim breakfasts with me to-day: what is there for breakfast?' And he had the *chef* out of his bed and— But, by heavens, I shall get into trouble if I stop here chattering. He's waiting most eagerly for you. Come along." And Bernenstein, passing his arm through the count's, walked him rapidly into the castle.

The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim was a young man; he was no more versed in affairs of this kind than Bernenstein, and it cannot be said that he showed so much aptitude for them. He was decidedly pale this morning; his manner was uneasy, and his hands trembled. He did not lack courage, but that rarer virtue, coolness; and the importance—or perhaps the shame—of his mission upset the balance of his nerves. Hardly noting where he went, he allowed Bernenstein to lead him quickly and directly towards the room where Rudolf Rassendyll was, not doubting that he was being conducted to the king's presence.

"Breakfast is ordered for nine," said Bernenstein, "but he wants to see you before. He has something important to say; and you perhaps have the same?"

"I? Oh, no. A small matter; but—er—of a private nature."

"Quite so, quite so. Oh, I don't ask any questions, my dear Count."

"Shall I find the king alone?" asked Rischenheim nervously.

"I don't think you'll find anybody with him; no, nobody, I think," answered Bernenstein, with a grave and reassuring air.

They arrived now at the door. Here Bernenstein paused.

"I am ordered to wait outside till his Majesty summons me," he said in a low voice, as though he feared that the irritable king would hear him. "I'll open the door and announce you. Pray keep him in a good temper, for all our sakes." And he flung the door open, saying, "Sire, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim has the honor to wait on your Majesty." With this he shut the door promptly, and stood against it. Nor did he move, save once, and then only to take out his revolver and carefully inspect it.

The count advanced, bowing low, and striving to conceal a visible agitation. He saw the king in his arm-chair; the king wore a suit of brown tweeds (none the better for being crushed into a bundle the night before); his face was in deep shadow, but Rischenheim perceived that the beard was indeed gone. The king held out his hand to Rischenheim, and motioned him to sit in a chair just opposite to him and within a foot of the window-curtains.

"I'm delighted to see you, my lord," said the king.

Rischenheim looked up. Rudolf's voice had once been so like the king's that no man could tell the difference, but in the last year or two the king's had grown weaker, and Rischenheim seemed to be struck by the vigor of the tones in which he was addressed. As he looked up, there was a slight movement in the curtains by him; it died away when the count gave no further signs of suspicion, but Rudolf had noticed his surprise: the voice, when it next spoke, was subdued.

"Most delighted," pursued Mr. Rassendyll. "For I am pestered beyond endurance about those dogs. I can't get the coats right. I've tried everything, but they won't come as I wish. Now, yours are magnificent."

"You are very good, sire. But I ventured to ask an audience in order to——"

"Positively you must tell me about the dogs. And before Sapt comes, for I want nobody to hear but myself."

"Your Majesty expects Colonel Sapt?"

"In about twenty minutes," said the king, with a glance at the clock on the mantelpiece.

At this Rischenheim became all on fire to get his errand done before Sapt appeared.

"The coats of your dogs," pursued the king, "grow so beautifully——"

"A thousand pardons, sire, but——"

"Long and silky, that I despair of——"

"I have a most urgent and important matter," persisted Rischenheim in agony.

Rudolf threw himself back in his chair with a peevish air.

"Well, if you must, you must. What is this great affair, Count? Let us have it over, and then you can tell me about the dogs."

Rischenheim looked round the room. There was nobody; the curtains were still; the king's left hand caressed his beardless chin; the right was hidden from his visitor by the small table that stood between them.

"Sire, my cousin, the Count of Hentzau, has entrusted me with a message."

Rudolf suddenly assumed a stern air.

"I can hold no communication, directly or indirectly, with the Count of Hentzau," said he.

"Pardon me, sire, pardon me. A document has come into the count's hands which is of vital importance to your Majesty."

"The Count of Hentzau, my lord, has incurred my heaviest displeasure."

"Sire, it is in the hopes of atoning for his offences that he has sent me here today. There is a conspiracy against your Majesty's honor."

"By whom, my lord?" asked Rudolf, in cold and doubting tones.

"By those who are very near your Majesty's person and very high in your Majesty's love."

"Name them."

"Sire, I dare not. You would not believe me. But your Majesty will believe written evidence."

"Show it me, and quickly. We may be interrupted."

"Sire, I have a copy——"

"Oh, a copy, my lord?" sneered Rudolf.

"My cousin has the original, and will forward it at your Majesty's command. A copy of a letter of her Majesty's——"

"Of the queen's?"

"Yes, sire. It is addressed to——" Rischenheim paused.

"Well, my lord, to whom?"

"To a Mr. Rudolf Rassendyll."

Now Rudolf played his part well. He did not feign indifference, but allowed his voice to tremble with emotion as he stretched out his hand and said in a hoarse whisper, "Give it me, give it me."

Rischenheim's eyes sparkled. His shot had told: the king's attention was his; the coats of the dogs were forgotten. Plainly he had stirred the suspicions and jealousy of the king.

"My cousin," he continued, "conceives it his duty to lay the letter before your Majesty. He obtained it——"

"A curse on how he got it! Give it me!"

Rischenheim unbuttoned his coat, then his waistcoat. The head of a revolver showed in a belt round his waist. He undid the flap of a pocket in the lining of his waistcoat, and he began to draw out a sheet of paper.

But Rudolf, great as his powers of self-control were, was but human. When he saw the paper, he leant forward, half rising from his chair. As a result, his face came beyond the shadow of the curtain, and the full morning light beat on it. As Rischenheim took the paper out, he looked up. He saw the face that glared so eagerly at him; his eyes met Rassendyll's: a sudden suspicion seized him, for the face, though the king's face in every feature, bore a stern resolution and witnessed a vigor that were not the king's. In that instant the truth, or a hint of it, flashed across his mind. He gave a half-articulate cry; in one hand he crumpled up the paper, the other flew to his revolver. But he was too late. Rudolf's left hand encircled his hand and the paper in an iron grip; Rudolf's revolver was on his temple; and an arm was stretched out from behind the curtain, holding another barrel full before his eyes, while a dry voice said, "You'd best take it quietly." Then Sapt stepped out.

Rischenheim had no words to meet the sudden transformation of the interview. He seemed to be able to do nothing but stare at Rudolf Rassendyll. Sapt wasted no time. He snatched the count's revolver and stowed it in his own pocket.

"Now take the paper," said he to Rudolf, and his barrel held Rischenheim motionless while Rudolf wrenched the precious document from his fingers. "Look

if it's the right one. No, don't read it through; just look. Is it right? That's good. Now put your revolver to his head again. I'm going to search him. Stand up, sir."

They compelled the count to stand up, and Sapt subjected him to a search that made the concealment of another copy, or of any other document, impossible. Then they let him sit down again. His eyes seemed fascinated by Rudolf Rassendyll.

"Yet you've seen me before, I think," smiled Rudolf. "I seem to remember you as a boy in Strelsau when I was there. Now tell us, sir, where did you leave this cousin of yours?" For the plan was to find out from Rischenheim where Rupert was, and to set off in pursuit of Rupert as soon as they had disposed of Rischenheim.

But even as Rudolf spoke there was a violent knock at the door. Rudolf sprang to open it. Sapt and his revolver kept their places. Bernenstein was on the threshold, open-mouthed.

"The king's servant has just gone by. He's looking for Colonel Sapt. The king has been walking in the drive, and learnt from a sentry of Rischenheim's arrival. I told the man that you had taken the count for a stroll round the castle, and I did not know where you were. He says that the king may come himself at any moment."

Sapt considered for one short instant; then he was back by the prisoner's side.

"We must talk again later on," he said, in low quick tones. "Now you're going to breakfast with the king. I shall be there, and Bernenstein. Remember, not a word of your errand, not a word of this gentleman! At a word, a sign, a hint, a gesture, a motion, as God lives, I'll put a bullet through your head, and a thousand kings shan't stop me. Rudolf, get behind the curtain. If there's an alarm you must jump through the window into the moat and swim for it."

"All right," said Rudolf Rassendyll. "I can read my letter there."

"Burn it, you fool."

"When I've read it I'll eat it, if you like, but not before."

Bernenstein looked in again. "Quick, quick! The man will be back," he whispered.

"Bernenstein, did you hear what I said to the count?"

"Yes, I heard."

"Then you know your part. Now, gentlemen, to the king."

"Well," said an angry voice outside, "I wondered how long I was to be kept waiting."

Rudolf Rassendyll skipped behind the curtain. Sapt's revolver slipped into a handy pocket. Rischenheim stood with arms dangling by his side and his waistcoat half unbuttoned. Young Bernenstein was bowing low on the threshold, and protesting that the king's servant had but just gone, and that they were on the point of waiting on his Majesty. Then the king walked in, pale and full-bearded.

"Ah, Count," said he, "I'm glad to see you. If they had told me you were here, you shouldn't have waited a minute. You're very dark in here, Sapt. Why don't you draw back the curtains?" and the king moved towards the curtain behind which Rudolf was.

"Allow me, sire," cried Sapt, darting past him and laying a hand on the curtain.

A malicious gleam of pleasure shot into Rischenheim's eyes.

"In truth, sire," continued the constable, his hand on the curtain, "we were so interested in what the count was saying about his dogs——"

"By heaven, I forgot!" cried the king. "Yes, yes, the dogs. Now tell me, Count——"

"Your pardon, sire," put in young Bernenstein, "but breakfast waits."

"Yes, yes. Well, then, we'll have them together—breakfast and the dogs. Come along, Count." The king passed his arm through Rischenheim's, adding to Bernenstein, "Lead the way, Lieutenant; and you, Colonel, come with us."

They went out. Sapt stopped and locked the door behind him.

"Why do you lock the door, Colonel?" asked the king.

"There are some papers in my drawer there, sire."

"But why not lock the drawer?"

"I have lost the key, sire, like the fool I am," said the colonel.

The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim did not make a very good breakfast. He sat opposite to the king. Colonel Sapt placed himself at the back of the king's chair, and Rischenheim saw the muzzle of a revolver resting on the top of the chair just behind his Majesty's right ear. Bernenstein stood in soldierly rigidity by the door; Rischenheim looked round at him once and met a most significant gaze.

"You're eating nothing," said the king. "I hope you're not indisposed?"

"I am a little upset, sire," stammered Rischenheim, and truly enough.

"Well, tell me about the dogs while I eat, for I'm hungry."

Rischenheim began to disclose his secret. His statement was decidedly wanting in clearness. The king grew impatient.

"I don't understand," said he testily, and he pushed his chair back so quickly that Sapt skipped away, and hid the revolver behind his back.

"Sire—" cried Rischenheim, half rising. A cough from Lieutenant von Bernenstein interrupted him.

"Tell it me all over again," said the king.

Rischenheim did as he was bid.

"Ah, I understand a little better now. Do you see, Sapt?" and he turned his head round towards the constable. Sapt had just time to whisk the revolver away. The count leant forward towards the king. Lieutenant von Bernenstein coughed. The count sank back again.

"Perfectly, sire," said Colonel Sapt. "I understand all the count wishes to convey to your Majesty."

"Well, I understand about half," said the king with a laugh. "But perhaps that'll be enough."

"I think quite enough, sire," answered Sapt with a smile.

The important matter of the dogs being thus disposed of, the king recollected that the count had asked for an audience on a matter of business.

"Now, what did you wish to say to me?" he asked, with a weary air. The dogs had been more interesting.

Rischenheim looked at Sapt. The revolver was in its place; Bernenstein coughed again. Yet he saw a chance.

"Your pardon, sire," said he, "but we are not alone."

The king lifted his eyebrows.

"Is the business so private?" he asked.

"I should prefer to tell it to your Majesty alone," pleaded the count.

Now Sapt was resolved not to leave Rischenheim alone with the king, for, although the count, being robbed of his evidence, could do little harm concerning the letter, he would doubtless tell the king that Rudolf Rassendyll was in the castle. He leant now over the king's shoulder, and said with a sneer:

"Messages from Rupert of Hentzau are too exalted matters for my poor ears, it seems."

The king flushed red.

"Is that your business, my lord?" he asked Rischenheim sternly.

"Your Majesty does not know what my cousin——"

"It is the old plea?" interrupted the king. "He wants to come back? Is that all, or is there anything else?"

A moment's silence followed the king's words. Sapt looked full at Rischenheim, and smiled as he slightly raised his right hand and showed the revolver. Bernenstein coughed twice. Rischenheim sat twisting his fingers. He understood that, cost what it might, they would not let him declare his errand to the king or betray Mr. Rassendyll's presence. He cleared his throat and opened his mouth as if to speak, but still he remained silent.

"Well, my lord, is it the old story or something new?" asked the king impatiently.

Again Rischenheim sat silent.

"Are you dumb, my lord?" cried the king most impatiently.

"It—it is—only what you call the old story, sire."

"Then let me say that you have treated me very badly in obtaining an audience of me for any such purpose," said the king. "You knew my decision, and your cousin knows it." Thus speaking, the king rose; Sapt's revolver slid into his pocket; but Lieutenant von Bernenstein drew his sword and stood at the salute; he also coughed.

"My dear Rischenheim," pursued the king more kindly, "I can allow for your natural affection. But, believe me, in this case it misleads you. Do me the favor not to open this subject again to me."

Rischenheim, humiliated and angry, could do nothing but bow in acknowledgment of the king's rebuke.

"Colonel Sapt, see that the count is well entertained. My horse should be at the door by now. Farewell, Count. Bernenstein, give me your arm."

Bernenstein shot a rapid glance at the constable. Sapt nodded reassuringly. Bernenstein sheathed his sword and gave his arm to the king. They passed through the door, and Bernenstein closed it with a backward push of his hand. But at this moment Rischenheim, goaded to fury and desperate at the trick played on him—seeing, moreover, that he had now only one man to deal with—made a sudden rush at the door. He reached it, and his hand was on the door-knob. But Sapt was upon him, and Sapt's revolver was at his ear.

In the passage the king stopped.

"What are they doing in there?" he

asked, hearing the noise of the quick movements.

"I don't know, sire," said Bernenstein, and he took a step forward.

"No, stop a minute, Lieutenant; you're pulling me along!"

"A thousand pardons, sire."

"I hear nothing more now." And there was nothing to hear, for the two now stood dead silent inside the door.

"Nor I, sire. Will your Majesty go on?" And Bernenstein took another step.

"You're determined I shall," said the king with a laugh, and he let the young officer lead him away.

Inside the room, Rischenheim stood with his back against the door. He was panting for breath, and his face was flushed and working with excitement. Opposite to him stood Sapt, revolver in hand.

"Till you get to heaven, my lord," said the constable, "you'll never be nearer to it than you were in that moment. If you had opened the door, I'd have shot you through the head."

As he spoke there came a knock at the door.

"Open it," he said brusquely to Rischenheim. With a muttered curse the count obeyed him. A servant stood outside with a telegram on a salver. "Take it," whispered Sapt, and Rischenheim put out his hand.

"Your pardon, my lord, but this has arrived for you," said the man respectfully.

"Take it," whispered Sapt again.

"Give it me," muttered Rischenheim confusedly; and he took the envelope.

The servant bowed and shut the door.

"Open it," commanded Sapt.

"God's curse on you!" cried Rischenheim in a voice that choked with passion.

"Eh? Oh, you can have no secrets from so good a friend as I am, my lord. Be quick and open it."

The count began to open it.

"If you tear it up, or crumple it, I'll shoot you," said Sapt quietly. "You know you can trust my word. Now read it."

"By God, I won't read it."

"Read it, I tell you, or say your prayers."

The muzzle was within a foot of his head. He unfolded the telegram. Then he looked at Sapt. "Read," said the constable.

"I don't understand what it means," grumbled Rischenheim.

"Possibly I may be able to help you."

"It's nothing but——"

"Read, my lord, read!"

Then he read, and this was the telegram:

"Holf, 19 Königstrasse."

"A thousand thanks, my lord. And—the place it's despatched from?"

"Strelsau."

"Just turn it so that I can see. Oh, I don't doubt you, but seeing is believing. Ah, thanks. It's as you say. You're puzzled what it means, Count?"

"I don't know at all what it means!"

"How strange! Because I can guess so well."

"You are very acute, sir."

"It seems to me a simple thing to guess, my lord."

"And pray," said Rischenheim, endeavoring to assume an easy and sarcastic air, "what does your wisdom tell you that the message means?"

"I think, my lord, that the message is an address."

"An address! I never thought of that. But I know no Holf."

"I don't think it's Holf's address."

"Whose, then?" asked Rischenheim, biting his nail, and looking furtively at the constable.

"Why," said Sapt, "the present address of Count Rupert of Hentzau."

As he spoke, he fixed his eyes on the eyes of Rischenheim. He gave a short, sharp laugh, then put his revolver in his pocket and bowed to the count.

"In truth, you are very convenient, my dear Count," said he.

* * * * *

(To be continued.)

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, "MARK TWAIN."

A CHARACTER SKETCH BY ROBERT BARR.

THE world loves a label. It likes to classify its men and things, docket them, and arrange them nicely on its shelves, each in the proper place. This habit probably arises from the fact that, ever since the indiscretion of Adam, mankind has been compelled to make a living, and has found through long practice that method in business leads to success; therefore man has become a labeling animal, so inured to the vice that he carries it into provinces where it does not legitimately belong. Sometimes there drifts across the sea of life a man whom the world cannot fit into any of its prearranged pigeonholes, and him it either ignores or turns upon and rends, perhaps crucifying him. The person who interferes with these labels is never popular, and is usually howled down when he tries to show that William Tell never existed, or that William Shakespeare's works were written by Bacon, or that Nero was a just and humane monarch, or that Solomon couldn't have been so wise as reported, otherwise he would not have been so frequently married. Therefore I expect little sympathy from the intelligent reader when I detach from Mark Twain the card with the word "humorist" written upon it in large characters, and venture to consider the man uninfluenced by the ready-made verdict of the label.

I do not know whether this magazine has reproduced the photograph of Mark Twain which I have before me as I write: the one taken by Alfred Ellis of London, which is, I believe, the latest; but if not, another will do as well, and I invite the reader's critical attention to it.* Any portrait of Mark Twain shows a strong face, worthy of serious study. The broad, intellectual brow, the commanding, penetrating eye, the firm, well-molded chin, give the world assurance of a man. Recently I had an opportunity of getting an opinion on this photograph; an opinion unbiassed by the label. I was traveling through France, and on the train made the acquaintance of a silk manufacturer of Lyons, who was as well versed in men and their affairs as he was ignorant of books. Nevertheless, I was amazed to learn that he had never heard of Mark Twain, and, as I had merely mentioned the name, giving him no indication of what it signified, I took the photograph from my pocket, and handed it to the Frenchman.

"That is a good representation of him," I said, "and as you have seen most of the great personages of Europe, tell me what this man is."

He gazed intently at the picture for a few moments; then spoke: "I should say he was a statesman."

"Supposing you wrong in that, what would be your next guess?"

"If he is not a maker of history, he is perhaps a writer of it; a great historian, probably. Of course, it is impossible for me to guess accurately except by accident, but I use the adjective because I am convinced that this man is great in his line, whatever it is. If he makes silk, he makes the *best* silk."

"You couldn't improve on that if you tried a year. You have summed him up in your last sentence."

I am convinced that in Samuel L. Clemens America has lost one of its greatest statesmen; one of its most notable Presidents. If he had been born a little earlier, and if the storm-center of politics had been whirling a little further to the west forty years ago, it is quite conceivable that to-day we should be reverencing President Samuel Clemens as the man who, with firm hand on the tiller, steered his country successfully through the turbulent rapids that lay ahead of it, and that we might have known Abraham Lincoln only as a teller of funny stories. In this lies the glory of America, that in every State, perhaps in every county, we have an Abraham Lincoln, or a U. S. Grant, ready to act their parts, silently, honestly, and modestly, when grim necessity brushes aside the blatant incompetents whom, with a careless, optimistic confidence, we ordinarily put into high places. The world has now, without a single dissenting voice, elevated Lincoln to the highest pedestal a statesman can attain;

* The portrait of Mark Twain mentioned by Mr. Barr was reproduced as the frontispiece of the November number of McCLURE'S.—EDITOR.

but the world has a short memory, and it forgets that at the first it strove with equal unanimity, East and West, on the continent of America no less than on the continent of Europe, to place the label "clown" on his back. I saw the other day a book of cartoons on the great President, taken from American and European sources, which strike the modern eye as little short of blasphemous. However, the paste never got time to dry, and the label did not stick.

Mr. Clemens was hardly so fortunate. In early life he conjured up the cap and bells, and the bells jingled a merry, golden tune. And now when he attempts to do a serious piece of work, the bells ring as they used to do in that somber play which Henry Irving has placed so effectively before us. Yet Fate made some effort to save Mark Twain from this canorous shadowing. The publishers had "The Innocents Abroad" all set up, printed, and bound for nearly two years, but were afraid to issue it, thinking it might not be popular, so different was it from anything they had ever seen before. It came forth at last practically under compulsion, for the indignant author gave them, in a telegraph message, the choice of publishing the book or appearing before the law courts. They took the former alternative, and the instant success of the volume stamped Mark Twain as the humorist of America, if not of the world. Thus it comes about that all of the multitudinous articles which have appeared since then upon the writer of this book have treated of him entirely as the funny man, and have ignored the fact that he has eminent qualities which are no less worthy of consideration.

I think I may claim with truth that I know Mr. Clemens somewhat intimately, and I have no hesitation in saying that, although I have as keen an appreciation of humor as the next man, humor is merely a small part of his mental equipment; perhaps the smallest part. You have but to look at the man to realize this. His face is the face of a Bismarck. I have always regarded him as the typical American, if there is such a person. If ever the eyes and the beak of the American eagle were placed into and on a man's face, Samuel L. Clemens is that man. In the first published description of him, written more than thirty years ago, Dr. Hingston says, "His eyes are light and twinkling." In the most recent article, Mr. Stead says: "His eyes are gray and kindly looking." They are kindly-looking, for the man himself is kindly, and naturally his eyes give some index of this, but their eagle-like, searching, penetrating quality seems to me their striking peculiarity. They are eyes that look into the future; that can read a man through and through. I should hate to do anything particularly mean and then have to meet the eyes of Mark Twain. I know I should be found out.

It is an achievement for a man once labeled to meet success outside of what the public consider to be his line. This Mark Twain has done. "The Prince and the Pauper" is certainly one of the very best historical novels that ever was written, and if it had not appeared, some popular books which might be mentioned would not now be in existence. "Joan of Arc" has been hailed by several of the most distinguished critics of Europe as a distinct gain to the serious literature of this country. In "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" the author ran counter, not only to his own label, but to a labeled section of history. The age of Arthur has been labeled "sentimental," and the iconoclast who stirred it up with the inflexible crowbar of fact and showed under what hard and revolting conditions the ordinary man then existed, naturally brought upon himself the censure of the Slaves of the Label. But these are three books which, aside from their intrinsic interest, cause a man to think; and I hope that some day Mr. Clemens will turn his attention to American history and give us a volume or two which will be illuminating.

There is a popular idea that Mark Twain is an indolent man, but as a matter of fact, I never knew one who was so indomitably industrious. As he has said to me on more than one occasion, no man is indolent on a subject that absorbingly concerns him, and in his writing Mark Twain is indefatigable, destroying more manuscript that does not entirely satisfy him than probably any other writer. His endeavor is to get his sentences as perfect as possible when first written, and not to depend on after correction, either in manuscript or proof. In the construction of the sentence, in the careful selection of the exact word, he has the genius that consists in taking infinite pains. In theory he labors each day from eleven to four or half-past, and is content if he achieves 1,800 words; but in practice he is apt to work on and on unless somebody drags him away from his task, so completely does

he lose himself in what he is doing. On several occasions, when living near him on the continent of Europe, I have acted as his quitting-bell, and called in on him when it was time for him to cease working, so that we might take our pre-arranged walk together; but whether I interrupted him at four, or at five, or at six, or at seven, he generally said, "Is time up already? Just let me finish this sentence, and I'll be with you." Then, when he had forgotten me, I had usually to upset a chair or fall over a sofa to recall myself to his attention. If left entirely alone, he would break the record as far as a day's work is concerned. He cannot dictate, nor does he use a typewriter; a fountain-pen is his utmost concession to modernity. His handwriting is as legible as print, and he invariably uses note paper, which he tears off, sheet after sheet, after about 150 words have been written to the page.

Mr. Clemens is a most kindly man, and I have been amazed at the amount of time he wastes in writing letters of counsel or encouragement to utter strangers who have the brazen cheek to make this or that demand upon his energies; but as I was once one of those strangers myself, I cannot censure this practice with the emphasis it undoubtedly deserves—I am handicapped by my own guilt. As an instance of this, or perhaps I should say, as six instances, I now give some account of how he has obtained places for young men who desired to become journalists and who wrote to him invoking his aid in the furtherance of that ambition.

MARK TWAIN'S "SYSTEM" FOR FINDING EMPLOYMENT.

The strong common sense of Mr. Clemens must have struck every one who has been brought into contact with him, and I think the facts I here set down are proof of this faculty. It seems to me that his advice to would-be reporters is so good that it is a pity it should be given to individuals rather than to the general public, for it applies not to journalism alone, but to every department of effort. At the time the incidents were related to me, I put them down in my note-book, and I have endeavored to reproduce them as nearly as may be in Mr. Clemens's own words. Happily there is no time before this article appears to submit a proof to him, and so I cannot guarantee absolute accuracy; but on the other hand, I run no risk of having it vetoed and thus lost to the world; and in apologizing to him, I beg to add the time-honored formula of journalism, that our columns are open to him should he desire to make any correction.

Mr. Clemens invented a "system" once; perhaps one might be allowed to call it a philosophy.

It was thirty-five years ago. He and Jim were cabin-mates in a new silver-mining camp away off in a corner of Nevada. They had spent weeks in vain prospecting; their money was about out; they found themselves compelled to throw their tools aside for a while and hunt up a salaried situation of one kind or another. When I say "they," I mean Jim; for he was of powerful build and stood a chance, whereas his partner was feeble and stood none. Jim went over into the valley where the quartz mills were, and tried to get a situation, but there was not a vacancy of any kind. Things looked dark for them. They sat around many hours, gloomily brooding and thinking. Then necessity, the mother of invention, came suddenly and unexpectedly to the help of the weaker comrade. A scheme was born to Clemens, a scheme founded upon a common foible of our human nature. He believed it would work, but thought he would not expose it to criticism and almost certain derision until he had privately tested it. Clemens said to Jim:

"Which mill would you rather have a situation in?"

"Oh, the Morning Star, of course; but they are full; there wasn't the least show there; I knew it before I went."

"Very well, I will go and see if they will give me a place. When I get it I will turn it over to you."

It was a sad time, but Jim almost smiled at the idea. He said:

"*When* you get it. It was well to put that in. If they've no place for me, what do you suppose they want with an arrested development like you?"

Jim was surprised when Clemens started. He had not supposed that his partner was in earnest.

Clemens arrived, and asked the foreman for work. It would have been natural for the foreman to laugh, but he was not the laughing sort. He said promptly:

"All full!" and was turning away, but the young man said:

"I know that, but if you will let me tell you"—and Clemens went on and told him the project. He listened, a little impatiently at first, then tolerantly, and

finally sympathetically—yes, with even a distinct friendliness in his eye. When the youth had finished, the foreman said:

"All right, my boy. It is a queer notion, and rather unusual, I must say. Still, it's your own proposition, and if you are satisfied with it, shed your coat and begin."

At the end of a week Clemens was back at the cabin, pretty well worn out. Jim said:

"Why, how you look! What have you been doing?"

"Screening sand, sorting ore, feeding batteries, cleaning up amalgam, charging the pans, firing the retorts—oh, everything."

"Is that so? Did they give you a situation?"

"Yes."

"No!"

"Yes."

"What mill?"

"The Morning Star."

"What a lie."

"It isn't. It's true. And I've arranged for you to take my place Monday. Steady situation as long as you like. And you'll get wages, too. I didn't."

The closing remark discloses the magic secret of Clemens's "system," and he has worked the scheme many times since. Compressed into a sentence, the gospel of the system is this: Almost any man will give you a situation if you are willing to work for nothing; the salary will follow presently; you have only to wait a little, and be patient.

This plan floated Clemens into journalism; then into book-making, and other diversions followed. After a while, candidates for places on the daily press and for admission to the magazines began to apply to him for help. This was in 1870. They wanted him to use his "influence." It was a pleasant phrase, "influence"—and debauched his honesty. He could not bring himself to come out and acknowledge that he hadn't any, so he did what all the new hands do: wrote notes of introduction and recommendation to editors, although he knew that the focus of an editor's literary judgment could not be altered by such futilities. His notes accomplished nothing, so he reformed and stopped writing them.

HOW THE "SYSTEM" HAS WORKED.

But the applications did not cease. Then the "system" tested eight years before, in the mines, suggested itself, and he thought he would try it on these people. His first patient was a young stranger out West. He was blazingly anxious to become a journalist, and believed he had the proper stuff in him for the vocation; but he said he had no friends and no influence, and all his efforts to get work on newspapers had failed. He asked only the most moderate wages, yet he was always promptly snubbed, and could get no editor to listen to him. Clemens thought out a sermon for that young fellow, and in substance it was to this effect:—

Your project is unfair. The physician, the clergyman, the lawyer, the teacher, the architect, the sculptor, the painter, the engineer, all spend years and money in fitting themselves for their several professions, and none of them expects to be paid a penny for his services until his long apprenticeship is finished and his competency established. It is the same with the humbler trades. If you should go, equipped with your splendid ignorance, to the carpenter or the tinner or the shoemaker, and ask for a situation and wages, you would frighten those people; they would take you for a lunatic. And you would take me for a lunatic, if I should suggest that you go to them with such a proposition. Then why should you have the effrontery to ask an editor for employment and wages when you have served no apprenticeship to the trade of writing? And yet you are hardly to blame, for you have the rest of the world with you. It is a common superstition that a pen is a thing which——

However, never mind the rest; you get the idea. It was probably a good enough sermon, but Mr. Clemens has the impression that he did not send it. He did send a note, however, and it was to this effect:

"If you will obey my instructions strictly, I will get you a situation on a daily newspaper. You may select the paper yourself; also the city and State."

This note made the receiver glad. It made his heart bound. You could see it in his answer. It was the first time he had run across a Simon-pure benefactor of the old school. He promised, on honor, and gratefully, that whatever the instructions might be, he would not swerve from them a hair's breadth. And he named the journal of his choice. He chose high, too, but that was a good sign. Mr. Clemens framed the instructions and sent them, although he had an idea that they might dis-

appoint the applicant a little, but nothing was said about that.

Formula: (1) By a beneficent law of our human nature, every man is ready and willing to employ any young fellow who is honestly anxious to work—for nothing.

(2) A man once wonted to an employee and satisfied with him, is loath to part with him and give himself the trouble of breaking in a new man.

Let us practice upon these foibles.

Instructions: (1) You are to apply for work at the office of your choice.

(2) You are to go without recommendations. You are not to mention my name, nor any one's but your own.

(3) You are to say that you want no pay. That all you want is *work; any* kind of work—you make no stipulation; you are ready to sweep out, point the pencils, replenish the inkstands, hold copy, tidy up, keep the place in order, run errands—anything and everything; you are not particular. You are so tired of being idle that life is a burden to you; all you want is work and plenty of it. You do not want a pennyworth of remuneration. N. B.—You will get the place, whether the man be a generous one or a selfish one.

(4) You must not sit around and wait for the staff to find work for you to do. You must keep watch and find it for yourself. When you can't find it, invent it. You will be popular there pretty soon, and the boys will do you a good turn whenever they can. When you are on the street and see a thing that is worth reporting, go to the office and tell about it. By and by you will be allowed to put such things on paper yourself. In the morning you will notice that they have been edited, and a good many of your words left out—the very strongest and best ones, too. That will teach you to modify yourself. In due course you will drift by natural and sure degrees into daily and regular reporting, and will find yourself on the city editor's staff, without any one's quite knowing how or when you got there.

(5) By this time you have become necessary; possibly even indispensable. Still you are never to mention wages. That is a matter which will take care of itself; you must wait. By and by there will be a vacancy on a neighboring paper. You will know all the reporters in town by this time, and one or another of them will speak of you and you will be offered the place, at current wages. You will report this good fortune to your city editor, and he will offer you the same wages, and you will stay where you are.

(6) Subsequently, whenever higher pay is offered you on another paper, you are not to take the place if your original employer is willing to keep you at a like price.

These instructions were probably not quite what the young fellow was expecting, but he kept his word, and obeyed them to the letter. He applied for the situation, and got it without trouble. He kept his adviser acquainted with the steps of his progress. He began in the general utility line, and moved along up. Within a month he was on the city editor's staff. Within another month he was offered a place on another paper—with wages. His own employers "called the hand," and he remained where he was. Within the next four years, his salary was twice raised by the same process. Then he was given the berth of chief editor on a great daily down South, and there he still was when Mr. Clemens last heard of him.

His next patient was another stranger who wanted to try journalism and could not get an opening. He was very much gratified when he was told to choose his paper and he would be given a situation on it. He was less gratified when he learned the terms. Still he carried them out, got the place he wanted, and has been a reporter ever since.

The third patient followed the rules, and at the end of a month was made a sort of assistant editor of the paper, and he was also put under wages without his asking it: not high wages, for it was not a rich or prominent paper, but as good as he was worth. Six months later he was offered the chief editorship of a new daily in another town—a paper to be conducted by a chairman and directors—moneyed, arrogant, small-fry politicians. Mr. Clemens told him he was too meek a creature for the place: that he would be bundled out of it without apology in three months, and tried to persuade him to stay where he was and where his employment would be permanent; but the glory of a chief editorship was too dazzling, the salary was extravagant, and he went to his doom. He lasted less than three months, and was then hustled out with contumely. That was twenty years ago. His spirit was wounded to the death probably, for he has never applied for a place since, and has never had one of any kind.

The fourth candidate was a stranger. He obeyed the rules, got the place he named, became a good reporter and very

popular, was presently put under a good salary voluntarily, and remained at his post a year. Then he disappeared, greatly regretted. His creditors will lynch him when they get him. Or maybe they will elect him mayor; there are enough of them to make it unanimous.

The fifth man followed the rules, and went up and up till he became chief editor, then down and down until he became a lawyer.

No. 6 was a fine success. He chose his paper, and followed the rules strictly. In fifteen years he has climbed from a general utility youth to the top, and is now chief leader writer on one of the most widely known and successful daily journals in the world. He has never served any but the one employer. The same man pays his large salary to-day who took him, an unknown youth at nothing-and-find-himself, fifteen years ago.

These are genuine cases, and Mr. Clemens stated them truthfully. There are others, but these are enough to show that the "system" is a practical one and is soundly based.

And not uncomplimentarily based, for I think it is fair to assume that its real strength does not lie so much in man's selfish disposition to get something for nothing, as in his inability to rebuff with an ungenerous "no" a young fellow who is asking a wholly harmless and unexacting favor of him.

Since the system has succeeded so well in finding openings in journalism, it may perhaps be trusted to open a way into nearly any calling in the list of industries. So it is offered with confidence to young men and women who want situations and are without friends and influence.

AN INCIDENT OF '49.

By James H. Holmes.

IN the early spring of 1849 there collected in camps on the Kansas River, near the Missouri line, men from many Western States, intending to take the overland route to California. I joined a small party of these, made up for mutual protection while crossing the Plains. One member of our company was a young man who had left his Illinois home with a new, strong wagon, well loaded with everything deemed necessary to last him a year in the mines, and drawn by a pair of good horses. Of this team one had been a colt born and reared on his father's farm, and all its life the pet of the family.

For many weeks our journey was a delightful pleasure trip. The vast uninhabited country was strange, beautiful, and majestic. The pure air and exercise were exhilarating. Good appetites made our camp fare delicious. In high spirits we made our westward marches day by day. But when we had advanced several hundred miles, the horses of the Illinoisan began to show marks of the journey. In order to relieve them he cast away, from time to time, some of the heavier parts of their load. As we neared the Rocky Mountains, he found the wagon itself grown too heavy for them; he therefore exchanged the staunch vehicle he had brought from home for one lighter and much easier-running that some preceding traveler had left behind, and transferred most of his effects. Two hundred miles further on he exchanged this for a yet smaller conveyance that he found abandoned. But before he reached Great Salt Lake one horse died, and he was compelled to leave the last wagon and all his goods, except what the surviving horse was able to carry on his back. This horse now was lamentably worn, barely a semblance of the colt that with gay antics had amused the owner and his loved ones in the old days at home.

We came to the Great Salt Lake desert. Even men with stout hearts and vigorous bodies had perished from heat, thirst, and weariness, in crossing this withering waste; and terribly fatal had it been to the beasts that they had brought with them. The route was strewn with bleaching bones until they became a guide to the traveler and made it impossible for him to lose his way.

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At one point we came upon a pile of iron as high as a house, gathered from the wagons of travelers preceding us whose horses had perished. In this place of torment, from which each passer-by hur-

ried as he valued existence, half in pride of his achievement and half in sadness at his futile battle with dread nature, man after man had tarried long enough to contribute to this strange monument.

Having first taken a long, preparatory rest, we started one mid-afternoon to cross as much of the desert as possible during the night. We could carry but a scant supply of water, and only by covering all the distance possible while the sun was down could we hope to reach the water and grass beyond. After we entered on the last half of the passage, the Illinoisan's second horse failed until he could scarcely walk. The young man took the light pack from the horse's back and carried it himself, and, by frequent rests and calls of encouragement, tried, with infinite patience, to get him safely over. He succeeded in coaxing the poor animal along to within about six miles of the edge of the desert; then the horse stopped, completely exhausted, and no persuasion or force could induce him to take another step. He stood with his head drooped low, feet wide apart, scarcely a spark of life, and none of spirit, left in him.

The owner was overcome with grief at being compelled to leave his favorite thus to die, and we were sad in sympathy with him. Himself almost exhausted, and with heavy heart, he trudged on through the deep sand.

The approach to water after such a journey is a scene not easily described. The realization that relief is near gradually dawns on the mind of man and beast, and they nerve themselves to a last effort. Their spirits revive, the pace increases, and all eyes are strained for a glimpse of the spot where the craved-for water is. We toil on for perhaps another hour. Then, the water coming into view, there begins a mad rush. The horses defy all efforts to guide them, and dash into the stream, threatening their burdens and themselves with destruction. Panting they

"He stood with his head drooped low."

stand there, and they refuse to move until they are satiated.

The morning after the passage found us fully refreshed from water, food, and sleep—all but the Illinoisan; he could only think of his horse. So oppressive did the thought become to him finally, that he determined to go back and, if yet possible, give the creature one last drink. In his condition it appeared most unlikely that he could walk so far over a road where at each step one sank ankle-deep in sand, much less carry a burden of water. We tried earnestly to dissuade him from what we considered a foolhardy act, but nothing we could say changed his purpose. He borrowed a six-quart pail, filled it, and resolutely started. Slowly enough he traveled, and now and then he spilled some of the water; but finally he reached the horse. He found him standing motionless, as he had left him; he had not moved a step through the whole night. The water was now reduced to about two quarts. When the horse felt his nose wet by it, he gave a faint whinny, then opened his eyes and drank. In a short time he revived, started, and followed his master. With our shouts we welcomed them into camp.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Charles A. Dana,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

III.

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES AT VICKSBURG AND THE MEN IN COMMAND.

THE day after writing Mr. Stanton this letter* on the generals of divisions and of brigades in the army which besieged Vicksburg, I wrote him a letter on the staff officers of the various corps. Like its predecessor, this letter has never before been in print.

Cairo, Illinois, *July* 13, 1863.

Dear Sir:—In my letter of yesterday I accidentally omitted to notice General C. C. Washburn among the generals of division in Grant's army. It is true he has never commanded a division† nor, so far as I am aware, a brigade either, having generally been employed in command of expeditions, detachments, and scattered bodies of cavalry. He is now in command of two of the divisions detached from the Sixteenth Army Corps: namely, that of Kimball and that of W. S. Smith; and, as I happen to know, is anxious to be put in command of an army corps, for which purpose it has been suggested that a new corps might be created out of these two divisions, with the addition of that of Lauman, also detached from the Sixteenth, or Herron. But I understand from General Grant that he is not favorable to any such arrangement. Washburn being one of the very youngest in rank of his major-generals, he intends to put him in command of a single division as soon as possible, in order that he may prove his fitness for higher commands by actual service and give no occasion for older soldiers to complain that he is promoted without regard to his merits.

I know Washburn very well, both as a politician and a military man, and I say frankly that he has better qualities for the latter than for the former function. He is brave, steady, respectable; receives suggestions, and weighs them carefully; is not above being advised, but acts with independence nevertheless. His judgment is good, and his vigilance sufficient. I have not seen him in battle, however, and cannot say how far he holds his mind there. I don't find in him, I am sorry to say, that effort to learn the military art which every commander ought to exhibit, no matter whether he has received a military

* The letter to which Mr. Dana here refers closed the installment of the reminiscences which appeared in the December number of this magazine.—Editor.

† Mr. Dana is in error here. For several months prior to the siege of Vicksburg Washburn had been in command of the cavalry division of the military district of Eastern Arkansas, some 3,300 effectives. He was a brother of Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, General Grant's great friend, and his promotion to a corps was likely, for that reason, to cause criticism. That is why Grant insisted that Washburn should earn his spurs. One of the brothers dropped the final "e" to the name, while the other retained it.—Leslie J. Perry.

education or not. Washburn's whole soul is not put into the business of arms, and for me that is an unpardonable defect. But he is a good man, and above the average of our generals; at least of those in Grant's command.

I now come to the staff organization and staff officers of this army, beginning, of course, with those connected with the head of the department. Grant's staff is a curious mixture of good, bad, and indifferent. As he is neither an organizer nor a disciplinarian himself, his staff is naturally a mosaic of accidental elements and family friends. It contains four working men, two who are able to accomplish their duties without much work, and several who either don't think of work, or who accomplish nothing, no matter what they undertake.

Lieutenant-Colonel Rawlins, Grant's assistant adjutant general, is a very industrious, conscientious man, who never loses a moment and never gives himself any indulgence except swearing and scolding. He is a lawyer by profession, a townsman of Grant's, and has a great influence over him, especially because he watches him day and night, and whenever he commits the folly of tasting liquor, hastens to remind him that at the beginning of the war he gave him (Rawlins) his word of honor not to touch a drop as long as it lasted. Grant thinks Rawlins a first-rate adjutant, but I think this is a mistake. He is too slow, and can't write the English language correctly without a great deal of careful consideration. Indeed, illiterateness is a general characteristic of Grant's staff, and, in fact, of Grant's generals and regimental officers of all ranks.

Major Bowers, judge-advocate of Grant's staff, is an excellent man, and always finds work to do. Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, inspector-general, is a person of similar disposition. He is a captain of engineers in the regular army, and has rendered valuable services in that capacity. The fortifications of Haynes's Bluff were designed by him, and executed under his direction. His leading idea is the idea of duty, and he applies it vigorously, and often impatiently, to others. In consequence he is unpopular among all who like to live with little work. But he has remarkable talents and uncommon executive power, and will be heard from hereafter.

The quartermaster's department is under charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Bingham, who is one of those I spoke of as accomplishing much with little work. He is an invalid almost, and I have never seen him when he appeared to be perfectly well; but he is a man of first-rate abilities and solid character, and, barring physical weakness, up to even greater responsibilities than those he now bears.

The chief commissary, Lieutenant-Colonel Macfeely, is a jolly, agreeable fellow, who never seems to be at work; but I have heard no complaint of deficiencies in his department. On the contrary, it seems to be one of the most efficacious parts of this great machine.

Lieutenant-Colonel Kent, provost-marshal general, is a very industrious and sensible man, a great improvement on his predecessor, Colonel Hillyer, who was a family and personal friend of Grant's.

There are two aides-de-camp with the rank of colonel; namely, Colonel ——— and Colonel ———, both personal friends of Grant's. ——— is a worthless, whisky-drinking, useless fellow. ——— is decent and gentlemanly, but neither of them is worth his salt, so far as service to the government goes. Indeed, in all my observation, I have never discovered the use of Grant's aides-de-camp at all. On the battlefield he sometimes sends orders by them, but everywhere else they are idle loafers. I suppose the army would be better off if they were all suppressed, especially the colonels.

Grant has three aides with the rank of captain. Captain Ross is a relative of Mrs. Grant.* He has been a stage driver, and violates English grammar at every phrase. He is of some use, for he attends to the mails. Captain Audenried is an elegant young officer of the regular cavalry. He rides after the general when he rides out. The rest of the time he does nothing at all. Captain Badeau, wounded at Port Hudson since he was attached to Grant's staff, has not yet reported. I must not omit the general medical staff of this army. It is in bad order. Its head, Dr. Mills, is impracticable, earnest, quarrelsome. He was relieved several weeks since, but Grant likes him, and kept him on till the fall of Vicksburg. In this he was right, no doubt, for a change during the siege would have been troublesome. The change, I presume, will now be made. It must be for the better.

The office of chief of artillery on the general staff I had forgotten, as well as that of chief engineer. The former is occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel Duff of the Second Illinois Artillery. He is unequal to the position, not only because he is disqualified by sickness, but because he does not sufficiently understand the management of artillery. The siege suffered greatly from his incompetence. General Grant knows, of course, that he is not the right person; but it is one of his weaknesses that he is unwilling to hurt the feelings of a friend, and so he keeps him on.

The chief engineer, Captain Comstock, is an officer of great merit. He has, too, what his predecessor, Captain Prime, lacked, a talent for organization. His accession to the army will be the source of much improvement.

If General Grant had about him a staff of thoroughly competent men, disciplinarians and workers, the efficacy and fighting quality of his army would soon be much increased. As it is, things go too much by hazard and by spasms; or, when the pinch comes, Grant forces through, by his own energy and main strength, what proper organization and proper staff officers would have done already.

The staff of the Thirteenth Corps was formed by General McClernand. The acting adjutant-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Scates, is a man about fifty-five or sixty years old; he was a judge in Illinois, and left an honored and influential social position to serve in the army. General Ord speaks in high terms of him as an officer. The chief of artillery, Colonel ———, is an ass. The chief quartermaster, Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlap, General McClernand's father-in-law, lately resigned his commission. He was incompetent, and is said to have been dishonest. Our commission here at Cairo last summer reported facts that proved him to have been the former; of the charges of stealing I know nothing. His successor has not yet been appointed. The chief commissary, Lieutenant-Colonel Taggart, is a fussy fellow, who, with much show, accomplishes but little. General McClernand's aides went away with him or are absent on leave. Not a man of them is worth having. The engineer on his staff, Lieutenant Hains, is an industrious and useful officer. The medical director, Dr. Hammond, had just been appointed.

In the Fifteenth Corps staff all have to be working men, for Sherman tolerates no idlers and finds something for everybody to do. If an officer proves unfit for his position, he shifts him to some other place. Thus his adjutant, Lieutenant-Colonel Hammond, a restless Kentuckian, kept everything in a row as

* Mr. Dana was mistaken here: Captain Ross was a relative of General Grant.—EDITOR.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CORPS CROSSING THE BIG BLACK RIVER ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 17–18, 1863.

From a drawing made by James E. Taylor at the order and under the supervision of General Sherman. (The painting now hangs in the anteroom of the headquarters of the army in the War Department.) In the rapid advance in pursuit of Pemberton part of Sherman's corps marched from Jackson to Bridgeport, on Big Black River, thirty-five miles by road, in a little over twenty-four hours. During the afternoon of May 17th the enemy was shelled out of his field-works on the opposite bank, a pontoon bridge thrown across, and by daybreak of the 18th of May the two divisions were over and pushing out towards Vicksburg.

long as he remained in that office. Sherman has accordingly made him inspector-general, and during the last two months has kept him constantly employed on scouting parties. In his place as adjutant is Captain Sawyer, a quiet, industrious, efficient person. The chief of artillery, Major Taylor, directed by Sherman's omnipresent eye and quick judgment, is an officer of great value, though under another general he might not be worth so much. The chief engineer, Captain Pitzman, wounded about July 15th, is a man of merit, and his departure was a great loss to the regular ranks. General Sherman has three aides-de-camp, Captain McCoy, Captain Dayton, and Lieutenant Hill; and, as I have said, neither of them holds a sinecure office. His medical director, Dr. McMillan, is a good physician, I believe; he has been in a constant contention with Dr. Mills. The quartermaster, Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Smith, is a most efficient officer; he has been doing duty as commissary also.

On the whole, General Sherman has a very small and very efficient staff; but the efficiency comes mainly from him. What a splendid soldier he is!

The staff of the Seventeenth Army Corps is the most complete, the most numerous, and in some respects the most serviceable in this army.

The adjutant-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, is a person of uncommon quickness, is always at work, and keeps everything in his department in first-rate order. The inspector-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Strong, does his duties with promptness and thoroughness; his reports are models. The chief of artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel Powell, thoroughly understands his business, and attends to it diligently. The provost-marshal general, Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, is a judicious and industrious man. Both the quartermaster and commissary are new men, captains, and I do not know them; but McPherson speaks highly of them. The medical director, Dr. Boucher, has the reputation of keeping his hospitals in better order and making his reports more promptly and satisfactorily than any other medical officer in this army. General McPherson has four aides-de-camp: Captain Steele, Captain Gile, Lieutenant Knox, and Lieutenant Vernay. The last of these is the best, and Captain Steele is next to him. The engineer officer, Captain Hickenlooper, is a laborious man, quick, watchful, but not of great capacity. The picket officer, Major Willard, whom I accidentally name last, is a person of unusual merit.

In the staffs of the division and brigadier-generals I do not now recall any officer of extraordinary capacity. There may be such, but I have not made their acquaintance. On the other hand, I have made the acquaintance of some who seemed quite unfit for their places. I must not omit, however, to speak here of Captain Tresilian, engineer on the staff of Major-General Logan. His general services during the siege were not conspicuous, but he deserves great credit for constructing the wooden mortars which General McPherson used near its close with most remarkable effect. Both the idea and the work were Tresilian's.

Very possibly you may not wish to go through this mass of details respecting so many officers of in-

ferior grades, upon whose claims you may never be called to pass judgment. But if you care to read them here they are.

I remain, dear sir,
Yours, very faithfully,
C. A. DANA.

MR. STANTON.

LIFE BEHIND VICKSBURG.

We had not been many days in the rear of Vicksburg before we settled into regular habits. The men were detailed in reliefs for work in the trenches, and being relieved at fixed hours, everybody seemed to lead a systematic life.

My chief duty throughout the siege was a daily round through the trenches, generally with the corps commander or some one of his staff. As the lines of investment were six or seven miles long, it occupied the greater part of my day: sometimes I made a portion of my tour of inspection in the night. One night in riding through the trenches I must have passed 20,000 men asleep on their arms. I still can see the grotesque positions into which they had curled themselves. The trenches were so protected that there was no danger in riding through them. It was not so safe to venture on the hills overlooking Vicksburg. I went on foot and alone one day to the top of a hill, and was looking at the town, when I suddenly heard something go whizz, whizz, by my ear. "What in the world is that?" I asked myself. The place was so desolate that it was an instant before I could believe that these were bullets intended for me. When I came to understand it I immediately started to lie down. Then came the question, Which is the best way to lie down? If I lay at right angles to the enemy's line the bullets from the right and left might strike me; if I lay parallel to it, then those directly from the front might hit me. So I concluded it made no difference which way I lay. After I had remained quiet for a time the bullets ceased, and I left the hill-top. I was more cautious in the future in venturing beyond cover.

Through the entire siege I lived in General Grant's headquarters, which were on a high bluff point northeast of Sherman's extreme left. I had a tent to myself, and on the whole was very comfortable. We never lacked an abundance of provisions. There was good water, enough even for the bath, and we suffered very little from excessive heat. The only serious annoyance was the cannonade from our whole line, which from the first of June went on steadily by night as well as by day. The following bit from a letter I wrote on June 2d to my little daughter tells something of my situation:

It is real summer weather here, and after coming in at noon to-day from my usual ride through the trenches, I was very glad to get a cold bath in my tent before dinner. I like living in tents very well, especially if you ride on horseback all day. Every night I sleep with one side of the tent wide open and the walls put up all around to get plenty of air. Sometimes I wake up in the night and think it is raining, the wind roars so in the tops of the great oak forest on the hillside where we are encamped; and I think it is thundering till I look out and see the golden moonlight in all its glory, and listen again and know that it is only the thunder of General Sherman's great guns, that neither rest nor let others rest by night or by day.

Living at headquarters as I did, I soon became intimate with Grant, not only knowing every one of his operations while it was still but an idea, but studying its execution on the spot. Grant was an uncommon fellow—the most modest, the most disinterested, and the most honest man I ever knew, with a temper that nothing could disturb and a judgment that was judicial in its comprehensiveness and wisdom. Not a great man, except morally; not an original or brilliant man, but sincere, thoughtful, deep, and gifted with courage that never faltered; when the time came to risk all, he went in like a simple-hearted, unaffected, unpretending hero, whom no ill omens could deject and no triumph unduly exalt. A social, friendly man, too, fond of a pleasant joke and also ready with one; but, above all, fond of a long chat of an evening and ready to sit up with you all night talking in the cool breeze in front of his tent. Not a man of sentimentality, not demonstrative in friendship, but always holding to his friends, and just even to the enemies he hated.

After Grant, I spent more time at Vicksburg with his assistant adjutant-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Rawlins, and with Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, than with anybody else. Rawlins was one of the most valuable men in the army, in my judgment. He had but a limited education, which he had picked up at the neighborhood school and in Galena, Illinois, near which place he was born and where he had worked himself into the law; but he had a very able mind, clear, strong, and not subject to hysterics. He bossed everything at Grant's headquarters. Rawlins possessed very little respect for persons, and his style of conversation was rough; I have heard him curse at Grant when, according to his judgment, the general was doing some-

ADMIRAL DAVID DIXON PORTER. BORN IN 1813; DIED IN 1891.

Chester, Pennsylvania, is the birthplace of Admiral Porter. He entered the United States Navy as midshipman in 1809, serving in the Mediterranean and Brazilian waters and throughout the Mexican War. In the Civil War he was commander of a fleet first in the Western waters and afterwards in the North Atlantic. His great exploits were aiding Farragut to capture New Orleans, running the batteries at Vicksburg, and the capture of Fort Fisher in January, 1865. He received four votes of thanks from Congress during the War. In 1866 he was appointed vice-admiral, and in 1870 Admiral of the Navy. He wrote several volumes.

thing that he thought he had better not do. But he was entirely devoted to his duty, with the clearest judgment, and perfectly fearless. Without him Grant would not have been the same man. Rawlins was essentially a good man, though he was one of the most profane men I ever knew; there was no guile in him—he was as upright and as genuine a character as I ever came across.

Wilson I had first met at Milliken's Bend, where he was serving as chief topographical engineer and assistant inspector-general of the Army of the Tennessee. He was a brilliant man intellectually, highly educated, and thoroughly companionable. We became warm friends at once, and were together a great deal throughout the war. Rarely did Wilson go out on a specially interesting tour

of inspection that he did not invite me to accompany him, and I never failed, if I were at liberty, to accept his invitations. Much of the exact information about the condition of the works which I was able to send to Mr. Stanton, Wilson put in my way.

GRANT'S EFFORT TO SECURE REENFORCEMENTS.

We were no sooner in position behind Vicksburg than Grant saw that he must have reënforcements. Joe Johnston was hovering near, working with energy to collect forces sufficient to warrant an attempt to relieve Vicksburg. He eventually gathered an army behind Grant of about 25,000 men. This made it necessary to keep more troops in our rear, facing the other way, than could well be spared from siege operations, and therefore Grant ordered down from Tennessee, and elsewhere in his own department, all available forces. He also sent a personal request to General Banks, then before Port Hudson, for reënforcements. Banks was Grant's senior, and commanded an independent department; of him Grant could only make a request.

As no reply came from Banks, I started myself on the 30th for Port Hudson, at Grant's desire, to urge that the reënforcements be furnished.

The route used for getting out from the rear of Vicksburg at that time was through the Chickasaw Bayou into the Yazoo and thence into the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Yazoo I crossed the Mississippi to Young's Point, and from there went overland across the peninsula to get a gunboat at a point south of Vicksburg. As we were going down the river we met a steamer just above Grand Gulf bearing one of the previous messengers whom Grant had sent to Banks. He was bringing word that Banks could send no forces; on the other hand, he asked reënforcements from Grant to aid in his siege of Port Hudson, which he had closely invested. This news, of course, made my trip unnecessary, and I returned at once to headquarters, having been gone not over twenty-four hours.

As soon as this news came from Banks I sent an urgent appeal to Mr. Stanton to hurry forward reënforcements sufficient to make success beyond all peradventure. The government was not slow to appreciate Grant's needs. Early in June I received the following despatch from Mr. Stanton:

WAR DEPARTMENT, *June* 5, 1863.

C. A. DANA, ESQ., Grant's Headquarters, near Vicksburg:

Your telegrams up to the 30th have been received. Everything in the power of this government will be put forth to aid General Grant. The emergency is not underrated here. Your telegrams are a great obligation, and are looked for with deep interest. I cannot thank you as much as I feel for the service you are now rendering. You have been appointed an assistant adjutant-general, with rank of major, with liberty to report to General Grant if he needs you. The appointment may be a protection to you. I shall expect daily reports if possible.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

My appointment as assistant adjutant-general was Stanton's own idea. He was by nature a very anxious man. When he realized from my telegrams that I was going every day on expeditions into dangerous territory he was at once alarmed lest I be caught by the Confederates; for as I was a private citizen, it would have been difficult to exchange me. If I were in the regular volunteer service as an assistant adjutant-general, however, there would be no trouble about an exchange; hence my appointment.

DIVERSIONS OF LIFE BEHIND VICKSBURG.

These trips which caused Mr. Stanton so much anxiety were the chief variations from my business of watching the siege. Among the most interesting I made were those to inspect the operations against the enemy who was trying to shut us in from the rear beyond the Big Black. His heaviest force was to the northeast. On June 6th the reports from Satartia, our advance up the Yazoo, were so unsatisfactory that Grant decided to examine the situation there himself. That morning he said to me at breakfast:

"Mr. Dana, I am going to Satartia today; would you like to go along?"

I said I would, and we were soon on horseback, riding with a cavalry guard to Haynes's Bluff, where we took a small steamer reserved for Grant's use and carrying his flag. Grant was ill, and went to bed soon after he started. We had gone up the river to within two miles of Satartia, when we met two gunboats coming down. Seeing the General's flag, the officers in charge of the gunboats came aboard our steamer and asked where the General was going. I told them to Satartia.

"Why," said they, "it will not be safe. Kimball [our advance was under the charge of Brigadier-General Nathan Kim-

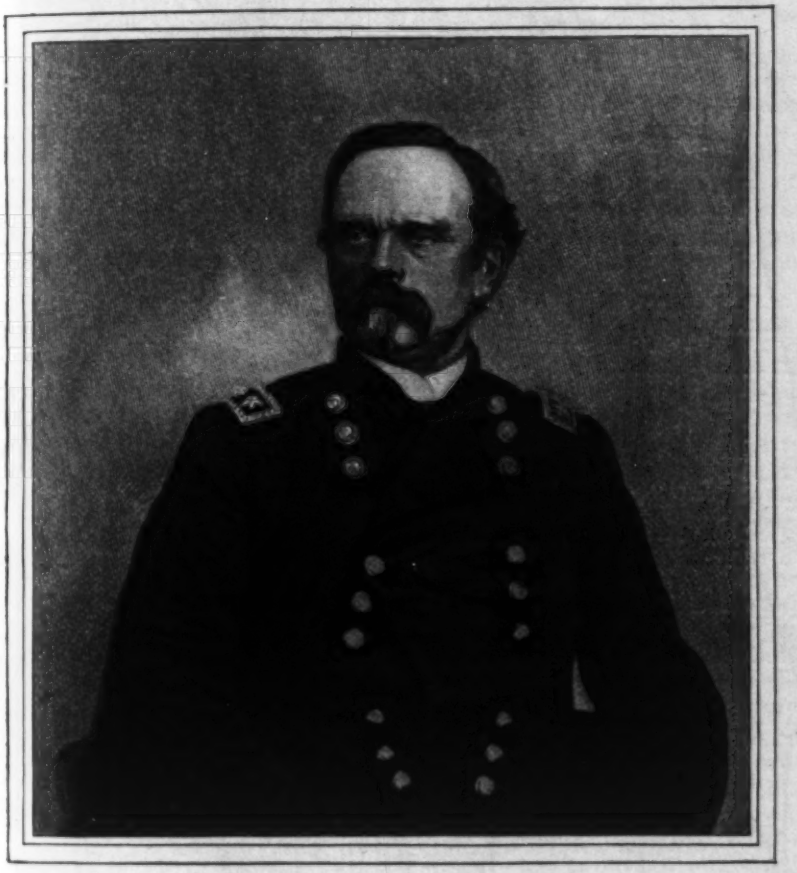
ball, Third Division, Sixteenth Army Corps] has retreated from there, and is sending all his supplies to Haynes's Bluff. The enemy is probably in the town now."

I told them Grant was sick and asleep and that I did not want to waken him. They insisted that it was unsafe to go on and that I would better call the General, and finally I did so, but he was too sick to decide.

"I will leave it with you, Mr. Dana," he said. I immediately said we would go back to Haynes's Bluff, which we did.

The next morning Grant came out to breakfast fresh as a rose, clean shirt and all, quite himself. "Well, Mr. Dana," he said, "I suppose we are at Satartia now."

"No, General," I said, "we are at Haynes's Bluff." And I told him what had happened.

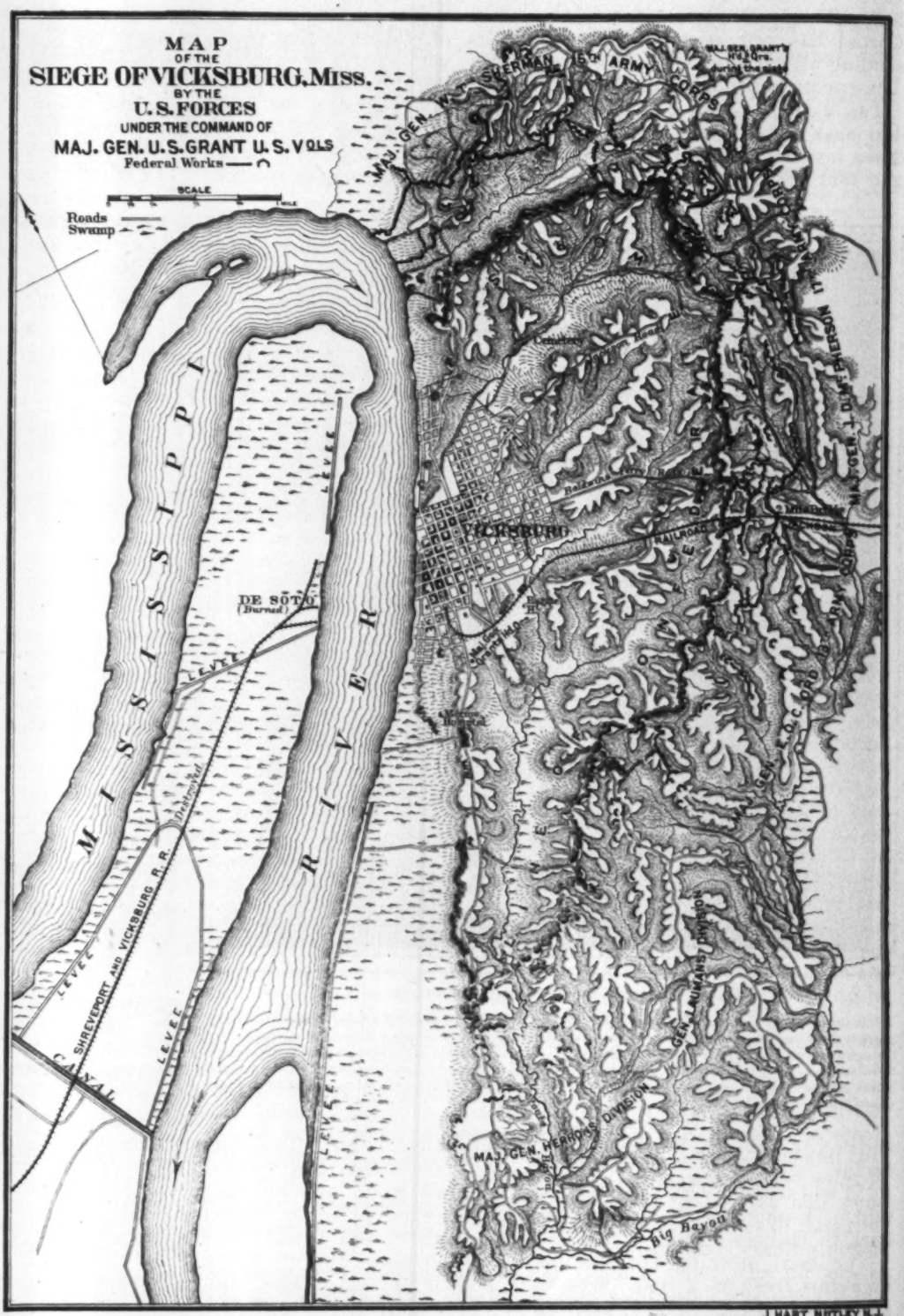


GENERAL PETER J. OSTERHAUS, BORN IN 1820.

A German by birth, Osterhaus was educated for the Prussian army, in which he became an officer. He emigrated to the United States, and when the war broke out entered the service as major of Missouri volunteers, serving with Frémont; under Grant in the Vicksburg siege and the operations at Chattanooga; and under Sherman in the Atlanta campaign, the march through Georgia, and the campaign in the Carolinas. Before the war was over he had been promoted to the rank of major-general. On being mustered out of the service in 1866 he was made United States consul at Lyons, France.

He did not complain, but as he was short of officers at that point, he asked me to go with a party of cavalry towards Mechanicsburg to find if it was true, as reported, that Joe Johnston was advancing from Canton to the Big Black. We had a long hard ride, not getting back to Vicksburg until the morning of the 8th. The country was like all the rest around Vicksburg—broken, wooded, unpopulous, with bad roads and few streams. It still had many cattle, but the corn was pretty thoroughly cleared out. We found that Johnston had not moved his main force as rumored, and that he could not move it without bringing all his supplies with him.

Soon after this Sherman was ordered to the northeast to watch Johnston. He went into camp on Bear Creek, about fifteen miles from Vicksburg. I went up there several times to visit him, and always came away enthusiastic over his qualities as a soldier. His amazing activity and vigilance pervaded his entire force. The country where he had encamped was exceedingly favorable for defense; and he had occupied the commanding points, opened rifle-pits wherever they would add to his advantage, obstructed the cross roads and most of the direct roads also, and ascertained every point where the Big Black could be forded between the line of Benton on the north and the line of railroads on the south. By his rapid movements, also, and by thus widely deploying on all the ridges and



open headlands, Sherman produced the impression that his forces were ten times as numerous as they really were. He remained in his camp on Bear Creek through the rest of the siege, in order to prevent any possible attack by Joe Johnston, the reports about whose movements continued to be contradictory and uncertain.

THE FLEET ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Another variation in my Vicksburg life was visiting Admiral Porter, who commanded the fleet which hemmed in the city on the river side. Porter was a very active, courageous, fresh-minded man and an experienced naval officer, and I enjoyed the visits I made to his fleet. His boats were pretty well scattered, for the Confederates west of the Mississippi were pressing in and unless watched might manage to cross somewhere.

The most serious attack from the west during the siege was that on June 7th, when a force of some two thousand Confederates engaged about one thousand negro troops defending Milliken's Bend. This engagement became famous from the conduct of the negro troops. General E. S. Dennis, who saw the battle, told me that it was the hardest fought engagement he had ever seen. It was fought mainly hand to hand. After it was over many men were found dead with bayonet stabs, and others with their skulls broken open by butts of muskets. "It is impossible," said General Dennis, "for men to show greater gallantry than the negro troops in that fight."

The bravery of the blacks in the battle at Milliken's Bend completely revolutionized the sentiment of the army with regard to the employment of negro troops. I heard prominent officers who formerly in private had sneered at the idea of the negroes fighting express themselves after that as heartily in favor of it. Among the Confederates, however, the feeling was very different. All the reports which came to us showed that both citizens and soldiers on the Confederate side manifested great dismay at the idea of our arming negroes. They said that such a policy was certain to be followed by insurrection with all its horrors.

PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.

Although Joe Johnston on the east and the rumors of invasion by Kirby Smith on the west compelled constant attention, the real work behind Vicksburg was always that of the siege. No amount of outside alarm loosened Grant's hold on the rebel stronghold. It went on steadily and effectively. By June 10th the expected reenforcements began to report. Grant soon had 80,000 men around Vicksburg. The effect was marked; we even began to receive encouraging reports from within Vicksburg. Deserters said that the garrison was worn out and hungry; besides, the defense had for some time been conducted with extraordinary feebleness, which Grant thought was due either to the deficiency of ammunition, or exhaustion and depression in the garrison, or to their retirement to an inner line of defense.

These reports from within the town, as well as the progress of the siege and the arrival of reënforcements, pointed so strongly to the speedy surrender of the place that I asked Mr. Stanton in my despatch of June 14th to please inform me by telegram whether he wished me to go to General Rosecrans after the fall of Vicksburg or whether he had other orders for me.

VICKSBURG WAKES UP.

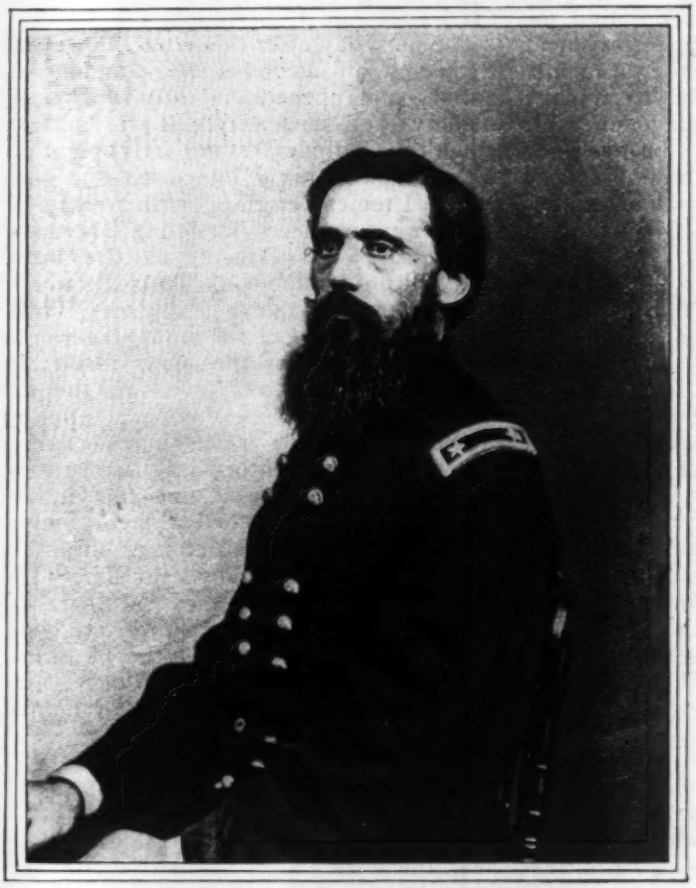
The next day after this letter, however, the enemy laid aside his long-standing inactivity and opened violently with both artillery and musketry. Two mortars which the Confederates got into operation that day particularly interested our generals. I remember going with a party of some twenty officers, including Sherman, McPherson, and Wilson, to the brow of a hill on McPherson's front to watch this battery with our field glasses. From where we were we could study the whole operation. We saw the shell start from the mortar, sail slowly through the air towards us, fall to the ground and explode, digging out a hole which looked like a crater. I remember one of these craters which must have been nine feet in diameter. As you watched a shell coming you could not tell whether it would fall a thousand feet away or by your side. Yet nobody budged. The men sat there on their horses, their reins loose, studying and discussing the work of the batteries, apparently indifferent to the danger. It was very interesting as a study of human steadiness.

THE ARTILLERY ASSAULT OF JUNE 30TH.

By the middle of June our lines were so near the enemy's on Sherman's and McPherson's front that General Grant began to consider another general assault. The chief difficulty in the way was that McClernand's lines were too backward. This obstacle was soon removed, for on the 18th of June McClernand was relieved and General Ord put into his place. The

immediate cause of McClernand's removal was a congratulatory address to the Thirteenth Army Corps which he had fulminated in May, and which first reached the besieging army in a copy of the Missouri "Democrat." In this address McClernand claimed for himself most of the glory of the campaign, reaffirmed that on May 22d he had held two rebel forts for several hours, and imputed to other officers and troops failure to support him in their possession, which must have resulted in the capture of the town, etc. Though this congratulatory address was the occasion of McClernand's removal, it was not the cause of it. That dated further back. The cause, as I understood it at the time, was his repeated disobedience of important orders, his general unfortunate mental disposition, and his palpable incompetence for the duties of his position. I learned in private conversation that in General Grant's judgment it was necessary that McClernand should be removed for the reason, above all, that his bad relations with other corps commanders, especially Sherman and McPherson, rendered it impossible that the chief command of the army should devolve upon him as the senior major-general, as it would have done were General Grant disabled, without some pernicious consequence to the cause.

Two days after McClernand's removal Grant began, at four o'clock in the morning, an artillery attack in which about 200 cannon were engaged. The assault lasted about six hours, but accomplished almost nothing. During the firing no Confederates were visible, nor was any reply made to our artillery. Their musketry fire also amounted to nothing. Of course, some damage was done to the buildings of the town by our concentrated cannonade, but we could not tell whether their mills, foundry, or storehouses were destroyed. Their rifle-pits and earthworks were, of course, little injured.



GENERAL JOHN A. RAWLINS. BORN IN 1831; DIED IN 1869.

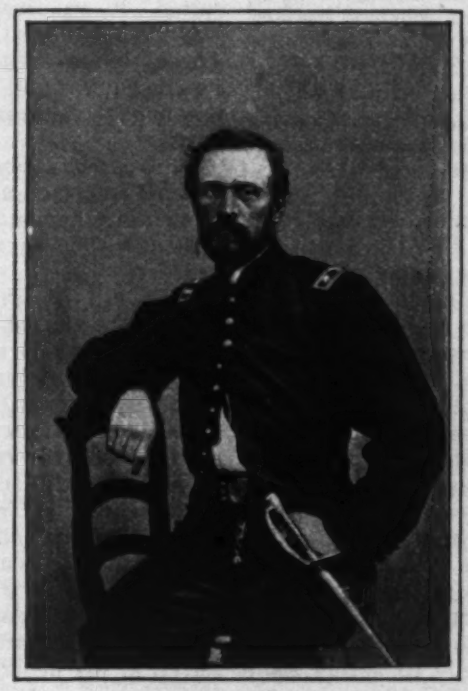
Grant first knew Rawlins at Galena, Illinois, near which place the latter was born and where he had raised himself, in spite of poverty, to the rank of a respectable lawyer. He was a Douglas Democrat and a strong Union man. When Grant was promoted to brigadier-general he asked Rawlins to become a member of his staff, with the rank of captain. Rawlins joined Grant in September, 1861, at Cairo, became his assistant adjutant-general, and finally his chief of staff, remaining with him to the end. He was promoted to brigadier-general August 11, 1863, and brigadier-general and chief of staff of the United States Army March 5, 1865. Grant, as President, made him Secretary of War March 11, 1869. He died September 6, 1869.

McPHERSON SPRINGS A MINE.

After the artillery attack on the 20th, the next exciting incident of the siege was the springing of a mine by McPherson. Directly in front of his position the enemy had a great fort which was regarded as the key of their line. As soon as McPherson had gotten into position behind Vicksburg, he had begun to run trenches towards this fort, under which he subsequently tunneled, hoping that by an explosion he would open it to our occupation. After a month's labor he had his mine ready and charged with 1,200 pounds of gunpowder. About four o'clock of

the afternoon of June 25th the mine was sprung. The explosion was terrific, forming a crater fully thirty-five feet in diameter; but it did not open the fort. There still remained between the new ground which we had won by the explosion and the fort an ascent so steep that an assault was practically impossible. From this point a desperate attempt was made, however, to gain ground which would be of practical value. The fight was kept up with fury for several days, but we were never able either to plant a battery or open a rifle-pit there.

Eventually McPherson completed a new mine, which he exploded on the first day of July. Many Confederates were killed, and six were thrown over into our lines by the explosion. They were all dead but one, a negro, who got well and joined our army. McPherson did not, however, get possession of the place through this mine, as he had hoped.



GENERAL JAMES HARRISON WILSON. BORN IN 1837.

General Wilson was born in Shawneetown, Illinois. He graduated from West Point in 1860, and was assigned to the topographical engineers. He served from the beginning to the end of the Civil War, taking part in the Port Royal expedition, the bombardment of Fort Pulaski, the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, the siege of Vicksburg, the operations at Chattanooga, the calvary raids in Virginia in 1864, the Shenandoah campaign in the fall of 1864, and Sherman's march north from Atlanta. In the spring of 1865 he conducted a cavalry expedition through Alabama and Georgia, capturing five fortified cities and nearly 7,000 prisoners, among whom was Jefferson Davis. For his services he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel and brevetted major-general in the regular army. In 1870 he was honorably discharged from the army at his own request. He is the author of several books, among them a "Life of General U. S. Grant," written in conjunction with Charles A. Dana.

APATHY AMONG THE BESIEGERS.

Little advancement was made in the siege after McPherson sprang his first mine on the 25th of June, except in time, and to hold the lines of investment. Several things conspired to produce inactivity and a sort of listlessness among the various commands—the heat of the weather; the unexpected length of the siege; the endurance of the defense; the absence of any thorough organization of the engineer department; and, above all, the well-grounded general belief of our officers and men that the town must presently fall through starvation, without any special effort or sacrifice. This belief was founded on the reports from within Vicksburg. Every new party of deserters which reached us agreed that the provisions of the place were near the point of total exhaustion, that rations had been reduced lower than ever, that extreme dissatisfaction existed among the garrison; and it was generally expected—indeed, there was a sort of conviction—on all hands that the city would be surrendered on Saturday, July 4th, if, in fact, it could hold out as long as that.

The general indisposition of our troops to prosecute the siege zealously, and the evident determination on the part of the enemy to hold out until the last, caused General Grant to hold a council of war on the morning of June 30th, to take judgment on the question of trying another general assault, or leaving the result to the exhaustion of the garrison. The conclusion of the council was in favor of the latter policy; but two days later, July 2d, Grant told me that if the enemy did not give up Vicksburg by the 6th, he should storm it.

PEMBERTON ASKS FOR AN INTERVIEW.

Happily, there was no need to wait until the 6th. The general expectation that something would happen by July 4th was about to be confirmed. On the morning of Friday, July 3d, a man appeared on the Confederate line, in McPherson's front, bearing a flag of truce. General A. J. Smith was sent to meet the man, who proved to be an officer, General J. S. Bowen. He bore a letter from Pemberton addressed to Grant. The letter was taken to headquarters, where it was read by the general, and its contents made known to the staff. It was a request

for an armistice to arrange terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg. To this end Pemberton asked that three commissioners be appointed to meet a like number to be named by himself. Grant immediately wrote a reply:

"The useless effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course can be ended at any time you may choose by an unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and I can assure you will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war.

"I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange terms of capitulation, because I have no terms other than those indicated above."

Bowen, the bearer of Pemberton's letter, who had been received by A. J. Smith, expressed a strong desire to converse with General Grant. While declining this, Grant requested Smith to say to Bowen that if General Pemberton desired to see him an interview would be granted between the lines, in McPherson's front, at any hour in the afternoon which Pemberton might appoint. After Bowen's departure a message was soon sent back to Smith accepting the proposal for an interview and appointing three o'clock as the hour. Grant was there with his staff and with Generals Ord, McPherson, Logan, and A. J. Smith. Sherman was not present, being with his command, watching Joe Johnston, and ready to spring upon the latter as soon as Pemberton was captured. Pemberton came late, attended by General Bowen and Colonel (L. M.) Montgomery.

It must have been a bitter moment for the Confederate chieftain. Pemberton was a Northern man, a Pennsylvanian by birth, from which State he was appointed to West Point, graduating in 1837. In the old army he fell under the spell of Jefferson Davis's influence, whose close friend he was. Davis appears to have thought Pemberton was a military genius, for he was jumped almost at a stroke, without much previous service, to be a lieutenant-general, and the defense of the Mississippi River given over to his charge. His dispositions throughout the entire campaign, after Grant crossed at Bruinsburg, were weak, and he was easily overcome, although his troops fought well. As Joe Johnston truthfully remarks in his "Narrative," Pemberton did not understand Grant's warfare at all. Penned up, and finally compelled to surrender a vital post and a great army to his conqueror, an almost irremediable disaster to his cause, Pemberton not only suffered the usual pangs of defeat, but he was doubly humiliated with the knowledge that he would be suspected and accused of treachery by his adopted brethren, and that the result would be used by the enemies of Davis, whose favorite he was, to undermine the Confederate administration. As it transpired, it was indeed a great blow to Davis's hold upon the people of the South. These things must have passed through Pemberton's mind as he faced Grant for this final settlement of the fate of Vicksburg.

The conversation was held apart between Pemberton and his two officers and Grant, McPherson, and A. J. Smith, the rest of us being seated on the ground near by.

We could, however, see that Pemberton was much excited and was impatient in his answers to Grant. He insisted that his army be paroled and allowed to march beyond our lines, officers and all, with eight days' rations drawn from their own stores, officers to retain their private property and body servants. Grant heard what he had to say, and left him at the end of an hour and a half, saying that he would send in his ultimatum in writing before evening; to which Pemberton promised to reply before night, hostilities to cease in the meantime. Grant then conferred at his headquarters with his corps and division commanders, all of whom except Steele, who advised unconditional surrender, favored a plan proposed by McPherson, to release on parole the entire garrison, which Grant finally adopted. The argument against the plan was one of feeling only. In its favor was urged that it would at once not only tend to the demoralization of the enemy, but release Grant's whole army for offensive operations against Joe Johnston and Port Hudson; while to guard and transport so many prisoners would require a great portion of its strength. Keeping them would also absorb all our steamboat transportation, while paroling them would leave it free to move our troops. Paroling would otherwise save us an enormous expenditure.

After long consideration, General Grant reluctantly gave way to these reasons, and at six P.M. sent a letter by the hands of General Logan and Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, in which he stated as terms that, as soon as rolls could be made out and paroles signed by officers and men, Pemberton would be allowed to march out of our

lines, the officers taking with them their side-arms and clothing, and the field, staff, and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file were to be allowed all their clothing, but no other property. If these conditions were accepted, any amount of rations deemed necessary was to be taken from the stores they had, and also the necessary cooking utensils for preparing them. Thirty wagons also, counting two two-horse or mule teams as one, were to be allowed to transport such articles as could not be carried along. The same conditions were allowed to all sick and wounded officers and soldiers as fast as they became able to travel.

The officer who received this letter said that it would be impossible to answer it by night, and it was not till a little before peep of day that the proposed reply was furnished. In the main the terms were accepted, but Pemberton proposed as amendments:

"At ten A.M. to-morrow I propose to evacuate the works in and around Vicksburg, and to surrender the city and garrison under my command, by marching out with my colors and arms, stacking them in front of my present lines, after which you will take possession; officers to retain their side-arms and personal property, and the rights and property of citizens to be respected."

General Grant in his reply said:

"I can make no stipulations with regard to the treatment of citizens and their private property. . . . The property which officers will be allowed to take with them will be as stated in my proposition of last evening. . . . If you mean by your proposition for each brigade to march to the front of the line now occupied by it, and stack arms at ten A.M., and then return to the inside and there remain as prisoners until properly paroled, I will make no objection to it.

"Should no notification be received of your acceptance of my terms by nine A.M., I shall regard them as having been rejected, and shall act accordingly."

The answer came back promptly: "The terms proposed by you are accepted."

4TH OF JULY, 1863, AT VICKSBURG.

We had a glorious celebration that day. Pemberton's note had been received just after daylight, and at the appointed hour of ten o'clock the surrender was consummated. I rode into Vicksburg at the side of the conqueror, and afterward perambulated among the conquered. The rebel soldiers were generally more contented even than we. Now they were going home, they said. They had had enough of the war. The cause of the Confederacy was lost. They wanted to take the oath of allegiance, many of them. I was not surprised to learn a month later that of the twenty odd thousand well men who were paroled at Vicksburg the greater part had since dispersed; and I felt sure they could never be got to serve again. The officers, on the other hand, all declared their determination never to give in. They had mostly on that day the look of men who have been crying all night. One major who commanded a regiment from Missouri burst into tears as he followed his disarmed men back into their lines after they had surrendered their colors and their guns in front of them.

I found the buildings of Vicksburg in a better condition than I had expected. Still, there were a good many people living in caves dug in the banks. Naturally the shells did less damage to these vaults than to dwellings. At the end of the first week after our entrance 66,000 stand of small arms had been collected, mainly in good condition, and more were constantly being discovered. They were concealed in caves, as well as in all sorts of buildings. The siege and sea-coast guns found exceeded sixty, and the whole captured artillery was above 200 pieces. The stores of rebel ammunition also proved to be surprisingly heavy. As Grant expressed it, there was enough to have kept up the defense for six years at the rate they were using it. The stock of army clothing was officially invoiced at $5,000,000—Confederate prices. Of sugar, molasses, and salt there was a large quantity, and 60,000 pounds of bacon were found in one place.

The day after we entered the town (July 5th) I wrote Mr. Stanton a long telegram, describing the surrender and giving him all the important facts I had gathered concerning the condition of things in Vicksburg, and at the same time telling him Grant's plans. The telegram, for some reason, has never found its way into the War Records, so that I give it here in full:

OFFICE OF U. S. MILITARY TELEGRAPH, WAR DEPARTMENT.

The following telegram received at Washington, 10 A.M., July 11, 1863.

From VICKSBURG, MISS., 11 P.M.
Dated *July* 5, 1863.

HON. E. M. STANTON:

The surrender was quietly consummated yesterday morning at the appointed hour of ten o'clock. The rebel troops marched out and stacked arms in front of their works, while General Pemberton appeared for a moment with his staff upon the parapet of the central fort. The occupation of the place by our forces

was directed by General McPherson, who had been appointed to command here; Logan being assigned to command the post under him. The divisions of Logan, J. E. Smith, and Herron now garrison the line of fortifications and furnish guards for the interior of the city. No troops remain outside; everything quiet here. Grant entered the city at eleven o'clock, and was received by Pemberton with more marked impertinence than at their former interview. He bore it like a philosopher, and in reply treated Pemberton with even gentler courtesy and dignity than before.

Of the number of prisoners we have as yet no precise information. Major Lockett, Pemberton's chief of engineers, reported it unofficially yesterday at twenty-seven thousand; but to-day, when the rebel brigadiers brought in their requisitions for food—which they did, notwithstanding Pemberton's clause in the capitulation that he should draw eight days' supplies from his own stores—the aggregate of the men for whom they thus drew rations was a little over thirty thousand. McPherson issued to them five rations per man, all they are to have. No citizens have yet applied for rations. The paroling is being pushed with all possible rapidity, and will doubtless be completed by the close of day after to-morrow. Among the officers already paroled are nineteen generals, with their staffs, including one lieutenant and four major-generals. Large numbers of the men express a warm desire to take the oath of allegiance, and it is certain that their officers will find it difficult to march them to their camps east of the Tombigbee. They have fifty-four hundred men on their sick lists; of these twenty-five hundred must be left behind here. Their losses during the siege are estimated by Judge Hamilton, an intelligent citizen of the place, at six thousand. Grant intends that they shall move from here to the Big Black by the Baldwin's Ferry road. Of course he will put no guards over them after they are out of the city. Pemberton having complained that the thirty wagons agreed upon in the capitulation were not enough, Grant has told him to take fifty. The universal testimony of the rebel officers is that their conscript soldiers have been worthless to them.

The official return of the field artillery surrendered makes it one hundred including many French, Spanish, and Austrian guns and two pieces [word omitted]. No report of siege and sea-coast guns has been made. Their number is from thirty to fifty. Neither do we yet know what quantity of ammunition the rebels had remaining, but some of their officers say they had only twenty rounds per man and per cannon. Captain Comstock, Grant's chief engineer, to-day visited the fortifications. He reports them as simple field works, but of considerable strength from the natural conformation of the ground—with one single exception the forts are all open at the gorge. Grant has ordered Comstock to find, if possible, a shorter line; but he reports that no line can be found which can be defended by a smaller force than the present. He says that this line can be repaired and strengthened so that five thousand men can hold it against twenty thousand.

This he will at once proceed to do, as also to obliterate the siege approach on which we have worked so hard and so long. The buildings of the town are much less damaged than we had expected. There is a considerable supply of railroad carriages here, with one or two locomotives in working condition. Orders have been given instantly to put the railroad in repair as far as the Big Black, and it will be ready to transport supplies to Sherman before to-morrow night. Of Johnston's movements we have no positive intelligence, except the report just brought in that Breckinridge's wagon train has started from Bolton under orders to go east of Pearl River.

Sherman is moving after Johnston with the utmost speed practicable. His bridges were laid on the afternoon of the 3d, and his forces started yesterday, as soon as Pemberton finally accepted Grant's ultimatum. Part of Ord's corps is also already across the Big Black, and Steele's division must be ready to cross at daylight to-morrow, though we have reports that the marching of the last of Steele and Ord from here was not completed till this forenoon. The Ninth Army Corps has moved forward towards Bear Creek, from its previous position in front of Haynes's Bluffs, but will not go further unless Sherman finds that he can compel Johnston to a general engagement. This is not now expected. It is supposed that Johnston is moving east and has the bulk of his forces already out of our way. This Sherman will ascertain positively by to-morrow or next day, and in that event the Ninth Corps will instantly return to Kentucky. The steamers are now waiting for them; meanwhile it is hardly possible that Sherman can fail to cut off some portion of Johnston's army and trains.

Grant yesterday evening sent a message to Banks to know if he still needs reënforcements. Another messenger was sent on the 1st inst. on the same business, and should be back here to-night. If Banks requires it, Herron's division will at once be sent to him, to be followed by as many other troops as may be necessary. As soon as the prisoners here are out of the way, an expedition will be sent to the Tensas, under Logan, to clear out the rebel troops there, chastise their people for the share in the recent raids on the Mississippi, and bring away the negroes and cattle. Grant designs to organize for the permanent garrison of Vicksburg one or two negro regiments of heavy artillery; for these he will ask the privilege of himself nominating the officers.

General Grant, being himself intensely occupied, desires me to say that he would like to receive from General Halleck as soon as practicable either general or specific instructions as to the future conduct of the war in his department. He has no idea of going into summer quarters, nor does he doubt his ability to employ his army so as to make its blows tell towards the Great Result; but he would like to be informed whether the government wishes him to follow his own judgment or to coöperate in some particular scheme of operations.

C. A. DANA.

VESPERTINA QUIES.

From a copyright photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London, after the painting by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

SAIRY SPENCER'S REVOLT.

By Carrie Blake Morgan.

ABRAHAM SPENCER came up the lane from the fields, carrying his discolored old straw hat in one hand and mopping his face with a red cotton handkerchief. He walked stiffly and slightly bent forward from the hips, as do most hard-working men who have passed the half-century mark, but he set his heavily-shod feet down with a firmness that bespoke considerable physical vigor as well as mental decision.

He scanned the house sharply as he approached, and his shaggy brows were drawn almost together in a frown. It was the middle of a sultry August afternoon, yet the doors and windows were all closed and the green holland blinds were drawn down. He tried the back door and found it fast, and though he pounded on it with his horny knuckles, there was no response save a startled "cuk, cuk, cuk!" from an old hen with a brood of downy chicks wallowing in the dust beside the steps.

"Now this is mighty strange," he muttered, perplexedly. "I wouldn't 've thought Sairy 'd go away from home this way all of a sudden. She didn't say a word about it at noontime. She's never done such a thing before, as I know of."

He stood still for a little while, meditatively rubbing his thumbs and forefingers together while he pondered the unprecedented situation.

"Couldn't be asleep, I reckon," he conjectured. "Never knowed her to sleep in daytime."

Nevertheless, he came down the steps and went around the house to a chamber window, where he parted a tangle of hop vines and rapped sharply on the sash.

"Sairy!" he called. "Sairy! are you to home?"

There was a slight sound from within, as of a creaking board beneath a careful footstep, then a shade was lifted at one side, and a thin, startled, elderly face looked out.

"What on earth's the matter, Sairy? What's the house all shut up like a jail for?" demanded Abraham Spencer, in a high-pitched, irascible tone. "Don't you know the Rhynearsons 've been here and gone away again?" he went on. "I saw 'em from the north medder, and I've come clear home to see what's the matter. Was you asleep? Didn't you hear 'em knock?"

Mrs. Spencer rolled up the shade, and lifted the sash with hands that trembled.

"Come, now, speak up quick," added her husband, impatiently, "for I'm goin' after 'em and bring 'em back, and I want to know what to tell 'em."

"No, no, Abra'm, don't go after 'em." Mrs. Spencer dropped on her knees and leaned her arms wearily on the window sill. She spoke pleadingly, and there were tears in her voice as well as in her eyes. "Oh, Abra'm, I kep' 'em out a-purpose."

"You—what?" Abraham Spencer's tone implied that he was forced to doubt the evidence of the ears that had served him well for nearly threescore years.

"I kep' 'em out a-purpose. I knowed you'd be mad, but I couldn't help it. I'm just too mortal tired and miser'ble to care what becomes of me. I ain't able to get supper for you and the hands, let alone all that Rhynearson gang. I've worked so hard to-day, and I didn't sleep much last night for my rheumatiz. I'm gettin' old fast, and breakin' down, Abra'm. I can't hold out much longer if I don't slack up a little on hard work."

"Well, why in thunder don't you slack up, then? What's to hinder you from goin' to bed after breakfast and stayin' there till dinner time?"

"Now, Abra'm, that's what you always say, and it's so unreasonable. Who'd do the work if I went to bed? Who'd feed the chickens and pigs, and milk the cows, and churn the butter, and clean the vegetables, and bake the bread and pies, and keep the whole house in order? You'd come out slim if I went to bed, Abra'm."

"Well, slim or no slim, I want you to either go to bed or else shut up your complainin'."

"Now, Abra'm, if you only would be a little reasonable. All I ask is that you let me slack up a little bit in ways that I can. There ain't no sense in us havin' so much comp'ny, now, since the girls are married and gone. Comp'ny makes so much

hard work, 'specially town comp'ny. Them high-flyin' town folks don't care a snap for us, Abra'm. They just like to be cooked for and waited on, and kep' over night and over Sunday, and fed on the best of everything, from spring chicken to watermelons. Now, them Rhynearsons——"

"Them Rynearsons 're my friends," sternly interposed Abraham Spencer; "and so long's I have a roof over my head my friends 're welcome under it. I wouldn't 've b'lieved such a thing of you, Sairy. I hain't any doubt you're tired. I'm tired myself, most of the time; but I don't make that an excuse for slightin' my friends."

"But you don't have to cook for 'em and wait on 'em, Abra'm, when you're so tired and worn out that you can't hardly drag one foot after the other, and——"

"Don't begin that old tune all over again. I've heard it a many a time already. You're gettin' so you're always complainin', and if there's anything I hate it's a naggin' woman. Now, understand, I'm goin' after the Rhynearsons; I'm goin' to make 'em come back if I can. Am I to say you was away from home or asleep, or what? It won't do for me to tell 'em one thing and you another; so just tell me what to say, and be quick about it."

"Tell 'em anything you like, Abra'm, I don't care what. All I ask of you, if you're bound to go after 'em, is that you'll stop at Selwood's and get Sophrony to come over and do the work while they're here."

"What, hire her?"

"Why, of course. You wouldn't ask a poor girl like Sophrony to work for you for nothin', I reckon?"

"My land, Sairy, how often 've I got to tell you I can't afford to pay out money for help in the house? If you once begin it you'll be always wantin' help, and there's no sense in it. Why, there was my mother——"

Mrs. Spencer staggered to her feet. She was a tall, stoop-shouldered, weak-chested woman; her scant hair was iron-gray; her hands were hardened and swelled at the joints with years of toil; and her face was deep-lined and sallow. Just now it was as near white as it could be, and a sudden hunted, desperate look had come into it, a look that stopped the words on her husband's lips. He broke off abruptly, and looked at her in stern surprise and displeasure.

"I never knowed you to act up so cranky, Sairy. I can't see what's gettin' into you. Now, I've got no time to fool away. I'll tell Mis' Rhynearson you was asleep and didn't hear 'em knock, shall I?"

"Tell her anything you like," was the reply, in a strange, still voice, that suited the look in her face. "I won't contradict you."

"But how do you know you won't? We ought to have a clear understandin'. What you goin' to tell Mis' Rhynearson when she asks you where you was?"

"She won't ask me."

"Well, now, I'd like to know how you know she won't?"

"Because I'm not goin' to give her a chance."

The window sash slid down to the sill, and the shade dropped back to its place. Abraham Spencer let go the hop vines and watched them cluster together again, with a slightly dazed look in his deep-set gray eyes.

"Now, what in blazes can she 've meant by that last?" he meditated, uneasily. Then his flat, straight-cut lips closed in a hard line, and he added, as he turned shortly away: "But I ain't agoin' to ask her. When a man can't be master in his own house, it's time for him to burn it down or blow his brains out."

Mrs. Spencer heard his heavy heels resounding on the hard-beaten path as he went around the house, and each relentless step seemed to grind its way into her quivering nerves. Ordinarily she would have taken timid note of his movements at the edge of a window shade, for her husband's anger had always been a dreadful thing to her. But now she opened the outer door and stood there, watching, while he brought a horse and wagon out of the barn and drove rapidly away. When he had passed out of sight she exclaimed bitterly:

"I'll not stand it! I'll hide myself! I'll get out of this before he gets back with that gang, if I drop dead in my tracks!"

As a first and very womanish step in the execution of her resolve she sat down on the doorstep and cried. Her meager frame shook with dry, convulsive sobs, such as are born of worn-out nerves, aching muscles, a lonely heart, and a starved soul.

She did not heed approaching footsteps, and scarcely started when a neighbor paused at the foot of the steps and spoke to her.

"Why, Mis' Spencer, what's the matter? I hope nothin's gone wrong?"

Mrs. Spencer's sobs ceased, and her face hardened, as she met the woman's inquiring eyes.

"It ain't nothin' that I want to talk about, Mis' Howard. I've about got to the end of my rope, that's all. I'm tired of livin', and wish to heaven I was dead this minute."

Mrs. Howard held up her hands.

"Don't say that, Mis' Spencer," she remonstrated. "Now, I don't know what's gone wrong, and I hain't the least notion of tryin' to find out; I only beg of you not to wish you was dead. It's such a fearful wish. We don't any of us know what death is."

"We all know it's rest, and that's all I care to know," said Mrs. Spencer. She leaned her chin on her hands, her elbows on her knees, and gazed into vacancy with red-rimmed, unlovely eyes.

"No, we don't even know that," said Mrs. Howard, with impressive earnestness. "That's just one of the things we've been taught, and we like to think it's so. We don't know the first thing about death, Mis' Spencer, except that it turns us cold and stiff and fits us for the grave. We don't any of us know what goes with the livin', thinkin', sufferin' part of us. Sometimes I think maybe it stays with us in the grave, so that we hear and know things, same as when we was livin'. I shouldn't wonder if we could lay in our graves and hear the birds singin', and the rain fallin', and feel the sun shinin' above us. Now, s'posin' you was in your grave, out there in the little buryin' ground in the medder, and s'posin' you could hear these little chicks chipin' to be fed at sundown, and you not here to feed 'em; and the cows comin' up the lane to be milked, and you not here to milk 'em; and your husband trudgin' home, slow and tired and hungry, and you not here to get supper for him. Do you reckon you could rest then, Mis' Spencer?

"And s'posin' that after a bit you'd hear some other woman's voice a-callin' the chickens, and some other woman's hands rattlin' the stove-lids around a-startin' a fire to cook supper for your husband. You'd most likely want to get up out of your grave then, but you couldn't. You'd just have to lay there and hear things goin' on without you, day in and day out, year in and year out, and watch yourself goin' to pieces inch by inch and crumblin' to dust. There wouldn't be much rest about that, Mis' Spencer, would there, now?"

Mrs. Spencer arose with the slow painfulness of stiffened rheumatic joints, and turned a shocked, resentful face upon her visitor.

"Mis' Howard," she said, sternly, "if I found a fellow mortal in trouble, and couldn't think of a single comfortin' thing to say to her, I'd go away and leave her alone; I wouldn't try to knock out the last prop from under her. If a body can't b'lieve in the rest that's in the grave, I'd like to know what we can b'lieve in! I never heard such scand'lous doctrine since I was born!"

She turned abruptly and went into the house, closing the door between herself and her unorthodox neighbor, and listened until the sound of receding footsteps died away.

"There, I hope she's gone, with her croakin'. I was that afeard that she'd hang around and hinder me too long. Land, four o'clock a-ready!"—as a timepiece in an inner room gave four hard, metallic strokes. She hurried into the bedroom and came out rolling a pair of heavy gray blankets into an uncouth bundle. Then she took a bottle from a shelf in the pantry and filled it with rich, sweet milk. As she put the cork in she suddenly stopped and listened, then opened the door a little way and listened again, intently.

"Wheels!" she ejaculated. "Now, if it should be them, goodness help me to get into the cornfield before they come in sight!"

She caught up the blankets, and snatched a raspberry pie, in its tin plate, from the table. Thus equipped for flight, she opened the door and went hurriedly out. At the foot of the steps the brood of little chickens met her in full force, fluttering around her feet and impeding her progress.

"Shoo! Shoo!"

She pushed them aside with one foot, and waved the pie at them frantically; but they followed close at her skirts, with dismal chirps that went to her heart.

"Poor little things, how well they know it's their supper-time. If I'd only had time to feed 'em. Like as not nobody else 'll do it."

She hesitated and looked back at them, pityingly. But the rattle of wheels sounded closer now, and her heart hardened. She went on again, striving to redouble her speed; but the blankets were cumbersome, and the raspberry pie was shedding its sticky juice up her sleeve.

"WHY, MIS' SPENCER, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Her arms were near to breaking, and tears and perspiration mingled in the hollows of her cheeks, when at last she reached the cornfield and stumbled in between the tall, green rows. She dropped the blankets and almost fell upon them in her exhaustion. The bottle and pie were allowed to shift for themselves, and the latter poured out the last remnant of its crimson juice at the roots of a cornhill.

Presently Mrs. Spencer sat up and listened again. She could no longer hear the sound of wheels, nor any sound save the rustling of the millions of corn-blades in the great field about her, and the voice of a meadow lark singing from the top of a tall, charred stump near by. She sat still and rested a little while longer; then she stood up and tried to see the house; but the tasseled tops of the corn were two feet above her head. She made her way cautiously to the outer row, and peered out

between the stalks; but the low sun beat straight into her eyes, and the higher ground of the meadow, full of hay-cocks, intervened. She could see only the weather-worn roofs of the house and barn. She crept back and took up again her burden of blankets and bottle and pie, and trudged on deeper into the sheltering labyrinth of corn. When she had put half the width of the field between herself and the house she felt safe for the time being, and sat down again to rest and bide her time.

Her objective point was an old dugout in the face of a stony ridge just beyond the cornfield. It had been constructed for a potato cellar, and was used only for storing those edible tubers in winter. From March to November it was empty and forgotten, given over to rats and spiders. She had chosen it for her refuge over all other nooks and crannies on the farm because of its isolation. No roving member of the objectionable "gang" would be likely to stumble upon it and discover her. But it was well up the face of the ridge and visible from the house, so she did not think it best to risk discovery by approaching it in open day.

She partly unrolled the blankets and lay down upon them, turning her worn face up to the sky, with a deep-drawn breath of rest and a delicious new sense of freedom. Her close environment of tall corn shut out the horizon, but she knew when the sun had sunk below it by the tinted glow that overspread her small vista of sky, and the fresher breeze that came whispering among the corn-blades, precursor of the coming night.

After a time dark shadows began creeping along the furrows, as if striving to steal upon her unawares, and in the purpling firmament above two or three pale stars took form and blinked coldly down at her. She sat up and shivered, and her heart sank a little at thought of the potato cellar and the lonely night.

"Dew's a-fallin'!" she exclaimed in dismay, with care for her rheumatism; and as quickly as might be she gathered up her belongings and resumed her flight. In the fast-gathering night the way to the potato cellar seemed long and rough, and when she had reached it she found it a stronghold defended by wild blackberry vines that she must tear away with her naked hands before she could gain an entrance.

The clumsy door opened outward, and yielded only inch by inch to her repeated jerks. Each time a blackberry vine was wrenched out by the roots, it brought down a shower of loosened gravel upon her defenseless head from the crumbling banks that towered high on either side. But at last a dark aperture yawned before her wide enough to give her entrance. She wondered why she had not foreseen the need of a candle and some matches, as she groped her way within and pulled the door shut. As she did so there came a great roar and crash of falling gravel outside. It sounded a perfect avalanche, and she congratulated herself on having escaped it.

The atmosphere of the little cave-like place was close and musty from long lack of ventilation, and Mrs. Spencer found the abrupt change from the pure outer air almost stifling. She decided that she must reopen the door and leave it so through the night. But when she attempted to do this, she found the door immovable, held shut by the mass of gravel that had fallen against it. The discovery left her aghast.

"Why, now—if I can't get out, and nobody has the least notion where I am, why—it's 'most like bein' buried alive!"

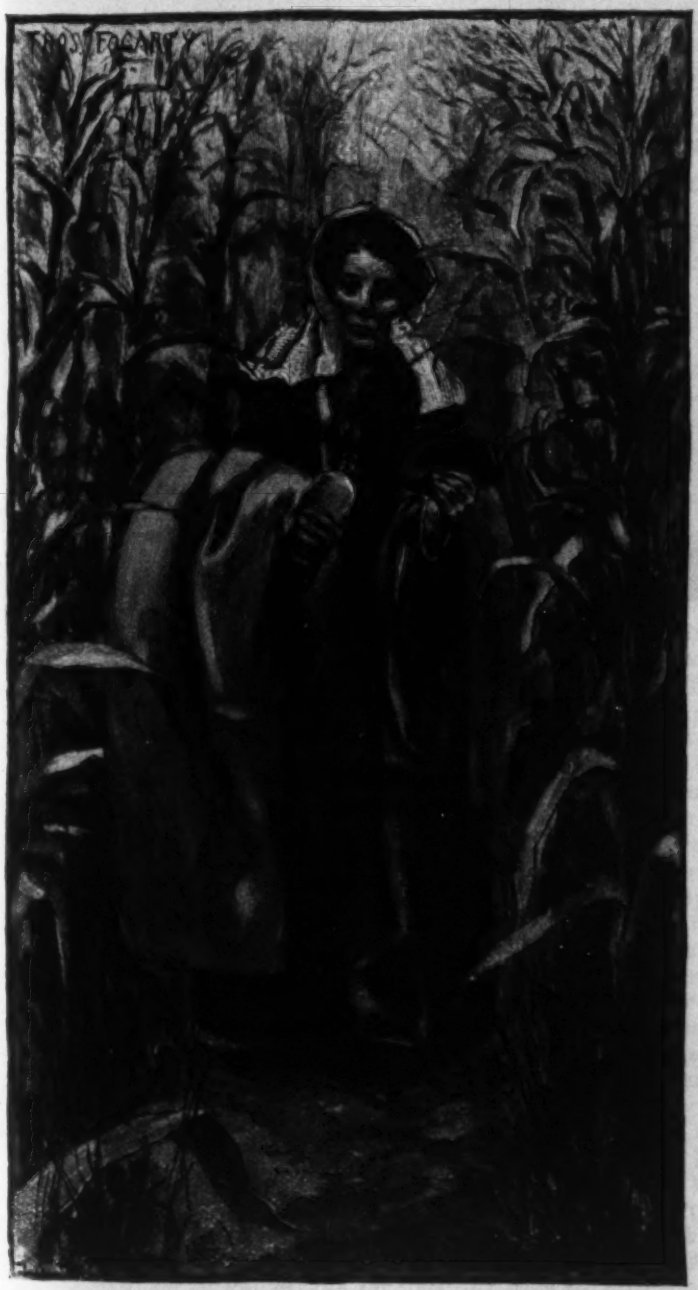
The situation was disheartening, but the direst forebodings must yield to extreme bodily weariness, and soon she had spread her blankets on the dry straw of a potato bin and stretched her aching frame upon them.

For an hour or more her mental worry and her "rheumatiz" united in tormenting her; then came sleep, and wooed her to rest with the welcome thought of no breakfast to get in the morning and no disturbing voice to break in upon her slumbers with the announcement of "gettin'-up time."

But she dreamed, and all through her dream sounded the chirping of hungry little chickens, the lowing of unmilked cows, and the slow, heavy tread of her husband's feet coming up the lane at evening time. "Tired and hungry, and you not here to get supper for him," droned the reproachful voice of her neighbor, running like a dirge through the other sounds and making of the dream a wretched, haunting nightmare.

"Drat that Mis' Howard! I'll never speak to her again," was Mrs. Spencer's first waking thought. A thin shaft of daylight, with the yellow glint of a well-risen sun in it, was forcing its way into the cellar through a crevice an inch wide above the door. Involuntarily Mrs. Spencer sat up and listened for the familiar sounds of her dream. But she heard only

the bickering of a pair of wrens in the blackberry vines outside, and the scurry of a rat that scampered across the cellar floor and plunged into his hole in a corner.



"SHE TOOK UP . . . HER BURDEN OF BLANKETS AND BOTTLE AND PIE, AND TRUDGED ON DEEPER INTO THE SHELTERING LABYRINTH OF CORN."

This served to draw her attention to her surroundings.

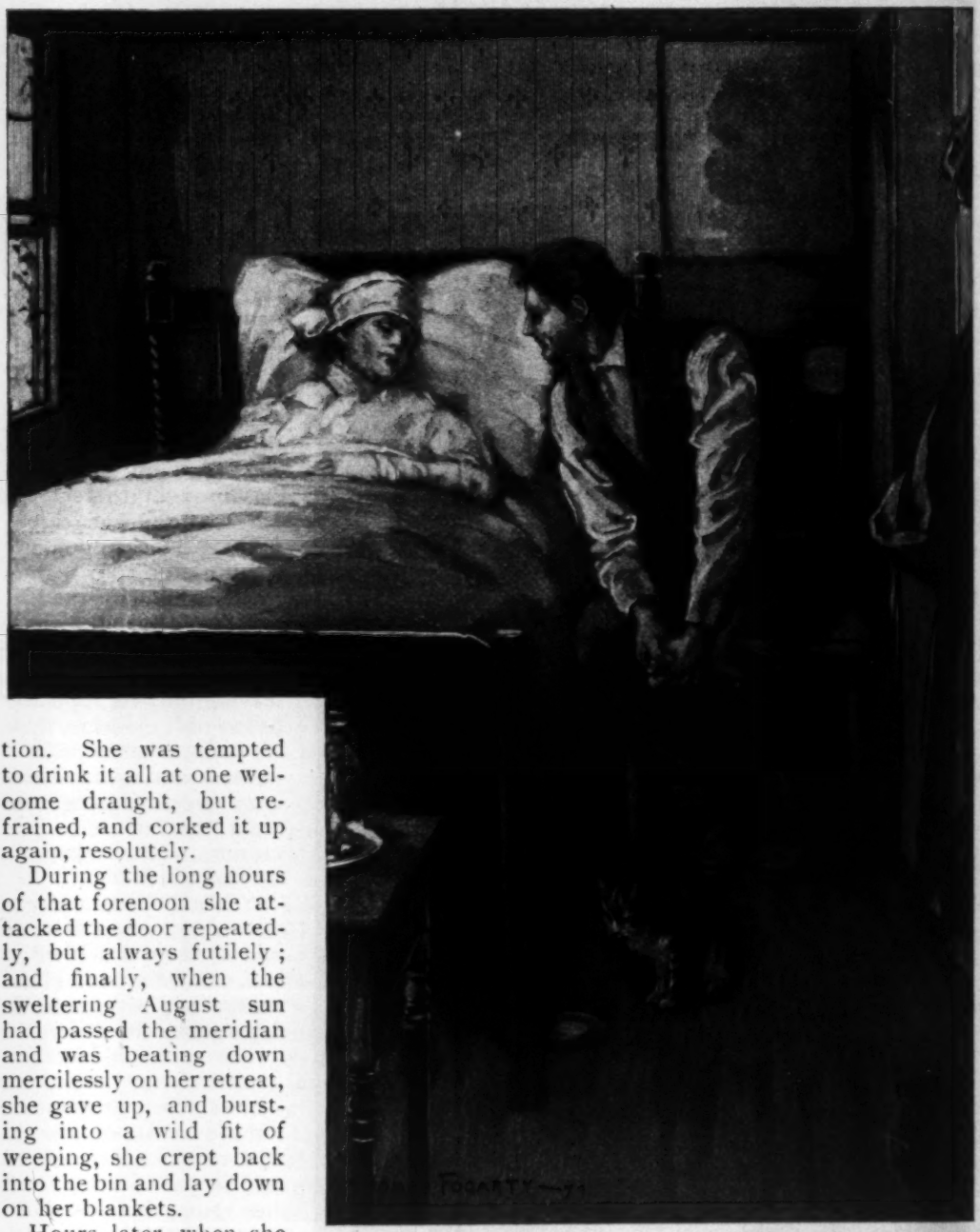
In an opposite bin lay some sorry-looking potatoes, with long, ghostly white sprouts and a winding-sheet of cobwebs. Near the center of the earth floor stood a battered old sheet-iron stove, with some rusty joints of pipe rising shakily to the thatched roof, ten feet above. The hired men had set it up during the cold snap in March, and built a fire in it to keep themselves warm while they cut potatoes for seeding. A dozen matches and a clay pipe half full of burnt tobacco lay on its hearth, forgotten.

Mrs. Spencer felt a little light-headed when she stood up, and thus was brought to remember that she had eaten nothing since noon of the preceding day. She looked about for the pie and bottle of milk. The latter was intact, but the former had vanished, leaving only its tin plate as tangible evidence that it had existed. Two little, knowing, exultant eyes were shining up from the rathole in the corner. Mrs. Spencer looked troubled.

"Well"—a long, quivering breath—"I cert'nly said I wished I was dead, but slow starvation is a little more'n I bargained for."

She spoke aloud and shrunk from the sound of her voice, it was so shut-in and sepulchral. She turned to the door and strove now with all her strength to push it open, but it withstood the onslaught without a tremor.

She desisted at length, and sat down on an upturned apple-box, exhausted and gasping for breath. The place was stifling. Oh for a breath of pure, sweet air! Her outraged lungs seemed burning in her breast, and her mouth and throat were parched. She opened the bottle of milk, and took a por-



"SHE FELT THE STRANGE TENDERNESS THAT VIBRATED IN HIS ROUGH VOICE."

tion. She was tempted to drink it all at one welcome draught, but refrained, and corked it up again, resolutely.

During the long hours of that forenoon she attacked the door repeatedly, but always futilely; and finally, when the sweltering August sun had passed the meridian and was beating down mercilessly on her retreat, she gave up, and bursting into a wild fit of weeping, she crept back into the bin and lay down on her blankets.

Hours later, when she had wept a great deal and slept a little, she opened her swollen eyes and saw the red gold of sunset shining in above the door.

"Twenty-four hours," she said to herself, and a great longing came upon her to know how Abra'm and the old home were doing without her. She dragged the apple-box close to the door, and mounted upon it, thus bringing her eyes to a level with the crevice. There lay the farmhouse and its peaceful surroundings spread out below her like a quaint, sun-kissed old picture. But oh, how distant it was, how far beyond the sound of her voice, even though she should shriek aloud! The broad meadow and the great field of rustling corn lay between.

At first there was no sign of life about the place, except the patient cows standing in the lane, waiting for the bars to be let down. But presently, while she waited

and watched for the men to come in from their work in the far north meadow, she descried a curl of smoke rising from the kitchen chimney, a queer, ghastly little caricature of a smile flashing across her face.

"Now, if I was near enough to hear the stove-lids rattle," she whispered, "I could 'most imagine I was dead and in my grave, like Mis' Howard said."

For a long time she stood with her eyes at the crevice and her hands grasping the rough frame of the cellar door, watching that changing, darkening spiral of smoke. Once the kitchen door opened, and a woman stood for an instant in sight. The watcher squinted her eyes in a desperate endeavor to concentrate her gaze.

"I s'pose it's Mis' Rhynearson," she muttered, with a resentful snap in her tone. "It's just like her to take possession of a body's house and act as if she owned it! I can't see how Abra'm can like them Rhynearsons so well; they're such pestiferous folks. To think of her there, a-livin' high off the fresh bread and cakes and pies that I baked, and the cheese I made, and the butter I churned, and me here a-starvin'!"

The contrast was too pitiful. In all her hard, meager life she had never before known the pangs of hunger and thirst. Her eyes filled, and the vision was for a time shut out. When she looked again, the curling smoke was scarcely discernible, and all the angles of the old house were toned down by the softening shadow of approaching night.

She could make out the figure of a man standing by the bars. It might be one of the hands, or—it might be—yes, it was Abra'm! He had turned and was going slowly toward the house, and she knew him by the forward stoop of his body and that characteristic something in the way he set his feet down as he walked.

She thought he would go in at the kitchen door, but he passed around to the front porch, and sat down alone on the steps.

Presently it struck her that his head was bowed upon his hands and that his attitude was one of deep dejection. But she was not quite sure; he was so far away, and the shadows lay deep between. Still, the longer she looked the more his fading outline seemed to appeal to her, until at last she was overcome with the conviction that sorrow, rather than anger, ruled in her husband's heart.

"He ain't mad at me! I just seem to feel he ain't mad at me! Oh, Abra'm! Abra'm!"

She shrieked his name aloud again and again, each frenzied effort shriller than the last; but the narrow crevice threw the greater part of the sound back into the cellar, and Abraham Spencer sat still, with bent head, unhearing, until the night had thickened and shut him from her sight.

The black hours that followed were terrible to her. Remorse and a reawakened longing to live, and to go back to her deserted duties, now united with hunger and thirst to torture her. In the middle of the hot, stifling night she was forced to drain the last swallow of milk from the bottle, and still her thirst was so great that she tossed and moaned in the fitful bits of sleep that came to her. Once she was awakened by a touch, a weight like that of a hand upon her shoulder, and she started up with a glad cry on her lips; but it was only her cell-mate the rat. He scampered away to his own corner, and she lay there with a convulsive horror upon her, watching and listening lest he return. She told herself that he would come back tomorrow night, when she would have less strength to frighten him away; and all the nights after, when her poor body might lie there lifeless, at his mercy.

She wondered, with an awful, shuddering wonder, whether it could be that her soul must linger near and witness the degrading annihilation of its erstwhile tenement. A maddening horror of death seized her. She staggered across to the opposite bin, and made a desperate attempt to eat one of the raw, moldy potatoes.

At the first hint of morning she was again on the apple-box, with her eyes at the crevice. But now there was a thick white fog all over the land, and no vaguest outline of her home was visible to her.

The wrens were bickering spitefully over their nest, not an arm's length away from her face.

"Oh, hush!" she said to them, pityingly, from the bitter depths of her own experience. "You poor, blind little things; you don't know how short life is, after all, and how little it matters if things don't go just to suit you." The small pair were struck motionless and dumb by the mere sound of her voice, and forgot to renew their quarrel. Presently the father bird went away to his day's work, and the little mother settled down to the monotony of her home duties, both unconscious of the yearning eyes of the lone watcher at the crevice.

Many times that day she crept back and forth between the bin and the apple-box. When her head swam and her trembling knees gave way beneath her, she would stagger to the bin and fall upon the blankets. But no sleep came, and no rest; and after a time her strength so far forsook her that she could no longer mount upon the box. Then she lay still and gazed at the strip of light above the door until it seemed a streak of fire scorching her eyeballs.

And all the time she was listening, listening, for the sound of a footstep or a voice.

Thus the night found her, and again added its horror of darkness and rats. The fever of hunger and thirst was upon her. Her tongue and lips were swollen, and a devouring flame burned in her vitals. Her senses were no longer normal, and she heard sounds and saw objects that had no existence in reality.

All night long she watched the dark corner where the rat dwelt, and her distorted fancy magnified him into a monster of the jungle; in the cunning of semi-delirium she made plans to frighten him and keep him at bay; and finally, in the dark hour before dawn, she crept stealthily from the bin, whispering through her swelled lips:

"Fire! Fire will keep him away!"

She clutched an armful of straw, and crawled on hands and knees across the earthen floor to the sheet-iron stove. Keeping keen watch of the dread corner, she thrust the straw into the stove and groped for the matches on its hearth. A scratch, a flash, a tiny flame, then a roar!

She dragged herself to the bin and brought more straw, and more, until the thin sheet iron of the stove and the rickety pipe clear to the roof were red and roaring. The already hot and vitiated atmosphere of the cellar was now raised to an unbearable temperature, and soon she succumbed to it, falling upon the ground, face downward, in a mad effort to get away.

No longer fed, the straw fire languished and went out; but its mischief was done. The dry thatch of the roof had caught from the red-hot pipe and was blazing up, slowly at first, but ever surely. Soon the cinders began to fall into the cellar, and one struck her bare neck as she lay. She cried out with the pain, and struggled a little farther away; but the brands fell faster as the aperture around the pipe broadened, and her doom would have been certain had there not been another restless heart and a pair of sleepless eyes on the old farm.

The hired men were awakened by the excited voice of Abraham Spencer shouting:

"Up, boys, up! Bring water! The potato cellar's a-fire!"

He was away, with two great pails of water in his hands, before the men were fairly awake. When they followed him they found him on the roof of the cellar. He had succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and as they approached, he suddenly dropped his pails and, falling upon his knees, crept close to the charred edge of the chasm in the roof. Leaning far over, he shaded his eyes and peered keenly into the steaming depths below. A faint moan had reached him, and now, as he listened, another came quivering up to him.

"My God!" he cried, springing up. "She's down there, boys! Sairy! Run for shovels! Oh, run, run!"

He himself ran like a madman, but only a little way. Then he turned and ran as madly back to the cellar, where he attacked the fallen gravel with his hands, and beat and tore at the door until the heavy boards, all stained with his own blood, were rended from their fastenings, and he had leaped into the cellar and caught up the prostrate figure he found there.

It was hours afterward that Mrs. Spencer aroused from the stupor that was upon her and began to comprehend again the realities of life. She was in her own clean, soft bed, and the cool breeze of evening was fluttering the hop vines at the window. She felt pain when she attempted to move, and there were bandages on her hands, her head, and her neck; but the pain was not acute, and the soothing effect of an opiate still lingered with her. Somewhere in the outer distance she heard the faint, familiar tinkle of a cow bell, and—yes, the subdued rattle of stove-lids in the kitchen. She lifted her head from the pillow to listen, and found her husband sitting silent close beside her.

"What is it, Sairy? What do you want?" he asked; and she felt the strange tenderness that vibrated in his rough voice.

"Who's in the kitchen, Abra'm? Is it —Mis' Rhynearson?"

"No, Sairy, it ain't. Mis' Rhynearson went home double quick when she found there wasn't anybody here to wait on her. You knowed her better than I did, Sairy.

That's Sophrony Selwood in the kitchen, and she's goin' to stay there till she dies —or gets married."

She closed her eyes to hide the starting tears, but they forced their way through the interlaced lashes. Suddenly she turned to him and spoke the thought that filled her heart.

"Oh, Abra'm, it was so long! Why didn't you try to find me? Why didn't you come sooner?"

"My land, Sairy, I never once thought of the dugout! I was too busy lookin' everywhere else for you. First of all, I drove clear over to Lizy's to see if you was there. That's a good sixteen miles, you know, and took a big slice out of the first day. Then we went to all the neighbors and hunted the whole place over, but none of us ever thought of the dugout: I don't know why, but we didn't. Then that night Mis' Howard come over and told me—well, what you said to her, you know, Sairy, and she—she spoke of the crick."

"The crick?" wonderingly.

"You know, Sairy!"—he suddenly bent over and put his arms around her and drew her to him—"I—was goin' to have the crick dragged to-day, and if I'd found you there, Sairy—I couldn't ever 've stood it."

"Pshaw, Abra'm," she whispered, chokingly, and put up her bandaged hand to stroke the furrowed stubble of his sunburned face.

THE MIRROR.

By Margaret F. Mauro.

My mirror tells me that my face is fair,
  And can I doubt but that it tells me true?
My mirror says that I have golden hair,
  And cheeks like the wild rose, and eyes of blue.
I say, "Do I indeed these charms possess,
O trusty glass?" My mirror answers, "Yes."

When lovers' tales this heart all free from care
  Have surfeited with flattery's cloying sweet,
Unto my mirror do I straight repair,
  And cry, "O mirror, is this all deceit?
Say, do I merit praise and fond caress?"
Then doth my trusty mirror answer, "Yes."

Deem me not vain, I pray; for well I know
  That when life's skies have lost their rosy hue
I must one day unto my mirror go
  And say, "O tell me, mirror, is it true
That every day my youthful charms grow less?"
Then must my trusty mirror answer, "Yes."

And O I trust that in that later day,
  The time of silvered hair and fading sight,
When I unto my looking-glass shall say,
  "O mirror, with my beauty's waning light
Doth honor also fail and virtue go?"
Then may mine ancient mirror answer, "No."

Editor's Note.—The above poem was written about a year ago, when the author was but thirteen years old, and other poems of hers have already appeared in print. She is described by a member of her family as "a normal, unassuming child, with an unusual love of and taste for literature;" one who "has read quite extensively, and has been putting the works of her imagination into prose and verse since she was seven years of age." A thing of special interest in the poem is the correspondence it shows, in sentiment, form, and movement, with the choice lyrics of the seventeenth century.

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN BROWN.

By Daniel B. Hadley.

IN 1842, when I first settled at Akron, Ohio, I became acquainted with John Brown, afterwards called "Osawatomie" Brown. He lived one mile west of Akron, on the large farm of Simon Perkins, Jr. They farmed it in partnership. Subsequently Brown went to Europe for the purpose of purchasing finely bred cattle and sheep. He purchased in England specimens of Durham and Devonshire cattle. In Spain he purchased of some Catholic monks some fine grades of merino sheep. All these cattle and sheep were shipped to the United States, and placed on the Perkins farm. As the years went by, the cattle and sheep increased in numbers. It was the pride of Brown to walk off with the premiums on cattle and sheep at the annual fairs of Summit County, Ohio. His smooth, red Devonshire oxen, with their beautiful horns tipped with brass knobs, were the admiration of all. The firm of Perkins and Brown was annually awarded the premium for the best and finest wool by the American Institute, New York, for a number of years. In 1852 Brown missed one of his fat merinos. He set a watch, and in a few days he found another missing, and he traced it to the premises of a neighbor named Ruggles. He sent word to Ruggles that his merino sheep cost him $300 a head, and that if Ruggles could not purchase mutton for his family, he (Brown) had some Bakewell sheep which were much better for mutton than the merinos, and much cheaper, and if Ruggles would come to his farm he would make him a present of a Bakewell sheep occasionally.

Brown, it was well known at this time, was in principle, as well as practice, a non-resistant. He believed in the doctrine which Christ preached on the Mount, that if one is hit on the right cheek, he should turn the other also. The man Ruggles knew this as well as others, and it probably prompted him in the course he pursued. He cut a stout hickory sapling, and one day, when he spied Brown drive out to the forest for a load of wood, stationed himself at the point where Brown would emerge into the public highway, and waited till Brown appeared. Then he applied the hickory sapling across Brown's shoulders. Every blow drew blood. Brown simply folded his arms and waited for the threshing to end. The blood ran down into his boots; between twenty and thirty lashes were given. When the punishment was over, Brown quietly drove with his load of wood to his house, unyoked his oxen and turned them into the pasture, and then came to my office (I was a justice of the peace) to obtain a warrant for Ruggles's arrest. On hearing his statement, I issued the warrant and despatched Constable Jack Wright to serve it. Wright soon returned with Ruggles under arrest.

On the trial, the fact came out in Brown's testimony that he made no resistance. The law would have permitted a fine of $100, but in my decision I said to Brown that, as he had needlessly received all after the first blow, I would fine the defendant the same as if only one blow drawing blood had been struck; so I assessed a fine of twenty dollars.

Brown replied that he was perfectly satisfied; that all he wanted was to have the law enforced. I told him he was living under the laws of Ohio, and, as a magistrate, I was sworn to administer the Ohio laws and not the laws laid down in the Bible. But he replied that he should obey the laws as laid down by Christ, and went his way.

Soon after this he went to live at East Elba, in the northeast portion of New York State. In 1854 the Kansas-Nebraska Bill passed Congress. During the fall of 1854 five sons of Brown, with their families, and one daughter, with her husband and family, emigrated to Kansas and settled at Osawatomie. Two of the sons drove some of the fine cattle and sheep bred by their father across Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri to Kansas. In the spring of 1855 an election was ordered by the Governor of Kansas and held for the election of members of the legislature and county officers. The Border Ruffians came into Kansas from Missouri, took possession of the ballot boxes at Osawatomie, and voted themselves into office, although they were not even citizens of Kansas. Then they very kindly relieved the Browns

from the trouble of feeding and caring for their cattle, horses, and sheep, by taking every hoof over to their homes in Missouri.

The next move on the part of the Border Ruffian members of the legislature was to meet at the capital of the Territory of Kansas, organize, and then adjourn to Shawnee, Missouri, near the State line between Missouri and Kansas, and two miles from Westport, Missouri, and proceed to make laws for Kansas Territory. In order to shorten their labors, they took a volume of Missouri statutes, and wherever the word Missouri occurred, pasted over it a slip of paper with the word Kansas printed thereon, and then enacted the whole volume as the statutes of Kansas. These were the laws which the Free-State settlers named the "bogus laws." At first the Free-State settlers refused to obey them, and President Pierce ordered United States troops into the Territory to help the sheriffs of the different counties enforce them.

Time ran along to the month of August, 1855. Then Brown's children at Osawatomie wrote a letter to their father, who still resided at East Elba, New York, in which they gave a history of the treatment they had received from the pro-slavery people in Missouri, in their trips up the Missouri River, as well as while driving into the State, and also the wrongs perpetrated on them by the Border Ruffians in Kansas. They all, the twelve of them, signed the letter.

At that time I was still a resident of Akron, Ohio. One afternoon, towards the latter part of August, 1855, as I sat at my desk busily writing, I thought I half saw the office door gently open an inch or two, and I looked more closely to see what the movement meant. The door slowly opened a little wider, and the body of a man pushed through. Then he deliberately turned about, closed the door, and turned and walked towards me. Before he reached me I saw he was John Brown. I greeted him and asked him to be seated. He replied that he had no time to waste, that he had just come to Akron, and, knowing me rather better than others there, had called on me first. He had, he said, a letter from his children in Kansas, and he took a seat and read the letter. He said that the letter had put him in an awful frame of mind. His principle was non-resistance, but his feeling and desire were to go to Kansas and forcibly defend his children. After first reading the letter, he told me, when he and his wife had finished their supper, he took down his Bible and read a chapter from the New Testament. Then they knelt in prayer. He prayed that God would give him light as to what course he should pursue. But he got no light. Then he read another chapter, and his wife prayed. Yet another chapter was read, and then he and his wife prayed alternately till midnight. Still no light was shed on his pathway, nor did he feel any relief. But all at once, about midnight, he was reminded that he had read only from the New Testament, and he resolved to try the Old Testament. In the first chapter he turned to he read, "And the Lord said unto Saul, Go out and slay the Philistines." He then saw a ray of light, and he and his wife again knelt in prayer. While he was praying this time, he heard the voice of the Lord in the upper part of the room they were in saying, "John Brown, go to Kansas and slay the Border Ruffians!" This brought genuine relief to his troubled mind. So he told his wife they would go to bed and obtain some sleep, and in the morning he would start for Kansas in obedience to the command of Almighty God.

The next morning Brown departed from East Elba, and went first to Boston. There he called on Wendell Phillips, who helped him with ten dollars. Next he went to Madison County, New York, and called on Gerrit Smith, who gave him fifty dollars. Then he went to Hartford, Connecticut, and made a contract to purchase revolvers of the Colt revolver factory at wholesale prices. Next he went to Springfield, Massachusetts, and made a contract with Sharp's rifle factory to purchase rifles at wholesale prices. Then he came to Akron, Ohio, and called on me.

After he had finished reading his letter and telling his story, he appealed to me to help him raise money for his designs in Kansas. I realized that if, in consequence of my servant President Pierce refusing to defend the Free-State settlers in Kansas, I, as Uncle Sam, or at least one of him, should undertake the job for myself, I might have to bend some of the laws, even if they did not actually break. So I cautioned Brown to go out and speak to such persons as he knew to be trusty and request them to meet in the basement of the High Street school building at dark that night. This basement could be entered from the rear, and our meeting was not likely to be noticed. I also notified such persons as I knew to be reliable, telling them that John Brown was in town

and would read a letter from his children in Kansas.

At the meeting about two dozen people put in an appearance. Brown read his letter, and stated briefly that he was then on his way to Kansas to see what he could do toward defending his children and other Free-State settlers. A committee of two was appointed to raise money, guns, ammunition, and tent cloth for him. The committee consisted of myself and Mr. E. C. Sackett. I undertook the task of raising the money, and Mr. Sackett that of raising the other things. My law office was made the depository for the war material. I requested Brown to be at my office at noon the day after the meeting, to receive the collection. Promptly at noon he drove up with a horse and newly-covered spring wagon. No questions were asked either by Sackett or myself as to where he obtained these, and I never knew. We brought down from my office the contributions, consisting of twenty-one revolvers and twenty-six rifles and muskets, and placed them in the wagon. I had collected just $300, which I handed to Brown. He asked that, if we obtained any more contributions for him, we should ship them to him at Rock Island, Illinois, whither he would endeavor to go, through Missouri and Iowa, to obtain them. Then he shook hands, bade us good-by, and drove away. I never saw him but once thereafter, and that was in the winter of 1856–57, at Akron, when he delivered a lecture in a public hall.

The committee made further efforts to collect war material for Brown. I had learned that a box of new United States rifles, that had been shipped to Akron to equip a military company which did not succeed in organizing, was in the possession of Sheriff Seward, at the jail. The committee made bold to call on the sheriff and request him to deliver the rifles to us, to be shipped to John Brown; but he said that he had that day received an order from the Governor of Ohio to ship them to Columbus by canal. Remembering the adage that "all is fair in love and war," I informed him that the committee had that morning formed a copartnership in the draying business, and would like the job of draying the box of rifles to the canal, and would do it for half a dollar. He said that was cheap enough, and he would willingly pay it. He directed us to be at his stable near the jail at three o'clock that afternoon, and he would have the box there all ready for shipment. I gave the cue to Dick Smetz, a drayman whom I could trust, to be at the stable promptly at three. As we loaded the box on the dray, I said to Dick, in the hearing of the sheriff, "Drive it to the Ohio and Erie canal, and ship it to the Governor of Ohio at Columbus." But as soon as we were out of hearing of the sheriff, I said, "Drive to the railroad freight depot and leave the box there." He obeyed the latter order. I had the clerk in the freight office mark the box to John Brown, Rock Island, Illinois. I learned that he received it and that the rifles figured in later scenes.

Soon after that, the committee discovered a twelve-pound cannon lying about loose, which had been used formerly by the Akron Guards, until the State furnished them with a better piece. This arm was "gobbled," and, with the gun carriage, shipped to the same destination. While Brown was taking the cannon across Iowa, not many miles from the Missouri State line, he heard that the Border Ruffians were after him, intending to capture the cannon. He hastily buried it, took a description of the spot, and drove over to Nebraska with the carriage, which he left at Nebraska City. Some time after that the gun was exhumed and taken to Quindaro, in Wyandotte County, Kansas; when the rebellion opened, it figured in several battles in western Missouri. It was taken to Lexington, Missouri, in the fall of 1861, by Colonel Vanhorn, and used under Mulligan in his defense of his army when besieged by Price. It was surrendered to Price when Mulligan surrendered. Afterwards it had quite a history, sometimes being captured by the Federals, and then again by the Confederates.

The next shipment to Brown was two boxes containing cavalry swords and pistols. They had belonged to a regiment of cavalry of which Lucius V. Bierce was colonel. As I was paymaster in the regiment and had been a law student of Bierce, I knew these weapons were stored in a room above Bierce's law office. The committee had no trouble in obtaining possession of them, as Bierce was in full sympathy with Brown's plans. Brown received them in good shape, and they proved serviceable.

Early in 1856 the Border Ruffians under Sheriff Jones, acting as sheriff of Douglas County, made an attack on the Free-State people at Lawrence. Jones was backed up by the United States regulars under Colonel Sumner. The Free-State men,

under James Lane, Charles Robinson, S. C. Pomeroy, and other Free-State leaders, fortified themselves on Mount Oread, where now stand the buildings of the Kansas State University.

At Osawatomie, Brown heard of the war, and calling his sons together, harnessed a horse into a wagon, loaded the wagon with Sharp's rifles, Colt's revolvers, and other weapons, and started for the scene of action. All went well until he came in sight of the Wakarusa bridge, about eight miles south of Lawrence. There indications appeared that his passage over the bridge was to be disputed. The Ruffians had got word that he was coming, and sixty mounted men had come out to have some "fun" with him. They formed all on one side of the road and awaited his approach, confident they would have no trouble in capturing a force of only seven men. Brown placed his men three on each side of his wagon. Each man wore a belt in which were a half dozen Colt's revolvers loaded. Each had a revolver in one hand and in the other a Sharp's rifle. Brown himself had twelve revolvers in his belt and a Sharp's rifle in one hand. He gave orders not to fire until the enemy had fired, and then to fire as speedily as possible, make a breastwork of the horse and wagon, empty the rifles, and then the revolvers. He took the horse by the bit and walked forward. When he came to the first Ruffian, he looked him straight in the eye and continued to do so until he got past; he served the next in the same fashion, and the next, and so on, until the last man was passed. Not a word was uttered nor a shot fired by either side. Brown kept right on over the bridge, into camp at Mount Oread. Here he counselled with Lane, Robinson, and the others. He urged that the true course to pursue was to give battle to the Ruffians under Jones as well as the United States troops; but the others were against him, and no battle was fought. Soon the United States troops were withdrawn, and Brown went back to Osawatomie with his "army."

There was formed that year at Osawatomie a military company of Free-State men of which John Brown, Jr., was captain. The company was about to be dismissed one day, after having been on parade, when old John Brown stepped out in front and requested all who were willing to go with him that night to wipe out five Ruffians in that neighborhood who had warned the Browns, on penalty of death, to leave in a given time, to step out five paces in front. Ten men stepped out. John Brown, Jr., opposed the movement; but the old man said that there had been Free-State men enough slaughtered in Kansas and he was not going to stand around waiting to be added to those already so brutally murdered, and that the certainty of being himself killed if he did not leave the country was justification enough for wiping out the Philistines. The ten men proceeded to grind sharp each a cavalry saber from those which had been forwarded from Akron; and before morning five Ruffians paid the penalty for the previous butchery of fifty-four Free-State men.

Early in 1859 Brown started from Osawatomie with ten men, all well mounted, intending to leave Kansas and go to Nebraska. The United States marshal at Leavenworth got word one night that Brown was camped on the prairie about twenty miles west of Leavenworth, and at once started to capture him, taking with him a posse of twenty men. Just after daylight next morning, as Brown's cook was preparing breakfast, Brown spied the marshal and posse approaching. At once he commanded his men to stand at an aim with their Sharp's rifles. When the marshal and posse were near enough to hear and see, Brown commanded "Halt." At once they halted. Then Brown commanded "Dismount," and they dismounted. Then Brown ordered three of his men to take the horses of the marshal and his posse, which they did. Next Brown commanded "Forward, march to camp," and the prisoners marched to camp. Then he ordered "Stack arms," and they all stacked arms. Brown said that he always invited callers who came at meal time to join him in the meal; and he invited the marshal and his company to take breakfast, which they at once consented to do. Brown told the cook to prepare bacon, coffee, and bread for twenty visitors, which he did. Brown said it was customary for him to have prayers before breakfast, and he and all his men knelt down in the prairie grass, and Brown began to pray. A young man named Boggs, who was one of the posse, gave me these facts in 1859. He said that as Brown knelt there in the prairie grass, the scene seemed to him so comical that he plucked a stalk of grass and tickled Brown's nose. Brown opened his eyes; but without break or pause he spoke on in the same monotonous tone as before

and seemed to be continuing his prayer. His words, however, as Boggs remembered them, were these: "Young man, if you do that again, I will put you where the mosquitoes will never sting you any more: oh, Lord, have mercy on these Border Ruffians who are persecuting the chosen of the Lord."

Boggs said that when Brown opened his eyes, looked at him, and said, "Young man," holding, as he did, a revolver in one hand and a rifle in the other, he (Boggs) felt the hair on the top of his head suddenly rise up, and a shudder passed quickly from the roots of his hair to his toe nails; and he had not the slightest doubt but that it would be an unhealthy proceeding to tickle the nose of the chosen of the Lord again.

After breakfast Brown told the marshal that he and his posse looked strong enough to walk back to Leavenworth, and that he would take their horses and arms with him on his trip to the East, as he had need of both. He claimed that they were lawfully captured in time of war and he had a right to keep them.

Brown never returned to Kansas. He passed on through Nebraska and Iowa, sold his horses somewhere in the East, and then prepared for his raid into Virginia, at Harper's Ferry, for the purpose of liberating the slaves of the Southern States. As that is a matter of familiar history, I will not recount it here. It is well known that his attempt to free the slaves was a failure; that he was captured at Harper's Ferry, standing with his finger on the pulse of one of his sons who was then in the last agonies of death from wounds received in the battle, while in the other he held a Sharp's rifle.

Some have contended that John Brown was insane. From what I knew of him, my opinion is that he was not insane, but that he misjudged as to the slaves coming to his standard, and, again, as to the potency of pikes against fire-arms. His zeal outran his judgment. But when he saw that his fate was the gallows, he also saw that his death was the entering wedge to freeing the slaves. He was too brave to whimper at his fate, but stood up to it like a hero. He was instrumental in freeing the slaves; but in a different way from that which he had planned.

ACCORDIN' TO SOLOMON.

By Mary M. Mears,

Author of "The Marrying of Esther," and other Stories.

"HOLD still, Teddie! How d' y' s'pose I can dress you when you wiggle so?" The old woman knelt before the child, one chubby ankle in her hand. She was buttoning his shoe. Above her bent gray head his face showed as fresh as a rose, and his hair was carefully curled. He reached over and dabbled his hand in a basin of water.

"Is I doin' on a boat, drandma?"

She did not answer at once, and when she did, it was in a tense voice.

"No, you're goin' on the cars with your father and your—your new mother," she added, bravely.

"On d' steam cars?" he interrupted, bobbing up and down.

"Yes; and grandma wants you to remember what she's told you. You *will* be a good boy, won't you—and you won't forgit grandpa and grandma?" The face bent above the shoe worked convulsively. He leaned down and tried to see if she was crying. "Drandma," he lisped, "Teddie 'on't go way."

She flung her arms about him. "No, no, he must go with papa." She rose stiffly and tied on his hat. Then she led him out of the bedroom, and, releasing his hand, gave him a little push.

"He don't look as nice as I would like to have him, but his other white dress is tore. I packed it, though."

John Wood turned. He was standing beside the center-table, pretending to look at some photographs. His wife, a handsome young woman, was poised on the edge of a chair. "He's all right," he muttered, and extended his hand to the child. He did not look at Mrs. Hopkins. "Come here, Teddie."

But the boy caught at his grandmother's skirts. "I do' 'ant to go," he half sobbed. Mrs. Wood adjusted her bonnet strings.

"Come, you haven't seen papa in a long time," repeated John, but the child

slipped back of his protector, wrapping her dress around him.

"No! no!" he screamed.

The new wife pulled out her watch. "You'd better pick him right up, John," she suggested. The old woman cast a glance at her; then she stooped as well as she could and unfastened the little clinging fingers. "Didn't he tell grandma he'd be a good boy, and don't he want to ride on the steam cars?" she cooed.

Reluctantly he allowed her to lead him to the door, when his father would have lifted him. "Ain't you goin' to let him say good-by to his grandpa?" she cried. "You and her go 'long to the carriage, and I'll bring him."

And John Wood followed his wife, a flush on his face. The very pebbles in the path brought back memories of other lighter steps, wandering beside his, and when he reached the gate he could not look at the leaning posts. Shadowed by the decaying cap of one, two names were written—his and another's. He wondered if the rains had washed away the traces of those paired names.

"*Drand-ma! drand-ma!*" The heart-broken wail sounded above the roll of wheels.

The old woman did not glance at her husband, but went heavily into the house. Theodore Hopkins sat on the porch. He was partially paralyzed, and his face showed pale above his black clothes. His wife saw no reason why he should not dress well as long as he did no work, and in his broadcloth coat he presented a striking contrast to her in her clinging calicoes and ginghams. Now the tears were rolling down his face. He put up his one sound arm and wiped them away.

In the kitchen she sat down and gazed straight ahead of her. Presently the restraint she had placed upon herself gave way. "It's jest *her!*" she exclaimed. "John would have left him here if she hadn't been so jealous. Pretended 'bout the work bein' too hard f' me. I'm sure *I* ain't complained. Wa'n't Jennie my daughter, and ain't it likely I'd be willin' to do for her child? And now they've took him away." She put her head down on the table, and stretched her arms towards her grandson's half-emptied bowl of bread and milk. "He won't be here to-night to go in his little bed, and he won't be here to-morrow mornin'. I can't wash and dress him no more, nor comb his curls—nor nothin'. Oh, me!"

Supper that night was eaten silently. The boy's high-chair stood against the wall, and they both avoided glancing towards it. At last the old man broke out: "I could hear him when they reached the corner. He was callin' you, over and over."

"I guess she won't take much comfort travelin' with him," was the grim response.

Nevertheless, when the dishes were put away and her husband had opened out his newspaper, she could only sit hopeless, thinking of the impotent grief of a little child. Presently he glanced at her. It was his delight to roll out the words sonorously. "You ain't payin' attention," he cried, sharply, "and you always said it was because of Teddie's wantin' suthin', and now you ain't got any excuse." She really had a better one, for she was listening to her grandson's crying over a space of many miles, and her lonely arms were aching to reach him; but she bore the rebuke patiently, though the next day she retaliated by putting all the evidences of the child out of sight with a relentless hand until the rooms were as barren as if they had never been littered with spools and clothes-pins and the numerous unbeautiful articles so precious to a baby. "You were forever complainin' of stumblin' over things; you won't have to no more," she declared. But after a little they began to show that they were sorry for each other. Like two leaning old trees, the same wind that swept them apart for a moment but the more closely intermingled their branches.

Mr. Hopkins, appreciating his wife's loneliness, did not go out on the porch to sit, and Mrs. Hopkins slyly restored all the little possessions to their accustomed places, and by expending more care than usual on her husband's toilet, succeeded, in a measure, in making the old gray head take the place of the little yellow one. They even talked of the possible advantage this change from the country to the city might be to the child.

"Chicago's a big place, and he'll have more chance livin' there," volunteered the grandfather.

"I guess most any town's big enough for a baby," returned his wife; then added, in what she tried to make a hopeful tone, "but he's dreadful fond of lookin' into store winders, and there's considerable many more shops there than there is here."

Mrs. Hopkins had never been to Chicago. Her husband, however, had pur-

chased goods there. Now he broke into a cackling laugh. "Stores! Well, I guess there are a *few* more than there are in Sheldon. I tell you the boy's eyes'll stick out when he sees *them* winders, and the horse-cars, an' omnibuses, an' people hurryin' through the streets and never seemin' to git anywhere, and peddlers and hand-organ men. I tell you, the little feller'll like it."

"Yes, he'll like that part," agreed his wife. "But she won't let him take any comfort lookin'," she concluded drearily; "she'll drag him right along."

"Well, she won't try to more'n once," put in the old man. "Remember that day when he came nigh pullin' over that Indian cigar sign?" He laughed again, but his wife sat very still. A red spot grew on either soft withered cheek.

"Do you know what she'll do to him if he acts like that?" she demanded. "She'll *spank* him."

They continued to look at each other. Then Mr. Hopkins got up and took a few halting paces. "Oh, I guess she won't," he said.

"Yes, she will. She ain't one to have patience with him. And, oh, I can't stand it, no way. *Jennie's baby!*" Suddenly Mrs. Hopkins covered her face. Since the announcement of her son-in-law's marriage, a keener realization of her daughter's death had come to her than on the day of the funeral. Her husband eyed her with consternation.

"Why, don't, mother! I guess she won't do anything to Teddie but what's for his good." His words recalled her.

"Spankin' him won't do any good. I ought to 've told her."

"Yes, you ought to 've." He let himself down into his chair.

"I suppose I could write to her," she suggested, "and I guess I will. I'll tell her that he won't be drove, that he's used to havin' sugar in his bread and milk, what stories will put him to sleep best, and—some other things."

For a time they waited an answer, but as the weeks passed they gave up expecting one. Their longing for the boy increased. One afternoon, when he had been gone two months, Mrs. Hopkins started to make some calls, but she returned within half an hour. Her face had a strange look. She untied her bonnet fiercely and cast it from her little gray head, then began pulling off her gloves.

"Why, ain't you had a pleasant time?" her husband demanded. "Seein' folks I thought would be good f' you." Then he fairly jumped.

"Theodore Hopkins, air ye a fool? 'Tain't folks I want to see—it's jest Teddie." She extended her little knotty hands. "And I'd rather be *drudgin'* f' him than mincin' 'round this way, like an old—ape. When that little Ray boy climbed into my lap, it all come over me. I tell you, I can't stand it no longer, *nor I ain't a-goin' to.* And I'm goin' down to Chicago and tell John so, and he's got to let me bring Teddie back."

"I don't see what excuse you'll offer."

"Excuse enough. I'll tell him how lonesome it is after we've had the baby ever since he was born, and I'll tell him how pindlin' you be."

"I dun know as it's that."

"Yes, it is that, too. Fact is, it's killin' us both. I'll get 'em to let me bring Teddie back, if it ain't no more'n for a visit. There's no use waitin'. I'll get the oldest Smith girl to come and look after you, and I'll start right off."

Mr. Hopkins was almost as excited as his wife, but he still objected. "You don't know anything about Chicago. You can't go there alone."

"I'd like to know why not. I'll write to my niece, Minerva Taylor, and she'll have her husband meet me; then the next day I'll git directed over to John's. I guess I've got sense enough to turn the right corners and read the figgers over the doors."

"'Tain't as simple as all that, you'd find. It's confusin'. If it wa'n't for my foot—I dun know but I could——"

His wife interrupted him. "Now you jest stop. I guess Teddie'll be as much as I can look after comin' back, without havin' you on my hands."

And three days later she went. She was seventy years old, and she had never been thirty miles from her own town; but if the magnitude of her undertaking grew upon her as the time of departure approached, she betrayed nothing of the feeling to her husband, and her calmness somewhat quieted his fears; though it was a very anxious face that peered up at her as she took her seat in the carriage of the neighbor who was to drive her to the station. "Now, do be careful, 'Mandy," he cautioned, calling her by name as if she had been a girl. "Don't put your head out of the car winders, wait till the train has stopped movin' before you git off, and in Chicago, if you git turned around, ask a policeman." They had kissed each other solemnly and with a little

embarrassment, and now he merely reached up a hand to her. "Good-by," he said.

She scarcely noticed him, she was so occupied in directing the neighbor to push the satchel far enough under the seat and give her her lunch box to hold; but when the man had taken his place by her side, she looked back at her husband. "You've no occasion to worry about me, father," she said, reverting to the words which had apparently escaped her. "But take care of yourself. Don't try to git up them steps alone. Now, good-by. I'll be back," she added, "jest as soon as I can git back."

Hiram Taylor met her at the depot. The confusion, the noise, the smoke, the brilliant lines of light winking out of the darkness were to her as the distorted visions in a dream. Her eyes were strained wide open behind her spectacles, and she panted so that she could not answer the few remarks that he addressed to her. But when they left the car her fright subsided, and by the time she met her niece she was quite herself. The ceaseless beat of traffic kept her awake until near morning; nevertheless she rose at the usual time. "I want to make an early start for my son-in-law's," she explained.

"Why, you ain't goin' over there to-day, are you, Aunt 'Mandy? Hi's got tickets for the museum, and is goin' to git off this afternoon. You wait until to-morrow, and I'll go with you. I can't this morning; the plumber's coming."

But the other shook her head. "Thank you, 'Nerva, but I guess I won't wait. I'll git back to go to the museum, though," she added conciliatingly, "f' I never see one."

Her self-reliant manner deceived the younger woman, and after breakfast she accompanied her to the corner. "Gracious knows, I'm scared to have you go this way," she declared, "though you don't have to transfer or anything."

And the trip was, indeed, a very simple one. She had no difficulty in finding the house. She toiled up the stone steps, quivering with excitement and triumph. "There, I told father I'd git here all right. My, won't Teddie be glad to see me."

John himself opened the door. "Why, mother!" he exclaimed. She was so associated in his mind with a certain village home, he would as soon have thought of one of the shrubs in its dooryard pulling up root and coming to the city as her. "How do you do?" he said. "Well! Did you come alone?"

"Yes. Father was awful worried to have me, but I come, and I—want to see Teddie, John." Her voice trembled into a sob.

He gave her a quick look. "Why, of course."

He came back in a few minutes, followed by his wife. The old woman rose and looked past them eagerly. "I'm so sorry; he goes to kindergarten, and Rose has just packed him off; but he'll be home at noon," he added, pitying her disappointment. "Where's your baggage?"

"It's over to my niece's. I'm staying there."

"Why, I didn't know you had a niece in Chicago. Well, you'll spend the day with us, anyway," he said, with a glance at his wife. Her face was not inviting, but the old lady did not observe it.

"I'd like to, real well, John," she answered, "only Minerva's husband's got tickets for the museum this afternoon, and I promised to be back." She looked smilingly from one to the other. She was on the point of stating her errand, but John, saying he should see her again, put on his hat, and she concluded to wait for a more propitious moment.

For a time Rose stayed with her perfunctorily. The methods and aims peculiar to a kindergarten were outside the pale of the country woman's knowledge. "To think of her sendin' Teddie to a school,' she reflected. "Of course, you ain't expectin' him to learn much," she remarked, finally, "he ain't four years old yet."

"No; it's the discipline. In a kindergarten one child helps to curb another."

The grandmother drew a hard breath. "I ain't never found Teddie needed so much curbin'," she said. "Of course, I ain't sayin' he ain't spunky, but I wouldn't give a cent for a child that wasn't."

They did not get on very well, and when Rose went to attend to some household duties, the visitor began to realize it. "I declare, I ain't very smart; but I won't say anything more," she resolved. Left to herself in the rather pretentious apartment, she looked about her sharply. "I wonder where the photograph album is; I bet she's took Jennie's picture out and put hers in place of it." Her breathing became labored. It was nearly three years since the laying away of the daughter, but this mother was none the less jealous for her. Indeed, it was as though she had gathered up the threads of that unlived life and woven them with her own more sober ones. Then the thought that John might have locked the album away

comforted her. "I guess he ain't forgot," she whispered. She would not cry, but sitting in this home of her daughter's successor, she struggled with her loneliness—a pathetic, brave old figure.

Long before it was time for the child to arrive, she began to watch for him. She was stationed at the window when Mrs. Wood appeared and asked her out to lunch.

"Why, ain't you goin' to wait for Teddie?"

"No. On Friday he carries his lunch, and the exercises are a little longer. Then I thought you said you must get back to your friends by one."

The fear grew upon her that she would have to leave without seeing him. "If I only hadn't promised 'Nerva," she lamented; "but Hiram'll git off, and I mustn't disappoint 'em." She waited as long as she dared. Rose followed her to the door, full of polite expressions of regret, but in the vestibule the old lady turned. "I may as well say just what I come for," she burst out; "I want to take Teddie back for a visit. His grandfather pines for him so," she added, pathetically.

Young Mrs. Wood took on an air of stiff reserve. "As far as I am concerned, I do not think it would be a wise plan," she said; "but I'll speak to his father, and if he thinks best, he can bring him to Sheldon."

And with that Mrs. Hopkins was obliged to be content. As she turned away, the full meaning of the other's words and manner came over her.

"She didn't ask me to come again; she don't even mean I shall see him." Her disappointment was so keen she could not remember how she came. At last she remembered her husband's instructions, and inquired of a policeman.

Minerva Taylor stepped out on the landing and peered over the railing. "Come right up, Aunt 'Mandy. I've been so worried about you; but I'm sorry if you've hurried, for Hi can't git off."

"Can't he git off?"

"No. There's extra work."

"Then I'm goin' back to my son-in-law's." The weariness had disappeared from Mrs. Hopkins's voice and manner. She straightened her bonnet. "I ain't seen Teddie yet, but he'll be home by now."

And buoyed up by a new determination, she took the trip again. "She thought she'd got rid of me," she reflected, "but I'm goin' to stay and ask John myself." When she came in sight of the house, Rose was stepping into a carriage. Her heart gave a great bound. The servant had just gone in with a rug and had carelessly left the door ajar. Mrs. Hopkins walked in, smilingly. She was about to call attention to her entrance when the sound of sobbing reached her. She stood a moment, listening, then peered fiercely into the room beyond; but there was no one there, and with sudden weariness, she began to climb the stair. She had reached the second floor when the unsuspecting maid returned and closed the door.

The wailing ceased in a piteous holding of the breath, then became more convulsive. Little choked words sounded through it. There was a key in the door whence the sound proceeded, and at sight of it her eyes gave forth a sudden gleam. "Teddie," she whispered, "grandma's come!" She slipped in and locked the door. At first she did not see him, for he lay in a miserable little heap half under the bed, whence he had crawled in the excess of his grief. His lips were quivering with fright, but his eyes were expectant through the tears. He stretched out his arms towards her. Without a word she gathered him up and sat down on the bed. "Drandma, *nice* drandma!" His sobs merged into laughter. He clung to her and pressed his little red, swollen face against her withered one, and strained his little form closer. The two swayed together. It was some minutes before she became calm enough to question him; then she learned that he had been shut up in this way because he was naughty. She looked him over carefully: though there were no marks of violence on his soft little body, he had grown perceptibly thinner; and once, when he heard the servant, he started pitifully. It was not a tale of cruelty which she was able to piece together from his confused statements; but she was his grandmother, and the knowledge that he had been neglected and left to the servants and treated harshly by them was sufficient to arouse her indignation. She sat very still, with him hugged up to her. Ever since he had been taken from her she had been dominated by one thought.

"There ain't no other woman got the right to him I have," she repeated; "for if bein' the mother of a child's mother and doin' for it from the time it is born ain't the *next* thing to bein' the mother of that child, I'd like to know what is? At

least it 'mounts to more'n just marryin' the father," she concluded; "and if King Solomon was rulin', nowadays, I guess he wouldn't take long decidin' betwixt us. *He'd* know how extra wives are apt to treat children that ain't their own."

She was convinced that John would be influenced by Rose and that an appeal to him would be futile. They were in Teddie's bedroom, and presently she went into the closet and dragged forth the "telescope" in which his things had been packed when he came.

"Teddie's goin' wiz drandma," he exulted, slipping from the bed; but she caught him up and put him back with a peremptory "Hush! You must be still." And thereafter he sat without moving, but with a face eloquent as an angel's. She selected only the clothing she had made. There were some new dresses, but she did not pack these, though she examined them critically, twitching at them where they hung on the hooks. "Bought ones," she muttered, scornfully; "look how they're made!"

She worked with trembling eagerness, but the packing was only half finished when steps sounded on the stair. Two servants came along the hall, and the knob was turned softly.

"He's cried himself to sleep. What do you say to leavin' him?"

"Guess we'll have to if we go; she's taken the key."

The old woman was keenly alive to the advantages of the situation, and when a few minutes later they crept stealthily forth, chance still favored them. It was an unusually warm day for September, and there were few people passing. The shades of the neighboring houses were down. But she kept tight hold of her grandson's hand, as though she feared he would be taken from her. She was filled with a piquant sense of her own daring. Her lips curved in uncontrollable smiles, even while she darted apprehensive glances over her shoulder.

"Hurry, darlin'," she urged. With the "telescope" bumping between them, and uneven, excited steps, the two fugitives reached the car. She kept his head under her shawl, and he submitted, only putting up a hand now and then to wipe the perspiration from his round pink face. His utter confidence in her was touching, they were so alike in their helplessness. Her bonnet had slipped back, her thin brown wrists above her gloves looked like the bones of a bird, and the gray knot of her hair was loosened. Fearing to arouse suspicion, she chatted with the passengers near her, and stared around with an air of being at her ease; but in spite of her assurance, she was just a little palpitating old woman, with her nerves strained to the highest pitch and every energy bent on the accomplishment of one object.

The tumult of the streets terrified and tired her, but not even when she reached her niece's did she allow herself to rest. She announced her intention of taking the night train home. "Father's there alone, and I guess the sooner I'm goin' the better," she added, dryly. The train left at half-past seven, and Hiram took them down before he ate his supper. There was something about his wife's aunt that aroused his sympathy. "Best not tease her, 'Nerva," he said; "she's got her mind made up."

The two walked in on Mr. Hopkins early the next morning. Stella Smith was just helping him to the breakfast table. He swayed a little.

"Why, mother! Teddie!" he cried. Then he sat down with the child clasping his neck. "We've comed, drandpa! Drandpa, we've comed!"

Mrs. Hopkins watched them a moment, then she interfered. "Come, Teddie, you're tirin' grandpa. Now, *father!*" she expostulated. She took his hand, and held it until his shoulders ceased to heave and he lifted his head.

"'Mandy," he said, solemnly, and yet with a break of humor in his quavering voice—"'Mandy, I've always give you considerable credit f' knowin' how to git your way, and I knew, somehow, that you'd go there and git back safe; but I didn't expect *this*. How'd you ever persuade 'em?"

His wife smiled. Her very presence radiated a sense of triumph.

"There's different ways of persuadin'," she answered, with sly carelessness. But he still persisted, admiringly.

"I don't see what you could have said to 'em, that they let you bring him."

"Oh, I didn't say a great deal," she returned. "Let's have breakfast." Her husband's praise of her and her knowledge of how she had outwitted her son-in-law's wife added a certain sprightliness to her manner, for as yet this old woman did not appreciate what she had done in carrying off her grandson.

He occupied his old place at the table, like a little king. Both grandparents

waited on him, and he stopped every now and then in the enjoyment of his bread and milk to hug first one and then the other, until his head drooped like a tired flower's and he was carried off and placed in his own little crib. Mrs. Hopkins, also, slept the greater part of the morning, but when she awoke, her elation had vanished. Her husband, however, had waited patiently to hear the particulars of the trip.

"I thought John's wife would bring up all sorts of objections," he remarked, "and I guess she did, didn't she?"

"She said she didn't think it was a very good plan."

The old man chuckled. "Course she didn't. But John knew what would tickle the little feller. How long they goin' to let him stay?"

"There wa'n't nuthin' said; but I guess if John had thought a great deal of Teddie, he wouldn't have give him the stepmother he did," she added, bitterly.

"Oh, you hadn't ought to blame him that way, mother," remonstrated her husband. "He didn't know she'd turn out the way she has. I tell you John's had it pretty hard."

Mrs. Hopkins knitted vigorously, but her son-in-law's face would come between her and the stocking. It was not a particularly happy face for a man still under thirty, and there was a look in the eyes which had not been there during her daughter's lifetime—a look now sharpened to painful anxiety. Moreover, he was the man her daughter had loved. She struggled with the memory.

"And, naturally, he'd like to keep his own boy," pursued the old man, "and it was real kind of him to let you take him."

She laid down her work with a sudden air of desperation. "Who said he let me take him?" she demanded. "No one let me take him. *I just took him.*"

He stared at her. She had made her confession defiantly, but she trembled under his slowly comprehending gaze. He rose and stood over her. "You mean to say that you—brought—that—child—without—permission? That you *stole* him?"

"It wa'n't stealin'," she flashed back.

He waved her words aside. "Woman," he cried, with terrible emphasis, "don't ye know ye can be arrested for *abduction?*"

She paled a little, then rose valiantly to her own defense. "Stop—stop just where you are, Theodore Hopkins," she commanded. "I know what I've done, and it ain't nuthin' so turrible. I took him, but I had a right to. *Accordin' to Solomon* I had a right to!"

Her husband was staggered. "Accordin' to Solomon?" he repeated.

"Yes, that king in the Bible. Ain't I proved that I care more for the child than she does, and ain't he really my own flesh and blood?"

For an instant she triumphed in the apparent justice of the comparison; then her husband would have spoken, but she silenced him. "And I took him on your account, too," she continued, "and I won't listen to a word. The only person I owe any explanation to is John, and I'll telegraph him, f' he may worry."

"Worry!" exploded her husband. "He's probably advertisin' in all the papers and got all the policemen in Chicago out huntin' f' him. He's probably most crazy."

And the situation that faced John Wood was indeed a baffling one. For lack of any other clue, it finally occurred to him that the disappearance of his son might in some way be connected with the visit of the grandmother; and not knowing her niece's address, he was about to telegraph to Sheldon, when a message arrived from there. The next day a letter followed. It was an utterly pathetic letter, despite the confession it made. "It ain't that I think your wife wasn't doing what she thought was right by Teddie," she wrote, "but not being her own, she couldn't have the patience; and don't you suppose, John, that Jennie would rather her own mother had him?" This plea was wiser than any Scriptural defense.

They had not long to wait for an answer. In a brief note he told them to keep the boy, adding a few loving words about the dead wife. The note was filled with unconscious sadness, for it was the man who had wooed their daughter that wrote. Indeed, it seemed as if she must rise out of the past in response, though perhaps her young spirit answered through the tears of her old parents.

"The hull house always seems full of her at this time of night," muttered the old man; "stealin' out to meet *him.* Seems 's though I could hear her now." But it was only Teddie, sleepy and winsome, who entered. The old couple smiled on him through their tears, and there was that beauty in their worn faces seen in a troubled sky when a rainbow arches through it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

THERE is but one policy in editing McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, and that is to have subjects of the highest interest treated by the people who are most competent to handle them, whether writers or artists. The result of this policy is shown in the character of the contents of the present number and of the matter secured for the coming months.

In Mr. Dana's series of personal reminiscences we have the result of the author's intimate association with the great personages of the war. Dr. Nansen, from the wealth of experience gained in one of the most extraordinary achievements in the history of the world, will outline the future of Polar exploration. General Miles, the present commander of the armies of the United States, will give the result of his observations of the armies and commanders of Europe, under the most favorable auspices, for a period of several months, during probably the most interesting year in Europe since the Franco-Prussian War. Prince Kropotkine, the eminent socialist and scientist, drawing from vast resources and personal knowledge, will write about the Siberian railway. Colonel Waring, who for nearly twoscore years has been a high authority on all the engineering and sanitary problems connected with great cities, and who is especially noted for his wonderful work in New York City in the past two or three years, will forecast the city of the future. Young Landor, who undertook a most daring expedition into Thibet and who suffered most cruelly, will tell in the magazine his experiences on his travels. Anthony Hope, who is now in this country, and whose heroine, the Princess Flavia, is probably the most adored of women, writes the further adventures and love of Rudolf Rassendyll and the Princess Flavia, and introduces the scenes and characters of his famous story, "The Prisoner of Zenda." Rudyard Kipling, nearly all of whose recent work has appeared in McCLURE'S, will contribute a number of poems and stories during the year. Stephen Crane will be represented both by an article of unusual interest on the fastest train and by a story drawn from his experiences in the Southwest. Mr. Garland will appear as the contributor of a series of remarkably interesting papers, one of which gives the Indians' story of the Custer massacre. Mr. Charles Dana Gibson is going to spend this winter in Egypt; the result of his observations will be set forth by his pen and pencil in McCLURE'S; besides, he will be a constant companion to Anthony Hope in "Rupert of Hentzau."

All we ask in considering matter for the magazine is, "Has it sufficient and right kind of interest?" Matter that clearly possesses this interest is always accepted, whether it comes from known or unknown contributors, and is liberally paid for. We are glad to receive and examine contributions of any sort within the scope of the magazine—short stories and historical, scientific, and other special articles. Awaiting the special writer who can prove his right to it, we have, indeed, a standing special prize. That is a position on the staff of the magazine for any one who can do such work as we are now having done by other members of the editorial staff, such as Miss Tarbell and H. J. W. Dam.

A MEMORIAL TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE proposal to erect a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson in Edinburgh, the city of his birth, is meeting with the approval that one would have predicted for it. Besides the fitness of it because of Stevenson's unquestionable eminence as a writer, there is to prosper it that peculiar personal affection with which he bound his public to him. An American Committee has just organized to promote the project in the United States, and issues the following address:

38 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

It has been proposed to erect in his native city of Edinburgh a memorial to ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, and a committee of his Scotch and English admirers and friends, headed by Lord Rosebery and having among its number those as near to Stevenson as Mr. Sydney Colvin, Mr. George Meredith, and Mr. J. M. Barrie, has been already formed to carry out the project. But Stevenson is nowhere held in greater admiration or affection than in America, and it seems certain that many of his American readers would be glad of an opportunity to take part in this tribute to his memory. Many of them have felt through his books the vital and stimulating personality that made him one of the most attractive figures in recent English literature; and the idea of this memorial has appealed to them with an unusual force.

With the authority of the English organization an American Committee has been formed, which asks American readers and admirers of Stevenson to contribute to the work. The memorial is to take the shape of a "statue, bust, or medallion, with such architectural or sculpturesque accompaniment as may be desirable," and the character of those having the matter in charge ensures its dignity and fitness.

Subscriptions of whatever amount will be received for the American Committee by the undersigned, its chairman, and receipts returned in the name of the committee. To the subscribers of sums of $10.00 and upward there will be sent by the American Committee, as a memorial of participation in the undertaking, a special edition, printed for the committee, of Stevenson's "Æs Triplex," bearing the subscriber's name and having as its frontispiece a reproduction of the portrait by John S. Sargent. It need hardly be said that this edition will not be otherwise obtainable.

CHARLES FAIRCHILD,
Chairman.

Committee:

Henry M. Alden,
E. L. Burlingame,
Beverly Chew,
Charles B. Foote,
Jeannette B. Gilder,
Richard Watson Gilder,
Clarence King,
Gustav E. Kissel,
John La Farge,
Will H. Low,
James MacArthur,
S. S. McClure,
Augustus St. Gaudens,
Charles Scribner,
J. Kennedy Tod,
Geo. E. Waring.

St. Ives is a character who will be treasured up in the memory along with David Balfour and Alan Breck, even with D'Artagnan and the Musketeers.—*London "Times."*

THE LAST PORTRAIT IN STEVENSON'S GALLERY.

From the "St. James's Gazette."

THE tale is told: the story ends,
The last of those attractive friends,
Friends whose companionship we owe
To that lost master of romance
With whom we fought against the foe
Or staked the desperate chance:

Since first we tasted the delights
Of Florizel's adventurous nights,
Or paced the "Hispaniola's" deck
And wished John Silver far away,
Or roamed the moors with Alan Breck,
Or supped with Ballantrae.

Now bold St. Ives admittance craves
Among these fascinating knaves;
With him from prison walls we leap,
With him our hearts to wrath are stirred,
With him we tremble, laugh, and weep,
Until the final word.

The story ends; the tale is told,
And though new books new friends may hold,
Though Meredithians we may meet,
Or Wessex lads with Wessex wives,
That portrait gallery is complete
In which we place St. Ives.